

MAY, 1907

FIFTEEN CENTS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



*Jamestown  
Exposition  
Number*

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., BOSTON, U. S. A.



## Man's Greatest Pleasure

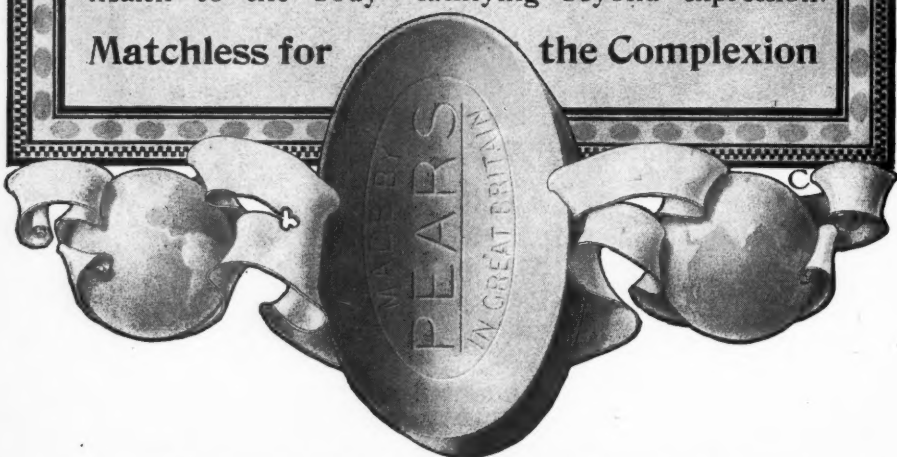
His truest gratification, everywhere in the civilized world, is in the use of

# PEARS' SOAP

Cleansing—soothing—invigorating, it gives a freshness and beauty to the skin, a glow of health to the body—satisfying beyond expression.

Matchless for

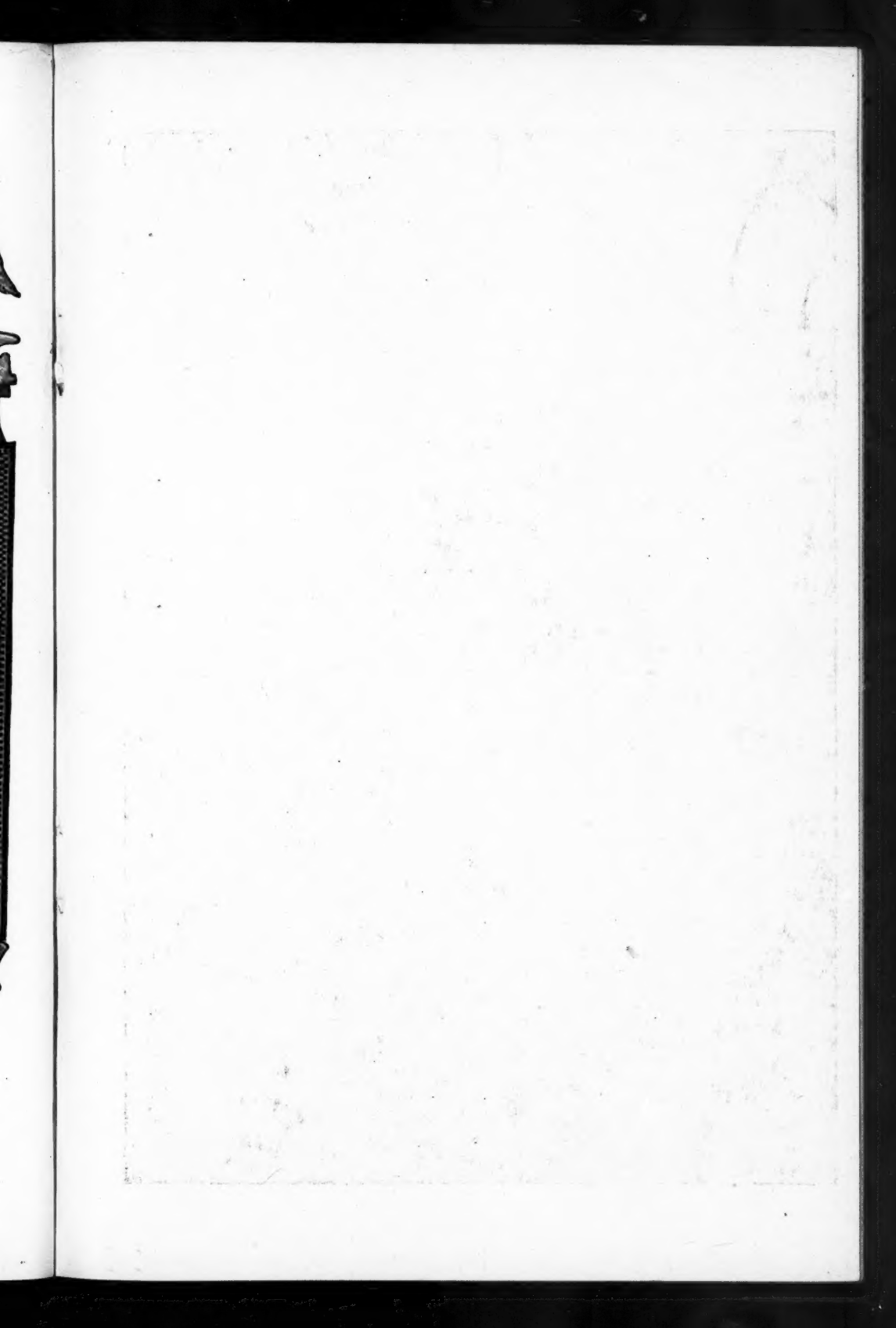
the Complexion



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."







"THE SIGNAL." FROM THE PAINTING BY A. JULE GOODMAN, AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHOSE WORK HAS  
ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION IN EUROPE  
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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI

MAY, 1907

NUMBER TWO



## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

ACTIVITY in national affairs at Washington does not cease with the adjournment of Congress. No sooner had the cedar chests of the congressmen been packed for their homeward journey, and the last good-byes said, than there came a delegation of railroad presidents to confer with the chief executive in reference to the financial situation. As the magnates come and go in the quiet, modest little office on Executive Avenue in Washington, it is grimly remarked that at Uncle Sam's corporation headquarters the fact is manifest that while other corporations may reach large proportions, the people, represented by the governmental corporation, have rights which all other corporations must respect. Uncle Sam's corporation is the real thing.

The railroad presidents marched through the swinging doors, diagonally across the lobby, laying aside their hats, and entered the President's office—all ready for a talk. Many of these conferences mean the clearing up of many mystifying matters, and in the transaction of large affairs recent events have proved that there never was a time when the efficiency of personal conferences was more understood and prized than it is today.

Much correspondence may pass on certain rigid points, but a look, a glance, or even a mannerism, may serve to put an entirely different construction upon acute situations where misunderstanding might occur if communication were confined to the written word, even though it be conveyed through the dictated message of the typewriter. So now

there is practically one continuous Congress in session, for when the railroad presidents complete their work, there will be something new on the executive schedule.

\* \* \*

BUT after all, the one thing for which May time is notable in Washington is the newly wedded twain; for the popularity of a bridal trip to Washington continues unabated, and, in fact, this year it seems will be largely enhanced by the opportunity to visit the Jamestown Exposition, via steamboat down the historic Potomac.

The more people of various sections of the country visit Washington, the greater is the tendency toward federalization, for whatever may be said on this question from an academic or economic standpoint, the trend of the times is toward federation, and a closer relationship exists directly between the people and the government than ever before. This was evidenced in Secretary Root's speech on the occasion of his plea for centralization which brought to the surface the oft-recurring question of state sovereignty, and the inevitable necessity for interchange of thought by means of travel was never more apparent than it is today.

\* \* \*

THE farmers of the United States may be gratified to learn that they have in the secretary of agriculture an official who has served the longest term in office of any member of this branch of the executive. On

March 5, he will have served ten years, and he made a significant remark the other day when he insisted that he was what "they call 'a hayseed.'" You will notice that he did not forget to state that it was "what they call" a hayseed—at any rate, he certainly has the happy faculty of getting at the "seed" or meat of the proposition at hand. When you go to see him, and he pushes off his glasses and lays them on the table, you may rest assured that you are about to hear something



Photo by Wyatt

WAR GOVERNOR FREDERICK HOLBROOK OF VERMONT,  
AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR YEARS

"worth while." When he was informed that a certain great corporation would "get ahead" of him, he remarked:

"We have laws; we have petit juries; we have grand juries; we have a department of justice; we have courts—and we have penitentiaries," he concluded, a little grimly.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Secretary Wilson without realizing that he certainly understands successful and up-to-date farming. He is an optimist, and even during the most stormy days of the Department, nothing seemed to phase the imperturbable evenness of his temper. In some

of his ways, he is like the sturdy old Scotch sea captains, and he does not lack the canny Caledonian shrewdness. When he discovered that his appropriation fund for building was insufficient to carry on his plans, he shrewdly had two buildings erected just far enough apart to make it necessary to connect them by means of another wing—a standing and irrefutable suggestion of just what was needed. No congressman could look upon those two buildings without realizing that the clever farmer from the Iowa prairies knew how to handle his proposition, even if it involved a frontal attack upon the congressional susceptibilities—and those two buildings stand as a memorial to show that the secretary knew what he wanted and what he ought to have.

\* \* \*

WHEN it is known that there is a river and harbor bill pending, there is a general rush towards the old library portion of the Capitol, where the Rivers and Harbors Committee have their quarters. Here Chairman Burton, surrounded by maps, blue prints and sketches, awaits "with the gloves on," all comers among the hordes in search of appropriations; yet there are few men who have a clearer conception of the needs and interests of the rivers and harbors of the country. One of the important measures brought up was the improvement of the Gulf ports of Louisiana; for as the Panama Canal approaches completion, the importance of deepening the Gulf ports becomes more and more apparent. The large lines of transportation must be greatly changed to meet the situation, when many ocean steamship lines ply through and radiate from that narrow neck of land which connects the two Americas.

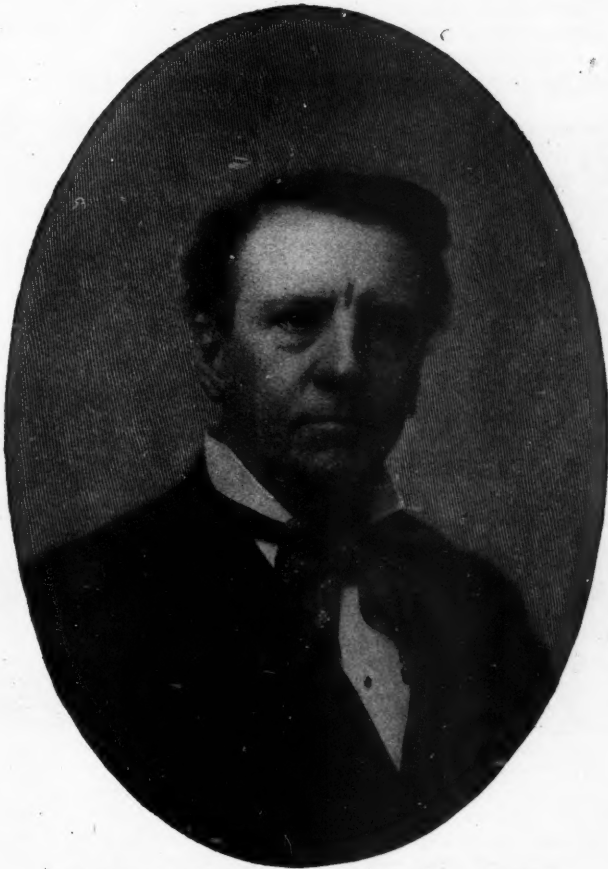
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THE National Board of Trade had its annual meeting in Washington recently and it was attended by over seven hundred delegates, representing every state and territory in the Union, and also many large commercial bodies. The keynote of this convention, which was honored by the presence of the president at its closing banquet, is exploitation of foreign trade with Europe, South America and other countries. The business men, the leaders of great industries of the country, all concerned in the wage or salary proposition, know that strenuous efforts must



be made toward building up a foreign trade, in order that the high pressure of industrial and manufacturing production may be maintained, that the scare-crow of "hard times" may never flap his wings about the factories, the shipyards, the shops and the offices of the United States.

cases, giving each man a very large average of cases per day, it will be seen that it is impossible for them to get around to do the work; and it is said that, in some instances, the work is ten months behind, and in other divisions they are a year in arrears. The Patent Office is simply flooded with work.



HON. JOHN C. SPOONER OF WISCONSIN, WHO RECENTLY  
RESIGNED HIS SEAT AS UNITED STATES SENATOR

A HALF hour at the Patent Office convinces me that there is justice in the claim that the number of examiners should be increased and that more room is required there. When it is remembered that about 220 examiners are employed to look up the vast amount of information needed for 17,353

It may be asked what is the matter—the fact is that the work of this department requires intelligent men capable of examining the merits of an invention, and persons who are equal to passing the difficult examination and doing this work may command much higher salaries than are offered by the gov-

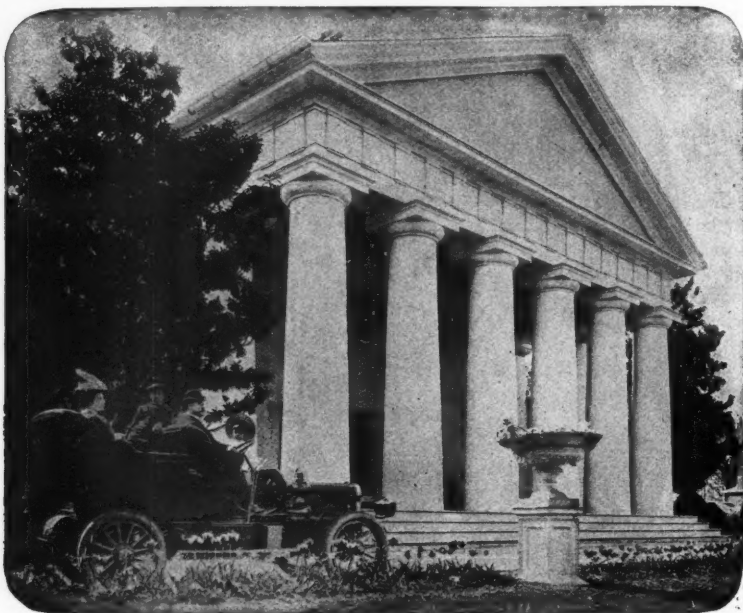
ernment; in short, the pay is not sufficient to hold the right class of men for any length of time in the civil service.

The examination division deals with the vital interests of many important industrial enterprises, and it is greatly to the loss of the whole country that the important work of American inventors is tied up in a way which must sooner or later involve litigation. It is contended by experts in the work that a thousand, instead of 200 examiners should be employed; and that they should be estab-

Patent Office now has a surplus of \$7,000,000, affording an income last year of over \$327,000, and there is no good reason why more examiners, higher salaries and better quarters and facilities should not be provided.

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**A**FTER an arduous and exceptionally interesting and successful career in our diplomatic service as ambassador, both in Russia and Italy, Hon. George Von L. Meyer was recalled by the President to enter his



ARLINGTON HOUSE—A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE CONCERNING THIS HISTORIC PLACE BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER OF THE NATIONAL. (SEE PAGE 175)

lished in quarters adequate for the work. Thirty-nine divisions now attempt to cover the business of the Patent Office, whereas there should be sixty.

Some cases involve more than a hundred pages of typewritten explanatory matter or specifications, requiring the attention of experts. The pay at the present time for the examiner is \$1,200, a totally inadequate salary to hold fully competent men. As a result, the most valuable men soon find positions of greater promise and profit, and much less worry, over-work and discomfort. The

Cabinet on the fourth of March, last, as postmaster-general of the United States of America.

Those of us who knew the recent ambassador in years past, are exceedingly gratified that his ability in the public service has been thus recognized and appreciated. His knowledge of men and affairs, acquired in the government of the city of Boston, and in the general court of Massachusetts as speaker of the House, combined with a practical business training, should stand him in good stead at his present post.



MRS. VON L. MEYER

WIFE OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

MISS JULIA MEYER

DAUGHTER OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

MISS ALICE MEYER

DAUGHTER OF THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

He is one of those men who know how to make friends and establish enduring and pleasant relationships. This was demonstrated by the exceptionally cordial friendships formed while ambassador, not only with the king of Italy and the emperor of Russia, but also with the emperor of Germany and men of affairs on the Continent.

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**I** MET John G. Carlisle in Washington recently, looking over the scenes of earlier days. His clear-cut, almost classical features



SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA ENJOYING AN AFTER-NOON ON HORSEBACK

seem to be growing somewhat more rigid than during the days when he enjoyed so prominent a position in the House of Representatives. He is now a "Noo Yo'ker," practicing law as an attorney in Gotham; and he was in Washington for the purpose of seeing that Senator Smoot's term of service in the Senate was cutshort. Mr. Carlisle remarked that "Washington had no more attractions for him," and added that in the days he spent there he saw very few of his old acquaintances. "How swiftly turn the tides of political fortune," mused the erstwhile legislator, wiping the band of his silk hat.

**T**HE work of the state legislatures lingers long after Congress has adjourned. It is always interesting to observe the interlacing of the state legislative functions with those of the nation. In Wisconsin this year the legislature had hardly commenced its work when it was confronted with the necessity of selecting a successor to Senator Spooner.

Over in the Capitol—not long since partially destroyed by fire—the state senate sits behind roll-top desks in temporary quarters, and the assembly in the old chamber, with their votes closely canvassed as to who will be who in the senatorial contest, promising a session of deep interest. The beautiful new capitol which is to be erected, and the work on the old building formerly absorbed the attention of the senators, but now seem to be superseded by the demands of the senatorial campaign.

\* \* \*

**T**HE committee room of Senator Lodge has an interesting history; it was formerly the Senate Naval Committee Room, and was decorated by a famous Italian artist, who did most of the work on the Capitol, in Pompeian style. He left a few panels unfinished, which have been finished one by one; there is something suggestive of ancient times in the rather lurid hues of these mural decorations.

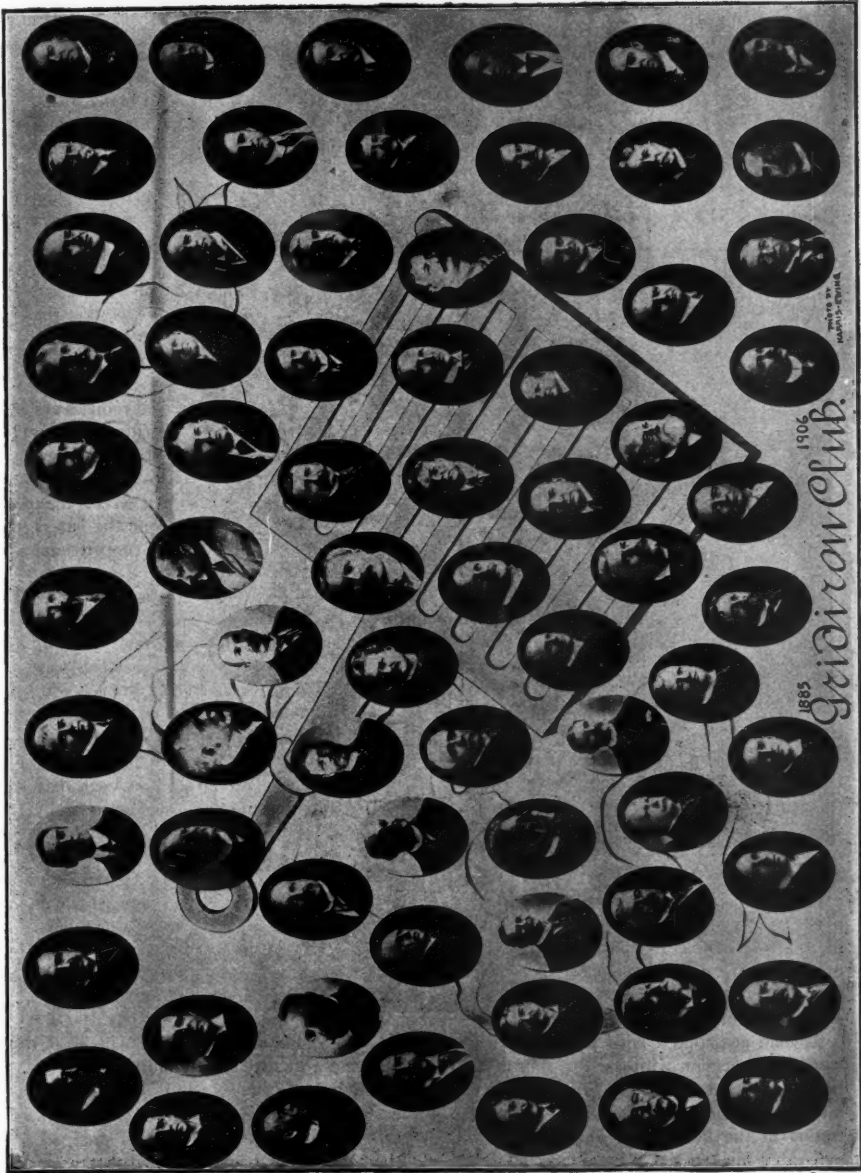
In an old closet recently renovated, were found some curious documents, signed by the father of Senator Mallory of Florida, who was a United States senator before the war. The papers chronicle the proceedings of a court martial, the lengthy report being all painstakingly written with a quill pen. It indicates the fierceness of the controversy between a chaplain in the army who was high church, and a commander who was low church—but the proceedings seemed to be little more than an expanded discussion of theological questions.

This room is now handsomely fitted up with mahogany, which is especially appropriate for its present occupants, for mahogany is one of the great products of the Philippine Islands. In few committee rooms are more perplexing problems discussed.

\* \* \*

**P**ASSING along Pennsylvania avenue, late one evening, I noticed that many of the lights were still burning on the fifth floor of the building where the office of First





Assistant Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock is located, and thought I would drop in to see how he was getting along with his "overtime" work. I found him buried almost to his ears in papers pertaining to matters of interest to the 378 postal districts.

In addition to his many other duties, Mr. Hitchcock hears the pros and cons of all postmasters' cases needing consideration, and this branch of the work alone involves no small amount of labor, for the total personnel of post offices of all classes, including post-



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

masters and assistant postmasters, amounts to 205,288 persons, and all appointments are made by this unassuming, smooth-faced young man, who has long since won a reputation as a very efficient government official.

Anyone acquainted with Mr. Hitchcock's work in connection with the Republican National Committee, who also understands the multifarious duties involved in the administration of the Post Office Department, will agree that his experience is quite equal to all that is required by the office which he now holds.

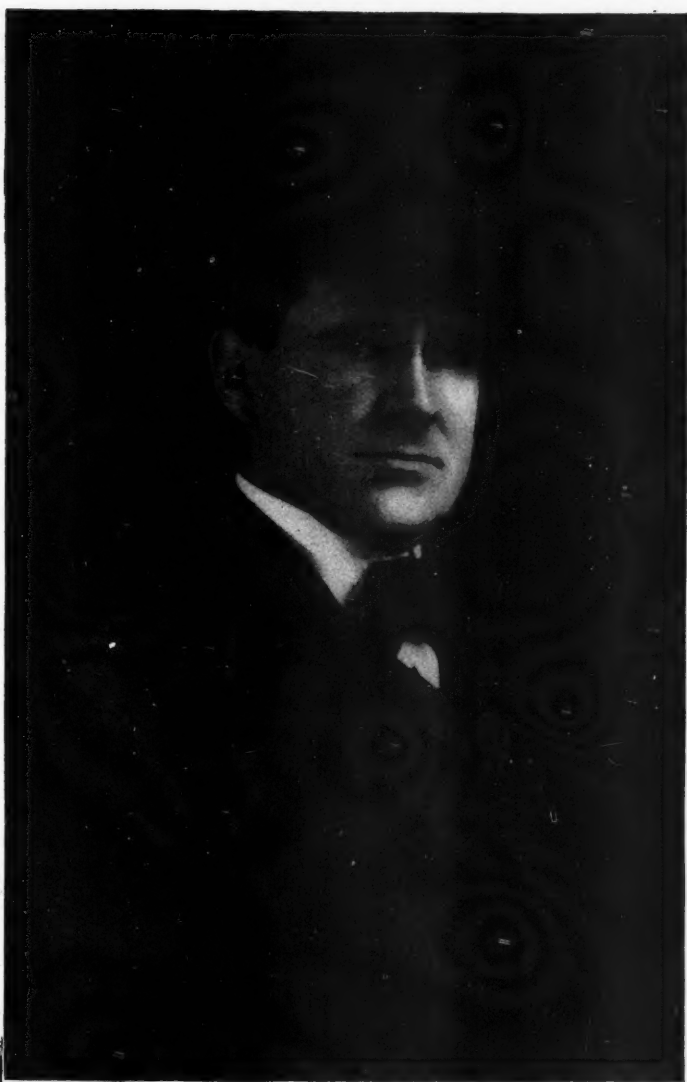
The Post Office Department has for some

time past been managed on a strictly systematic business basis. There is a business-like air in the whole department, which gives the impression of some great commercial organization rather than a governmental department. I observed that the little note heads, whose appearance is familiar to many of us, being the size of an ordinary memorandum sheet, are much used and before Mr. Hitchcock was a pile of these containing details of the service of 65,600 postmasters. The system inaugurated by him is attracting a great deal of attention. Hereafter appointments are to be made rather on the rating and record of the competitors than by "pulls," and the department is careful to see that the post office work has the strict, personal supervision which is promised by persons accepting these appointments.

Columbia electrical commercial vehicles are being used for the mails in the cities, such as Baltimore, and Milwaukee. Special accommodation being provided for carrying and gathering the letters, so that the service may go on in transit, and by the time the letters reach the post office, they are properly assorted for farther distribution.

The annual report recently issued is one of the most interesting documents I have ever had the pleasure of looking over. It indicates how the revenue of \$168,000,000 was collected, showing an increase of \$15,000,000, and this unprecedented gain is being more than maintained. The need of larger administrative force and additional field agents is concisely presented, and it is set forth that the enormous number of resignations from the service show that the pay is insufficient in comparison with salaries to be gained in other pursuits; the Post Office Department cannot retain the class of workers which it ought to have, but is losing the best members of its force for lack of suitable remuneration. The large number of voluntary resignations is certainly another problem for the consideration of the administration.

It is interesting to see how Mr. Hitchcock handles the work, apparently unhindered and undaunted by obstacles, and toiling while other folk are abed. I observed that each letter, when presented in person, is stamped to that effect, not being accorded a written answer but promptly disposed of and kept distinct from correspondence received by mail, which needs some response. Thus an ac-



*Very truly  
Yours  
J. B. Berryman*

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE TEDDY" BEAR"

curate record of even the smallest transaction is maintained on file and readily referred to, and it is wonderful to note how the application of rigidly tested business methods has accelerated the handling of the post office work.

To see those large baskets standing about the room, filled with hundreds of bundles of papers, all of which must be acted upon in some way, gives some idea of the magnitude of the task performed by a sturdy, young official, and it looks as though Mr. Hitchcock would add distinction to the bright record left in the post office archives by George B. Cortelyou as postmaster general.

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THE United States is likely to adopt an idea from the practice of Mexico and Liberia, where the names of cities and towns are engraved upon their postage stamps. It is now proposed to issue stamps for the 6,000 presidential post offices, each bearing the names of the office whereat the stamps are issued, these names being printed after the stamps are engraved. This looks like a step in the right direction, and among other advantages will make it much easier to trace a letter by the stamps, and make a more equitable showing as to the volume of business at the various post offices.

\* \* \*

IN a stately Gothic building, surmounted by a spire, on F street in Washington, are located the quarters of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As I stood beneath the latticed windows, I thought:

"The power of the railroads may be immense, but here all railroading is controlled."

Entering the building, I stepped into a big elevator and quickly reached the fifth floor,

where I found the energetic gentleman whom I had come to see, Mr. Knapp, chairman of the commission. He was seated at a flat desk covered with papers, and, while smoking a fragrant cigar, studied the subject of "car shortage." Not being a big shipper, these two words had no especial meaning for me, but I soon discovered that they indicate a situation of such gravity as to call for prompt action, though it is difficult to fix the responsibility for the tangle. Among the reasons for the present congestion of traffic, are lack of sufficient cars, inadequate tracks and mo-

tive power, delays in loading and unloading, and, in many instances, terminals far too small for the requirements of present-day commerce. I was surprised to learn that the average mileage of a freight car is only twenty-three miles a day, despite the fact that the practice of allowing a car loaded on one line to go through on other roads to its destination is quite general. The need for this accommodation on the part of the various railroads is evident, yet the larger roads are beginning to find it essential to change their policy in this respect, owing to the

fact that the cars are not unloaded and returned to them within a reasonable time, and one of the largest and best equipped systems states positively that at the present time eighty per cent. of its cars are beyond its control on other roads. It is also stated that cars are sometimes pirated from these larger systems, and kept in use on the smaller roads for local traffic. As far as an uninitiated onlooker can judge, it looks as though there were cars enough to very nearly handle the work, if they could be kept moving on something like schedule time, rather than kept standing idle loaded with merchandise, for which the shippers and consignees are making vain search.



CHAIRMAN KNAPP, OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION



From what I could learn, it seems that the commission is hardly vested with sufficient authority to adequately cope with this blockade in shipping, as, aside from safety appliance requirements, Congress has not yet actually exercised any control on the railroads. Congress is now seeking a remedy for this congestion, and hopes to find it in the passage of a well-considered law on the subject of reciprocal demurrage. Meantime, the commission makes careful examination of all complaints, and constantly endeavors to get at the reason for this singular state of affairs that has caused the situation known as "car shortage."

The importance and work of the Interstate Commerce Commission have developed to a wonderful degree in the past few years, and especially since the rate law went into effect; and I doubt if any more powerful commission has ever been established by the government. The correspondence which is poured in upon this commission is tremendous; but it does not seem that they are afflicted with a large number of visitors, as I noticed that in the waiting room the chairs had an unused appearance. It was almost as good as a

summer vacation to see the charming pictures of the beauty spots on the various railroads in the United States and Canada, and if I were in doubt as to where to spend a week or two, I should pay a visit to the Interstate Commerce Commission and study the landscape scenes photographed and hung on the walls of their building.

The commission itself consists of Hon. Martin A. Knapp of New York, chairman; Hon. Judson C. Clements of Georgia; Hon. Charles A. Prouty of Vermont; Hon. Francis M. Cockrell of Missouri; Hon. Franklin K.

Lane of California; Hon. Edgar E. Clark of Iowa; Hon. James S. Harlan of Illinois. Mr. Edward A. Moseley is secretary. They keep 200 assistants busy looking after the transportation rights of the people.

Many people think that out of this commission will some day evolve a Department which will control not only all the railroads, but will represent their ownership, provided Uncle Sam ever invests in such property; but the more one sees of the efficiency of this commission, the stronger is the conviction that just now Uncle Sam will do well to leave this

work where it is; for he surely has his hands full without involving himself in any more ownership problems—but this is a matter open to discussion.

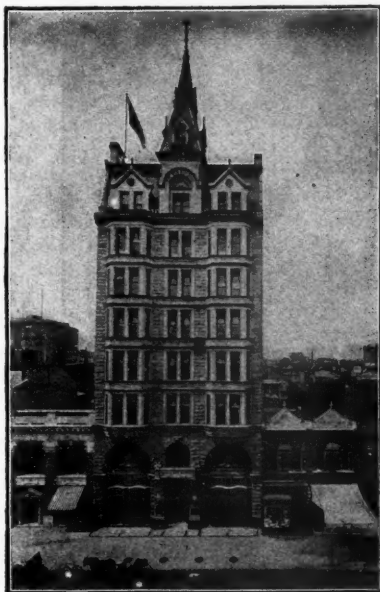
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WITH one fell swoop, by simply rising to their feet, the House of Representatives carried the amendment of the legislative bill, which carried with it an increase of salary for the vice president, speaker, members of the cabinets, senators and representatives.

This amendment which was passed here by a standing vote, was stricken out by the Senate, but it was

returned to the Senate and will promptly become a law. The Vice President will have an increase of salary from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year, and the Speaker the same. The Cabinet officials will receive \$12,000 a year each, and the congressmen and senators will have \$7,500, instead of \$5,000.

In connection with this amendment, an incident was related of the time when Abraham Lincoln put in a bill to the Illinois Central railroad for \$500, for legal services. Payment was refused, and the young backwoods lawyer went to David Davis, another



THE SUN BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., WHERE THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION HAS ITS ROOMS

attorney, to ask his advice concerning the matter.

"Lincoln," he said, "you are a fool. You ought to have made your bill \$5,000. Do that and you'll get paid."

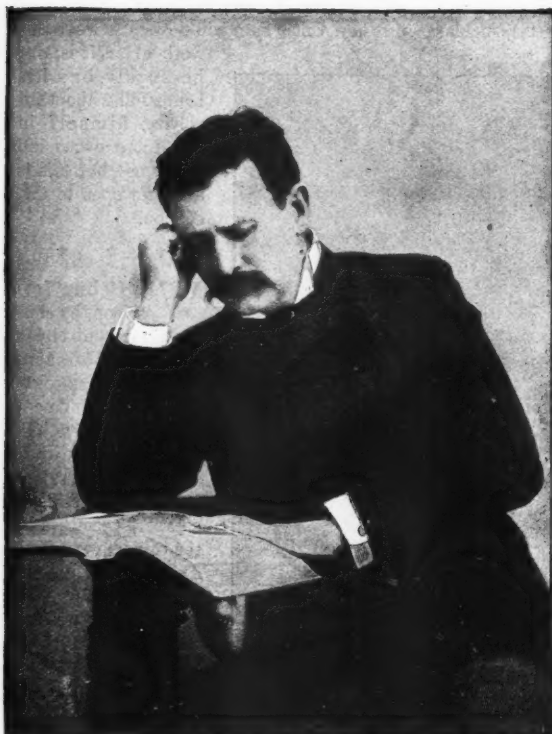
According to this advice, the figures were changed, and suit began. One of the interesting records on the archives of Illinois today tells of the \$5,000 paid for the services of Abraham Lincoln as attorney—a little anecdote

which fully looked it over, reaping the benefit of the work of the Vermont attorney, and "I concur in the above," was all he found it necessary to say, and the fee for this utterance was \$10,000.

With stories like these rife, it is any wonder if the average American boy looks forward to selling opinions at a high rate, and even the boys understand that if the value of an opinion is hard to estimate justly, so is the

value of a good public servant, who may be saving the government millions of dollars every year, while the one who is willing to work for smaller salary might easily lose a similar amount per annum. Ruskin says that the reason the world "honors the soldier is because he holds his life at the service of the state," and the same is true of the legislator. The same author declares "that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be 'chosen,'" and the fact that our senators and representatives are "the chosen" of the entire nation, indicates that they are usually the right kind of men. It will always be true that a man capable of making a really good legislator is equally fitted to fill many other honorable and more lucrative positions.

\* \* \*



E. A. McDOWELL, ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST LIVING COMPOSERS

dote which indicates the value of "knowing how."

\* \* \*

Another incident told concerns Senator William M. Evarts of New York. A case was passed to him which had been carefully worked out for a year or more by a prominent attorney in Vermont, for which he received a thousand dollars. It was then sent to Senator Evarts for his opinion. He care-

bias,"—as the dry goods people say—sits the captain of the watch, H. E. Cobaugh. The apartment looks like a small arsenal, with its array of rifles which are to all intents and purposes more for ornament than use.

The captain was gallantly entertaining some ladies, who approached him with a sympathetic sigh:

"Oh, captain, will those guns go off?"

"Yes, ladies, they certainly will go off—"

I N the Treasury Building, in a little room off the darkened corridors, the floors of which remind me of a checker-board "on the

and as they shrank back he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is, if you carry them off."

In addition to this formidable supply of firearms, as a further protective measure, the building is honey-combed with burglar and fire alarms, and there are eighty-one men to guard the treasury of Uncle Sam, each one remaining on duty for eight hours at a time. The obsolete protective measure of rows of pistols may still be seen, reminders of the days when every clerk employed in the building was expected to go heavily armed. The alarms, however, make this no longer necessary, and officials are now at liberty to move about the building without a six-shooter in hand, in readiness for burglars who may be met with in passing up and down the corridors. In fact, Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, typifies a more effective precautionary system than could be afforded by many hundreds of six-shooters.

All the money in the treasury is counted every time a change is made in its higher officials. The last time this occurred was when Treasurer Charles H. Treat took office several years ago. It was then that a remarkable theft was discovered, which had been accomplished by a day laborer, who handled the bags of gold and found means to substitute pieces of lead in place of the precious metal as he passed it out to be weighed. He thought out his plan so well that the weight of the bogus gold was exactly the same as that of the specie removed from the bags, so that when these left his hands for the scales the theft was not detected. Since that time, every bag has been opened, and every piece of money counted, dollar for dollar. This, however, is not so heavy a task as might be supposed, for, strange as it may seem, a very small proportion of the gold and silver currency is actually located in the hands of Uncle Sam in Washington, but is distributed through the country in the reserve centers.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of railroad lines, the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, which runs from Youngstown, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, is a road which earned, since its inception, \$80,000 a mile, the largest earnings per mile of any railway in the world. Everyone who lives on this road speaks well of it, for in all the years it has been in operation not a single passen-

ger has been killed. The officials put safety first of all, then comfort and convenience are



*From a painting by F. S. Manning*

MRS. FITCH, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT EARLING, OF THE MILWAUKEE RAILWAY

considered and then speed. The passenger service is first class in every respect.

The Pittsburg station of this road is unique. Located in a particularly smoky locality, it is constantly kept full of pure air—one feels, on entering, as though suddenly transported to some lovely country spot on a sweet spring morning. No matter how many people or how many trains are in the station, there is always the same impression of purity, and no offensive odor is ever observed. I was in the building for some minutes before I could explain why it impressed me as having a unique individuality, but I soon discovered



PETER A. PORTER, REPRESENTATIVE FROM NIAGARA FALLS

that its distinction is pure air, the ventilation being performed by means of air blown in through dripping water, which not only purifies, but in summer cools, and in winter warms, the outer air before it is permitted to enter the station, so that the atmosphere is comfortable at all seasons and it is a delight for the traveler to wait there for his trains.

\* \* \*

IT is always a pleasure to drop in and have a brief chat with Internal Revenue Commissioner John W. Yerkes, for he usually has a good story to tell. Recently he related one concerning the popular saying that every man

who comes from Kentucky should be hailed as "colonel." In fact, I fell into this trap myself, and could not resist the impulse to use a military title rather than plain "Mr." When I called him "colonel," he promptly retaliated by turning around and addressing me as "general," a title to which I never even dreamed of aspiring. He then continued, grimly:

"The city of Washington is prolific in titles. It is seldom you find a man who may be addressed as a plain American citizen. It is General, Admiral, Colonel, Captain, United States Secretary, United States Commissioner, or what not, until it really seems to me that a time is coming when I shall not dare to pass even the iron doors of an elevator without hailing the man who operates it as 'Mr. Elevator Conductor.'"

He told a story of how, one day, when he was in Washington in conversation with a crowd of congressmen, Admiral Watson, whom he had known in the old days, entered. Mr. Yerkes was delighted to hear him call out:

"Hello, John, how are you?"

"I sprang from my chair," said Mr. Yerkes, "and almost hugged him. 'Admiral,' I cried, 'I can hardly resist the temptation to embrace you. Do it again. I am so tired of hearing myself called colonel that my given name is music in my ears.'"

Probably there is not one of us who does not know what it means to hear our own name unexpectedly—that name which our mothers called us—the name our fathers shouted in the early morning hours, when we longed for just one more snooze under the blankets—which of us can hear those names without being carried back, as if by magic, to the boyish days that seem so far away?

\* \* \*

ONE of the bright-faced men recently met in Washington was Representative Herbert Parsons of New York, who is said to have been responsible for the nomination of Governor Hughes last summer. He seemed interested and enthusiastic in talking over the political situation of the Empire State; but when the reporters urged him upon the one question in which the public was, at that time, exercised,—“trial marriages,”—he said to them:

"You must excuse me. That is a ques-



tion which I do not care to discuss."

So the reporters got no new information from Mr. Parsons; despite the fact that he is the husband of the lady who published a book on "Trial Marriages."

\* \* \*

AT the Jamestown Exposition, the District of Columbia will have a replica of the White House, located in the Liberal Arts Building, which will contain interesting exhibits of national and local interest. The District of Columbia is beginning to realize that it should assume the dignity and privileges of statehood at the exposition which will so superbly reflect the glory of the United States at Norfolk during the coming year.

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WHEN I smilingly announced to Senator Flint that the National Magazine had "pre-empted" a national appropriation for the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, to be held in Boston in 1920, he said:

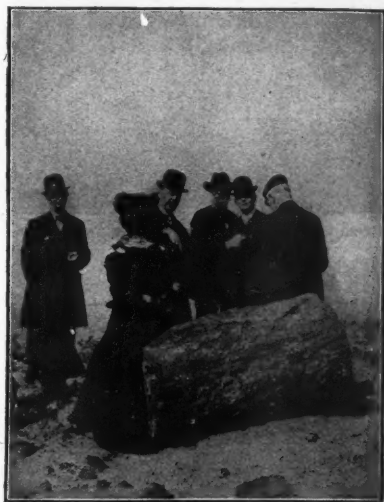
"Well, we will have to antedate you five years in Los Angeles, to secure a fund for the commemoration of the completion of the Panama Canal."

Of course he had the air of a man who had just had "inside information." If it is ever made known that the senator is looking after an appropriation for the Pacific Coast, numbers of people will begin to get ready for the grand charge, and when the Pacific Coast members make up their minds to have anything, they hang together in a solid phalanx.

It seems as though a large exposition commemorating a great project like the digging of the Panama Canal, would be a fitting monument of such an industrial triumph. Heretofore, we have been commemorating everything great that has passed by, but what could be more suitable than the remembrance or commemoration of some great, up-to-date event as it occurs. Or why not "dip into the future, far as human eye can see," and celebrate coming events—the great things that we expect to happen in 2020 or 2025? It seems now that the world may go on forever changing, but the exposition habit will be handed down from generation to generation unchanged. Once formed, it is never forgotten. Even during the past century, the man who could tell of the great ex-

positions of the past was a welcome guest everywhere; and in coming years the man who has visited the Centennial in '76, the Chicago Exposition in '93, the Buffalo Exposition in '01, and the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903—to say nothing of Charleston, Nashville and New Orleans—will feel he has a right to speak with authority in the matter of exposition round-ups.

An appropriation of \$1,500,000 is already made for the site of the government building by the government, with the proviso that an equal amount be pledged by the Exposition Company, but the interesting por-



PROFESSOR JOHN MUIR, THE DISCOVER OF THE FAMOUS MUIR GLACIER, WITH A PARTY IN THE PETRIFIED FORESTS OF ARIZONA

tion of the bill—if it passes—is the clause providing that for nine years several commissioners are to serve at a fixed salary; which is looked upon as quite a productive fish pond for the contingent of "game ducks"—i. e. the congressmen who were defeated at the last election.

\* \* \*

AMONG the many young men in American public life who have worked their way up from the bottom rung of the ladder, is the Honorable Irving H. Chase. Though a Yale man of the class of 1880, he began his business career in the packing department of the Waterbury Clock Company, and has



IRVING H. CHASE, STATE SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT



MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER, MISS CLARA CLEMENS, WHO HAS A WELL-TRAINED CONTRALTO VOICE, HAS DECIDED TO GIVE A SERIES OF CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE WEST

since risen to a controlling position in this great institution, being also identified with many of the largest concerns in his native city. His career emphatically disproves the opinion held by many people that a college course is detrimental to success in commercial life.

His college and business training and the all-round ability which aided Mr. Chase in his steady advance in business are now devoted with equal earnestness to the service of the people in the state senate of Connecticut. Upon his election to this governing body, he was placed on committees where his business



MRS. SMITH, MOTHER OF SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH OF MICHIGAN

experience could be applied for the benefit of his constituents, and as chairman of the Labor Committee, chairman of the County Committee, and member of the Corporation Committee, he is a valuable addition to the legislative force of Connecticut. With his thorough understanding of business methods and wide range of experience, it is believed by his friends that Mr. Chase's work during the coming years will justify the choice of the people, when they elected him to office by the largest majority ever given a candidate for the position of state senator from his district which he now holds.



BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

# THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ON April 26, 1907, the turnstiles began to click in unison with whole batteries of cameras, for then the Jamestown Exposition was formally opened.

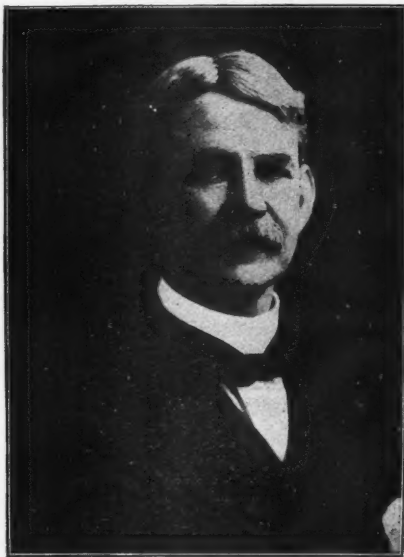
Entering Hampton Roads, past Old Point Comfort, a sweeping view of the Exposition grounds is obtained. Just beyond the Rip-Raps there is a glimpse of the cedar grove on Sewall's point, and of that great stretch of beach which will be the playground of millions of people during the next few months. What the Court of Honor was to the exposition in Chicago, the Eiffel Tower to that in Paris, the Cascades to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the Grand Pier at Jamestown will be to the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition. As we steamed in, the vast stretch of water at Hampton Roads was a fiery blood-red, and the setting sun threw a wake of scarlet over the great Atlantic roadstead.

It was peculiarly fitting that this exposition should have been opened by the President of the United States, in whose veins courses the blood of both the North and South. Few such events have ever held a closer personal significance to the chief executive of the nation.

A vast multitude had gathered by sea and land. With all the proverbial goodnature of an American throng—they jostled and laughed, but the onlooker was impelled to contrast this scene with that of 300 years ago, when three tiny ships felt their way into these same waters, after a tempestuous voyage in quest of an undiscovered land. There is a romance about the settlement of Jamestown, which makes that portion of the old school histories and geographies especially attractive.

The spacious boulevards and walks impress the visitor with the idea that he is a guest visiting some rich estate, rather than a mere

spectator at an exposition. For to the very borderland, the 400 acres are hedged with Virginia creeper, clematis and American Rambler roses in full bloom, giving the idea of private, carefully laid out grounds rather than land fenced in from the general public. It



MR. HARRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, PRESIDENT

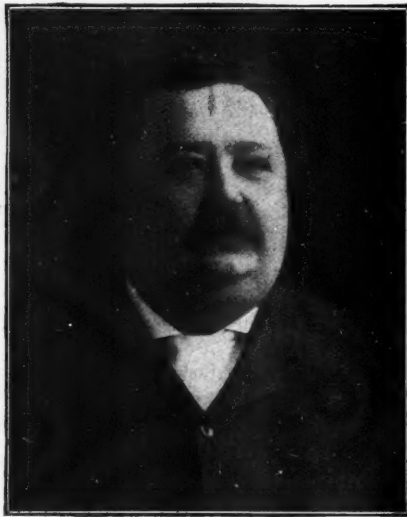
would not be accurate to say that everything was completed for the opening—that would be unheard of in the history of expositions—but everything needful was ready for the great occasion.

Three years ago, in the earliest inception of the idea, I visited the Norfolk Exposition grounds and talked with Secretary Shepperd and General Fitzhugh Lee. The General was then the prime mover of the exposition, and was enthusiastic as to his ideas of what could be done with this spot—prophecies which, alas, he did not live to see realized. Having visited the grounds at different times, and witnessed the gradual crystalization of his plans into substantial facts, I naturally feel a peculiar interest in the Exposition as it stands today.

Driving about the grounds during the dusty days of the previous month, I was well cared for by the hospitality of that gallant Southern gentleman, Colonel Hodges, who went every-

where to see that nothing was lacking for the maintenance of the old Virginian spirit that always demanded the best to set before guests. I found myself sitting on the steps of the Administration Building, with my eyes full of sand, and yet I felt that there was not a moment in the entire life of the Exposition that I desired more to witness than that home stretch of preparation, when every workman and even every animal, seemed to realize the responsibility that rested upon all concerned to make the most of every minute of time that remained. The government work on the tower of the buildings was being pushed night and day at that time.

I was accompanied by the dear, old dad with whom I have had many a pleasant jaunt, and it was indeed interesting to hear him relate his experience when attending the first international exposition ever held, in the world famous Crystal Palace, London, England. In those days, and even as late as the Centennial, these events were held in such glass houses



C. BROOKS JOHNSTON, CHAIRMAN BOARD OF GOVERNORS

erected for the purpose, which suggested the necessity for nursing the tender exposition plant, which has since been boldly transplanted into the open air and become a hardy, flourishing tree, grown to a splendid and vigorous maturity, that needs no glass houses, possible targets for stones, but rather demands the



Copyright, 1907, by the Jamestown Official Photo. Corporation, Norfolk, Va.

VERANDA OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

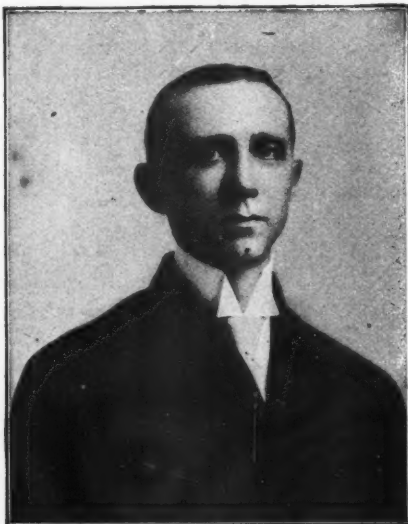


substantial buildings that suggest at a glance the colonial hospitality of the old brick manor house of a by-gone day. From under the glass case has sprung forth a growth fitted for freedom and open air, forming a fitting alliance with Nature, for all the lavish beauty of

the First of England, whose name was given to this earliest colony on American soil. Here, among the throng, was a suggestion of the old cavalier spirit of the times of Charles and James the Second, forerunners of the stately Southern gentleman with his long locks, for, as everyone remembers, in those early days men wore flowing "love-locks," and closely-cropped hair only came into vogue with the Cromwellian "roundheads."

Looking down upon the lagoon, in the center of the pier, across from the Administration Building, over Raleigh Square, a view is obtained that will not soon be forgotten. From this point the waters of Hampton Roads may be seen where great naval events will be witnessed. Near at hand, were cannon balls, mementos of that great naval duel which took place in these waters, and also a contrivance for carrying hot shot, a rare relic of those old-time battles.

Skirting the beach was a dignified row of



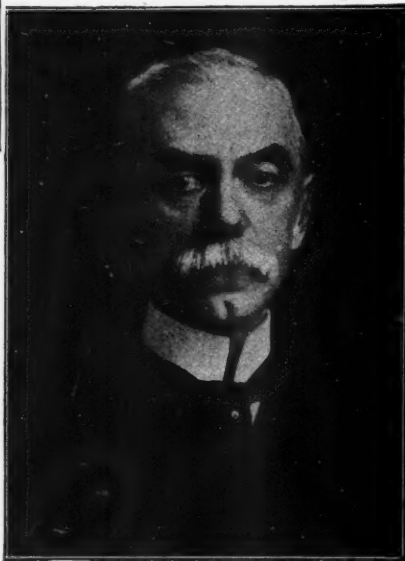
T. S. SOUTHGATE, GOVERNOR OF EXHIBITS

the Virginian Maytime will make this exposition a meet commemoration of the landing of the courtly Englishmen from the stately halls of King James, who came to build a great English empire on American soil at this place.

As the people poured past in throngs, the good father indulged in reminiscences of those English days of hazel nuts and toffee, contrasting them with the peanuts and pop-corn of the present day to say nothing of chicklets.

The Pure Food Buildings have a popular name, for if there is one thing the people are determined upon it is to have enough food, and have it pure, and these buildings will furnish many a valuable object lesson to persons not to be reached in other ways. The structures are not lofty, but are well adapted for exhibition purposes—like the Chinaman's skillfully arranged show-window, where everything is in plain sight.

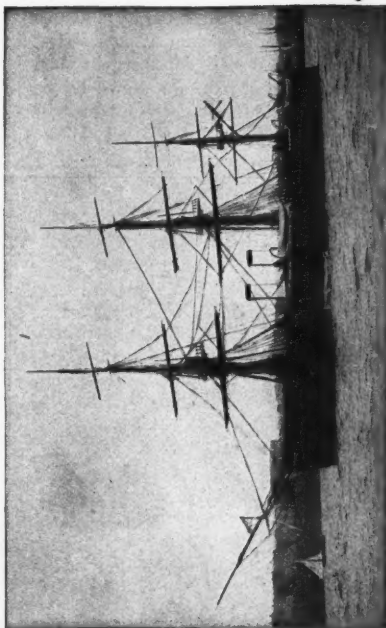
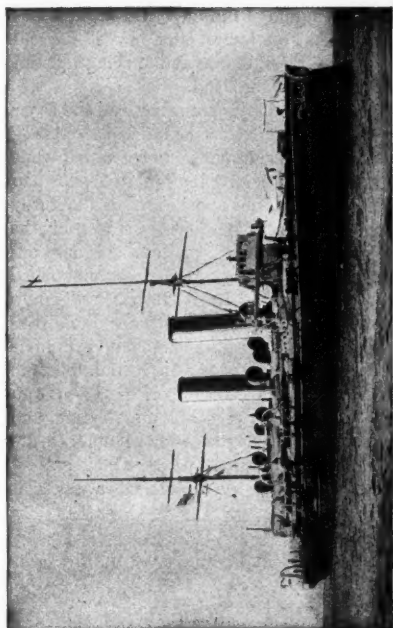
Far up the river is the site of Jamestown, where the first permanent English settlement was made in 1607, during the times of James



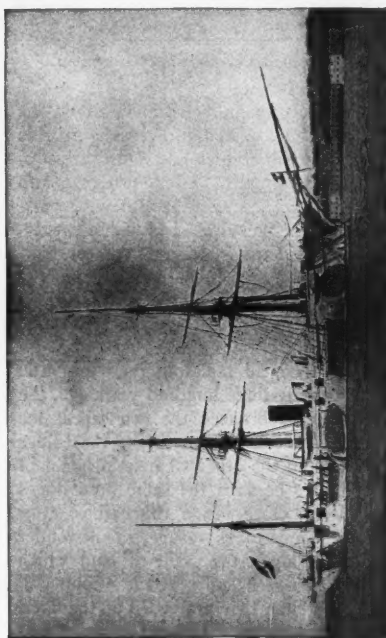
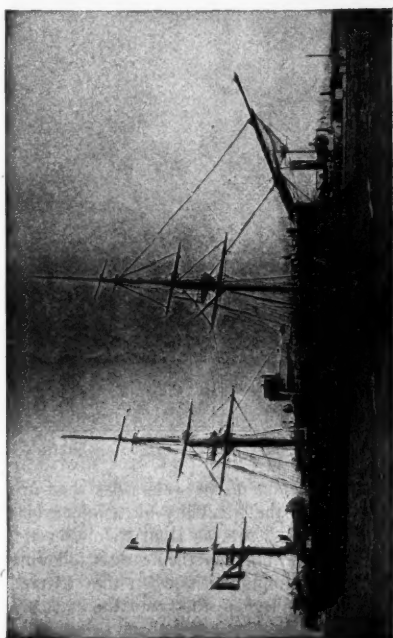
J. TAYLOR ELYSON, GOVERNOR OF HISTORY AND EDUCATION

buildings, and among the shrubs on either side stood the towers of Independence Hall and the old State House, a replica of that in Boston; these two buildings stand out as prominently at the Exposition as they do in national history. Who can visit these scenes





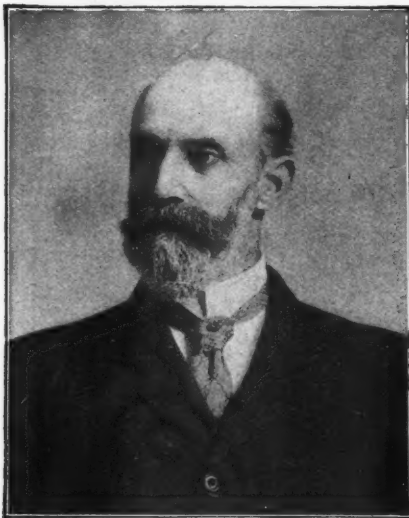
THE ENGLISH WARSHIP BLAKE  
THE RUSSIAN WARSHIP GENERAL ADMIRAL



THE FRENCH WARSHIP ARETHUSE  
THE AUSTRIAN WARSHIP FRUNDSBERG

without finding the pages of dry and dusty text books illuminated into living facts!

Around the site of the Exposition cluster the cities of Norfolk, Newport News, Berkley, Portsmouth and Hampton. Opposite Old-Point Comfort, and historic Fortress Monroe,



BARTON MYERS, GOVERNOR OF EXPLOITATION

which has played its memorable part in the history of America. Within twelve hours' ride of this point where then, three tiny frigates, voyaging courageously to unknown lands and unknown people, straggled up the river, 21,000,000 people now dwell and within twenty-four hours' ride are 39,000,000, or considerably more than half of the population of the United States—can anything in history ever parallel the growth accomplished in these three centuries, from April 26, 1607, to April 26, 1907, all radiating from this little town. Exactly three hundred years ago, the vessels entered between the two capes, one of which was called Henry, after the Prince of Wales, and the other Charles in honor of his brother. Perhaps the same sand dunes were there. Once inside the harbor, after the long, tempestuous voyage, small wonder they looked upon the point of land which they had first seen and called it "Comfort." A few days later, they proceeded up the river, where they landed on May 13, on what was then a peninsula, about thirty-five miles from

the present site of the Exposition. This was first called Fort James, later James City, and now Jamestown, but instead of being a peninsula, it is now an island.

The cry of the program boy and the eager expectancy reflected in the faces of the throng passing into the grounds, indicated that while a dreamy reverie of three hundred years ago might suit the taste of poet or writer, the sturdy American citizens are quite ready to study the different programs of events, which map out gatherings of gaiety or interest compressed into every calendar day from April 26 to November 30, 1907. Each hour at the Exposition is filled with something of vivid interest, either recreative or industrial, but the naval and military reviews of the Exposition will perhaps be a predominating feature, and carnivals and regattas without number are being provided for the people's holiday.

Any one who ever watched a sea-gull



C. S. SHERWOOD, GOVERNOR, CONCESSIONS AND ADMISSIONS

flit over the face of the waters has been impressed with the feasibility of aerial navigation, so with hearts as stout to master the unknown as animated the fearless followers of Captain John Smith, when they entered the wilds of Virginia, the aeronauts, not content with the conquest of the land by our race, apparently aspire with adventurous spirit to



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP MAINE IN HOLIDAY ARRAY

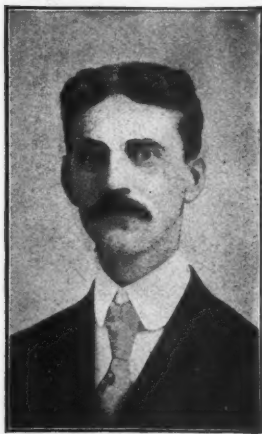
plant the Stars and Stripes even on the stars, and claim them for Uncle Sam.

The international and national conventions and congresses are far from being the least important feature, and include events which will be landmarks of the future for every man, woman and child in America; for where in this country is there a man, woman or child who isn't associated with some church, lodge,

union or organization, in which he feels a close interest, and where is there a man, woman or child who has not at some time or other worn a badge or button of distinction at some public fete or gathering?

Scarcely has the foot of the visitor touched the walks and avenues of the grounds, than he feels that there is an air of permanence in contrast with the ephemeral character of other

expositions; for all this array of state buildings along Willoughby Avenue will be later transformed into homes, club houses, hotels, or put to other uses that will continue the mission for which they were created—to be something more than mere temporary rendezvous.



F. E. DAVISON, CHIEF OF CONCESSIONS

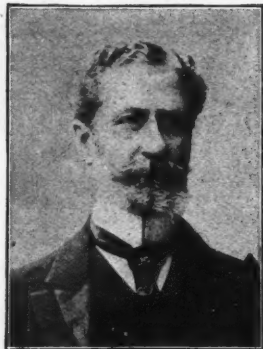
What a tribute to Robert E. Lee, the loved son of the great South! Near at hand, was a model military camp, like a great army, encamped where thousands of soldiers will be stationed for months. It is a singular fact that now, for the first time the armies of foreign nations are peacefully encamped upon our soil, something entirely without precedent and that brings closer and closer the dreams of the millennium. How fitting that at Jamestown, in the United States, 25,000 soldiers, the *corps d'élite* of almost every national army, should mingle in peace and harmony. There has been no similar gathering since the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when the armies of the French and English nations met peaceably together; but then each king intended that his military pageantry should impress the foreign nation with an idea of his strength, with a view to the suppression of future hostilities; but the military display of today has been arranged for in the same spirit that we dress in our best to pay a friendly visit to our neighbors—merely desiring to show our re-

spect and friendship for our host or hostess.

Yes, I entered at gate 103—that is hundred and three, not twenty-three. Colonel Hodges sat astride his horse, the flags were the reminiscences of the beacon fires that had been lighted on the previous nights to burn up the remaining brush, the odor of which still lingered in the air suggesting the early spring days of farm work at home.

The last of the hazy days of April had passed, and May, with its genial warmth had come. Hampton Roads was dotted with craft that seemed smoking the pipe of peace, as their funnels poured out volumes of luminous haze presaging a season of prosperity such as was betokened by the peace pipe that ended a merciless Indian feud in old days. The saw-mill in the cedar grove had just ceased buzzing, and the popular old Pine Beach Hotel,

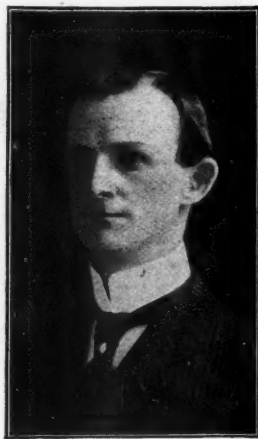
just outside the grounds, had thrown wide its doors and was welcoming its guests, while the Inside Inn, with its deep, shaded verandas and quaint trellis, adorned with pillars of live oak, made one long to linger here and look out upon this scene



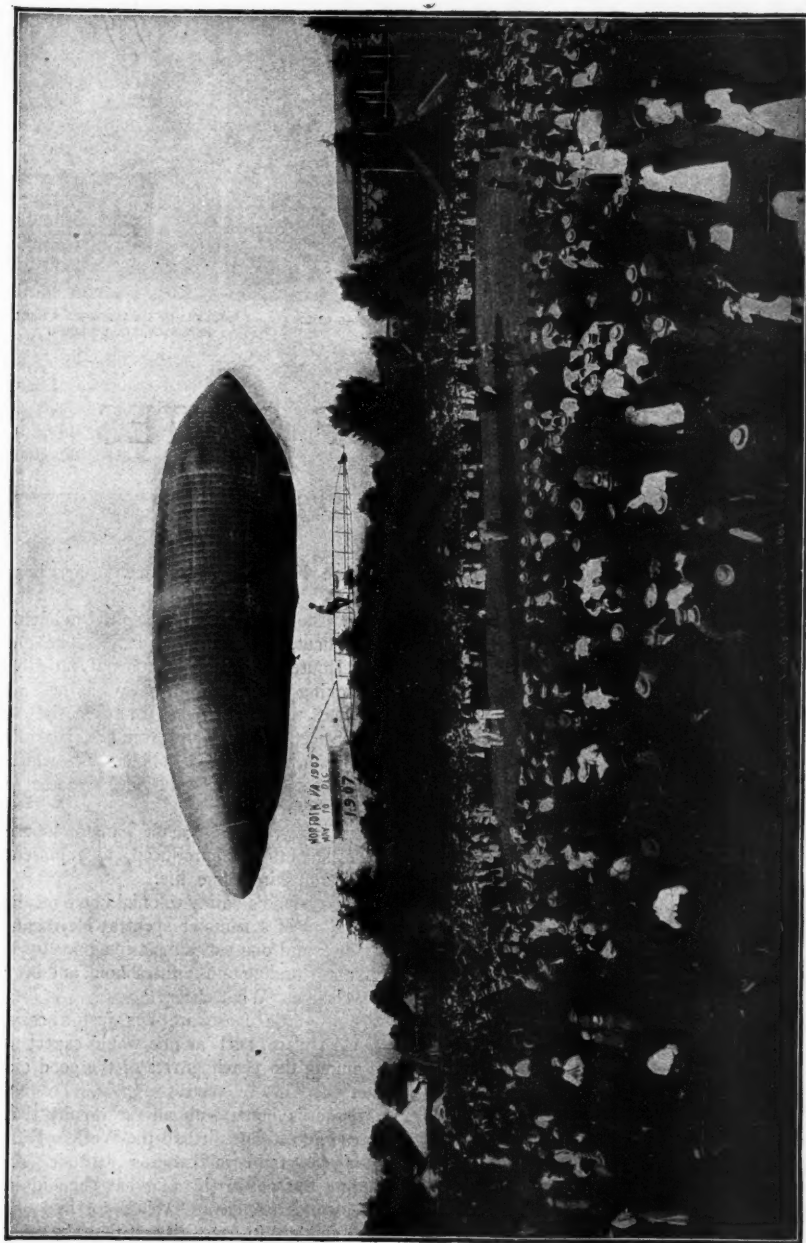
CHARLES W. KOHLSAAT, COMMISSIONER GENERAL

which had fascinated the explorers of long ago.

The War-path had been blazed, and spiels were there; their whoops ring out above the chatter of the merry throng, who pass to and fro—and all this almost on the very spot where the three frigates had passed by to land their first settlers on the shores of the James river, granted to them by royal charter, signed by a hand long since crumbled into dust.



G. F. SHEPHERD, SECRETARY

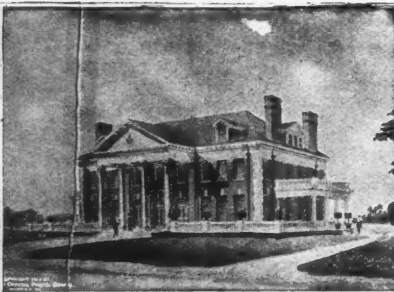


ROY KNABENSHUE IN HIS AIR SHIP. HE WILL BE AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION





REPLICA OLD STATE HOUSE  
MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING



LIKE A MANSION OF COLONIAL TIMES  
VIRGINIA BUILDING



REPLICA OF INDEPENDENCE HALL  
PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING

## SISTERHOOD OF STATES

### THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

WITH Virginia as the hostess, the Beach Boulevard at the Exposition grounds is lined with buildings representing the various states of the Union. The general character of the architecture is colonial, and many of the structures are interesting examples of reproductions of historic homes and ancient buildings of historic association.

In a splendid mansion of the colonial times, Virginia, mother of the states, held sway, like a gentle dowager looking well after the younger people clustered near her.

Pennsylvania's Independence Hall, stands stalwart among the trees, a monument of the Declaration of Independence, with echoes of the Liberty Bell in 1776 suggested.

Maryland is represented by a reproduction of the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose sprawling signature on the Declaration of Independence remains to this day a monument to his integrity and determination.

Washington's headquarters at Morristown, where the darkest cloud of despair of Revolutionary days hung over him, has been reproduced to represent New Jersey.

The first stone mansion west of the Allegheny Mountains, called Adena, is the rendezvous of the Ohioans.

Constructed from the rough timbers, taken from Fort Boone in Kentucky, a reproduction of this military domicile of Daniel Boone

is where Kentucky will dispense her hospitality.

The historic Talmadge home at Litchfield, Connecticut, is reproduced here. The old State House of Boston stands out proudly, overlooking the sea, and appears as natural as it does resting on its own ancient site on State Street, Boston, and you find yourself looking for the circle of cobble-stones which marks the spot on which the Boston Massacre was enacted.

That rarely, picturesque old Langton House at Portsmouth is reproduced, to represent New Hampshire home life.

Rhode Island's dainty colonial home recalls suggestions of a summer spent at Narragansett Bay, and one can almost imagine Roger Williams standing on the threshold, and hear his welcome, "What cheer?"

Dainty little Delaware has just a cozy, homelike place, such as one would expect to see among the peach groves of the good old state.

Missouri's home with all the dignity that has come to it since it had the World's Fair, seems to stand in careless attitude, reminding the passers-by of what she did in those wonderful days, "When we had our fair," and still insists with zest that she must "be shown."

West Virginia, the great undiscovered state, whose resources of recent years have re-



awakened attention and exploration in the Alleghenies, has an hospitable colonial mansion, about which seem to cluster many of the old Virginian traditions.

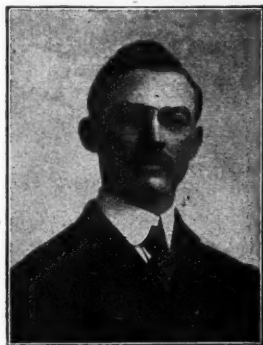
North Dakota has a generous-sized, old-fashioned, green farm house, where you can almost smell the bacon and eggs frying, and imagine yourself munching the sweet, wholesome bread of No. 1 hard wheat.

Louisiana has a building redolent of the old-time creole spirit, suggesting the glories of the First Empire and the memory of the great Napoleon.

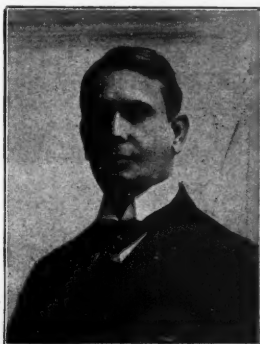
A splendid tribute was paid to President Roosevelt by the state of Georgia, in building a model of the old Bullock home, in Cobb

County, where the President's mother formerly lived. The rooms in this building were furnished by the twelve leading cities of the state, and the building was erected by popular subscriptions, taken exclusively in the state of Georgia.

These buildings are all on Willoughby Boulevard, and overlook the Willoughby Spit, and their broad verandas invite real Southern hospitality. On these open-air resting places, and in these buildings, will gather many a happy family in reunion; after years of separation, brother will meet sister, and sister brother, and parents and children



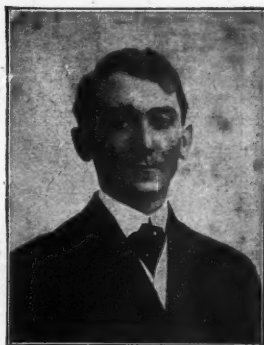
R. H. SEXTON, CHIEF OF CONGRESSES AND SPECIAL EVENTS



T. J. WOOL, GENERAL COUNSEL OF THE EXPOSITION, ONE WHO STARTED IN EARLY TO GRAFFLE AND MASTER THE PROBLEMS OF EXPOSITION BUILDING



A. M. WHEELER, CHIEF OF THE MANUFACTURING AND LIBERAL ARTS



O. D. BATCHELOR, GENERAL COUNSEL OF EXPOSITION

of the state exhibits. In these two buildings, the visitor may see the trophies brought home to the exposition by the numerous members of Uncle Sam's ever-increasing family.

\* \* \*

One of the unique features in advertising the Exposition is the various personally conducted newspaper excursion parties from all parts of the United States which will call at the Jamestown Exposition throughout the coming summer. Already, 800 papers have parties arranged for, varying in size from two to fifty persons, all of whom are to visit the Exposition as a

result of some popular contest in which they are prize winners. Two thousand or more newspapers have the work in process. In some small cities, three papers are at work, each sending representatives to the Exposition. This plan has been exploited by Mr. Samuel S. Snyder, now chief of exploitation. He began the work in a modest way, and now has papers interested in almost every town in America, from the Mexican Herald on the South to the "La Petrie" in Montreal, from

hung a map showing the places where the newspapers were at work sending on delegates, and the map of the United States looked exceedingly populous with red dots emblematic of the good, red corpuscles of enthusiasm which have been stirred up in building up the attendance for the exposition.

Over one hundred and fifty conventions will be held during the season, at which it is anticipated that a million delegates will be in attendance.



MR. S. E. SNYDER, CHIEF OF EXPLOITATION



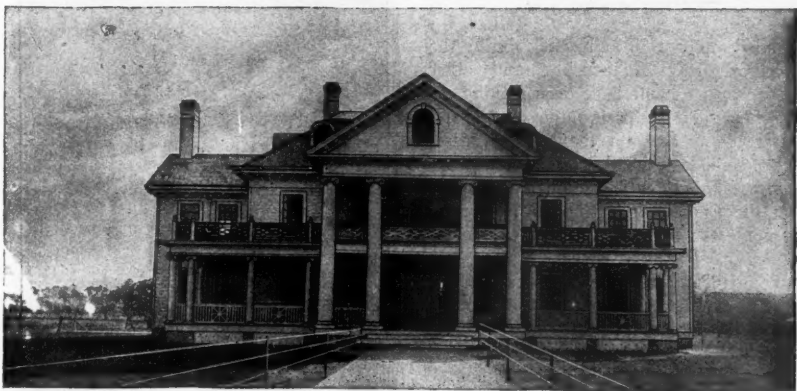
REAR ADMIRAL NEVILLE

Honolulu to Winnipeg: Key West to Bar Harbor. Thousands of newspapers have been running large space copy for some time past, which has attracted wide attention and created much interest in the Exposition. A ten weeks' contest in papers of moderate circulation, represented in a half-million columns of newspaper matter, has been printed in all of the 2,691 counties of the United States, and 7,000 towns and cities.

On the walls of Mr. Snyder's large office

Elaborate arrangements have been made for the aeronautic contest, for ever since the days of "Darius Green and his flying machine," there has been no abatement of interest in the subject of aerial navigation.

A large balloon that will lift a ton, has just been purchased by Uncle Sam, costing \$12,000. This is one of the nine balloons owned by the War Department, and it is said that the lifting power of the balloon is required in order to experiment with them in heavy explosives.

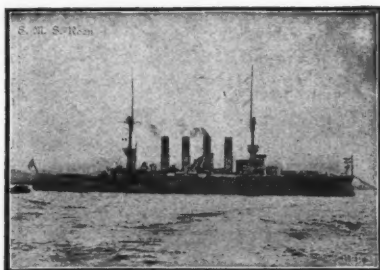


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LEE PARADE GROUND  
CONNECTICUT BUILDING  
NORTH CAROLINA BUILDING

It is thought the test of this balloon will be made at Norfolk.

For a year past aeronauts in all parts of the world have been preparing for events



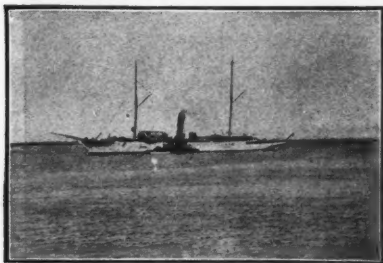
THE GERMAN FLAGSHIP BOON

scheduled to come off at Norfolk during the Exposition. Ray Knabenshue and other well-known aeronauts have been making experiments in different parts of the country, and never made an ascent without an advertisement of some kind for the Jamestown Exposition. Among the other aeronauts who will be at the Exposition is Charles J. Strobel, who made the flight around the Capitol at Washington.

Among the prominent visitors expected is Sir Thomas Lipton, who will come in time for the yacht races. The three cups for these events are to be presented by President Roosevelt, the Kaiser and Sir Thomas Lipton.

\* \* \*

From the opening days, amid the blossoms of apple and peach trees and the sweet mag-



THE UNITED STATES YACHT MAYFLOWER

nolia, to the time when the chrysanthemums bloom in the last days of November, there will be one continuous carnival of flowers within the historic grounds at the Jamestown

Exposition, where the Virginia creeper climbs, hiding even the great fence which encloses the Dream City.

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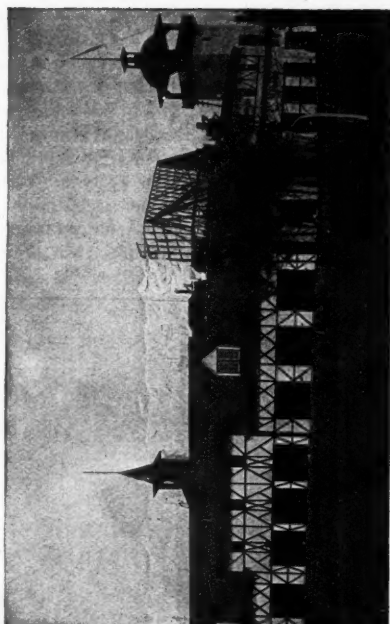
In 1619, at Jamestown, the first legislative assembly in America gathered, consisting of twenty-two members, two from the eleven boroughs then organized, called the House of Burgers, and even then was manifest the principles of the declaration of the rights of 1776. A century prior to the Declaration of Independence, there was an insurrection lead



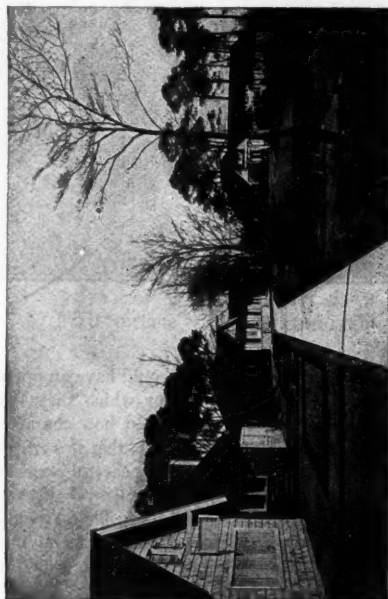
REAR ADMIRAL ZIMMERMAN, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

by Nathanael Bacon Junior, a protest against the subversion of law and tyrannous use of power on the part of men sent out by the mother country. Here the seeds of democracy took root, and the colonists insisted on making their own laws and electing their own rulers, reflecting the spirit that afterwards founded the republic.

From that time to this, there never has been any cessation in the struggle for good govern-



THE SWISS VILLAGE  
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BUILDINGS



ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE  
PALACE OF COMMERCE



ment, and, although we may proudly look back upon the achievements of the past, the sober student realizes that there are yet problems to be met and heavy responsibilities to be shouldered,—even in the hey-day of our prosperity and power.

Fitting it is that the prominent feature of the Jamestown Exposition should be a naval display, as the settlements in Virginia took place after peace was declared between England and Spain, after the destruction of the

bility thrust upon the American people, and since that time the navy has assumed its rightful place. With the Philippines, and a coastline on the Pacific; with Panama and Honolulu and Porto Rico; to say nothing of the Atlantic coast, the student of history will observe that the date 1898 has developed interests which increased the necessity for a navy commensurate with our national expansion.

It is right that at last, the American people, who have been supporting this great arma-



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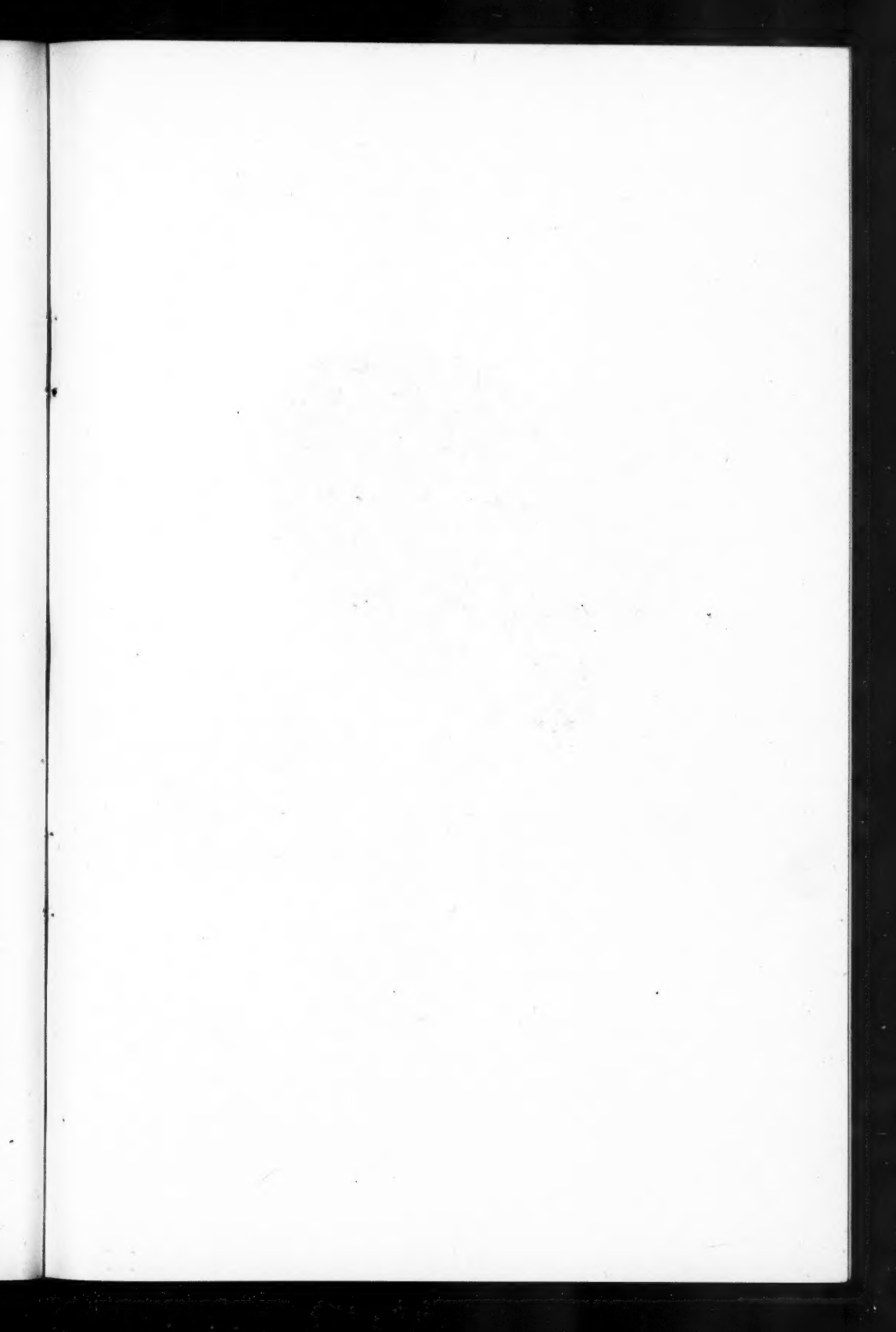
A GLIMPSE OF THE STATES EXHIBIT BUILDING IN EARLY SPRING DAYS

Spanish Armada. From that time, Spain lost her control of the seas, and the title, "mistress of the seas" was evenly divided between England and the Netherlands. It is due to this fact that the colonies of that time, settled on the Atlantic coast, were composed exclusively of English and Dutch pioneers, rather than of Spaniards, who had years before conquered Mexico and South America—so the English colonization of America was due largely to the destruction of the Spanish navies.

Since 1898, there has been a new responsi-

ment on land and sea, should have an opportunity to inspect that for which they have been paying large sums; but how characteristic of the present time it is that this inspection should be made on a peaceful occasion, rather than during some carnival of war? Clustering around this display will be a friendly sentiment that will do more for peaceful international relationship hereafter than could ever be accomplished by the most astute diplomats. The event is interwoven with the pacific and economic sentiments of our country, and has an influence both educational and patriotic.

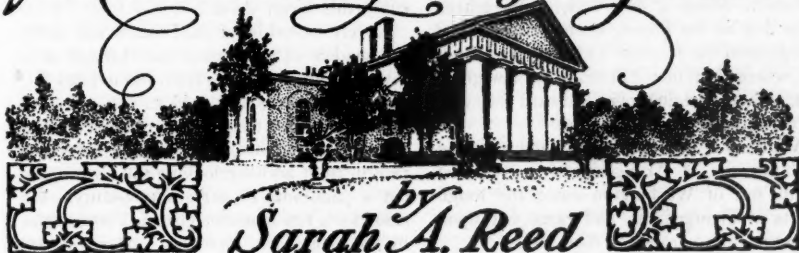






*Sincerely yours ever*  
*Virginia.*

# *A Romance of Arlington House*



## THE PROLOGUE

THIS little prologue is not written as an apology for the publication of these old letters, but because the letters themselves have a history that may perchance enhance their interest. The letters were written at Arlington in eighteen hundred and twenty-four; and therefore are closely associated with the beautiful old place that is now one of the sights of Washington.

I first saw Arlington House in the early seventies, when it was simply a dismantled and deserted home; for it was not then easy of access, and its associations were too intensely sad to attract those in search of diversion.

The sunshine and beauty of a May morning had tempted me to accept the invitation of the army officer in whose home I was a guest, to occupy the seat beside him in the light one-seated buggy that stood at his door ready for a trip to Arlington, which for him was in the line of official duty.

My friend had served all through the war whose sorrowful memories were, at that near date, so vivid and personal. And as we drove along he told me much about the condition of Washington during those hard years between sixty-one and sixty-five.

I knew little or nothing about Arlington, and listened with much interest to his account of a visit he had made to the mansion soon after it had been abandoned by the Lee family. The grounds of the great estate soon became a camping-place for the Union army, and a temporary hospital was erected near the entrance; and Arlington soon became a favorite drive for President Lincoln when he wished to escape from the turmoil that always beset him at the White House.

My friend told me that the President often spent an hour or two walking quite alone up and down the grand porch that overlooks the river. One can imagine what conflicts between hope and fear were fought out in the secret of his own thoughts as he walked and meditated, quieted and soothed by the beautiful views that met his eyes whenever he lifted them to look across the sloping lawn down to the wide river and the hillsides beyond.

One day Mr. Lincoln's quiet meditations were broken in upon by General Meigs, who was then in charge of the hospitals about Washington. Standing beside the President, Meigs began to talk of his own close intimacy with Robert E. Lee, when they had been officers together in the army that Lee had forsaken. He said: "I loved him as a brother, but I can never forgive him for being against instead of with us now; and whatever the issue of this war, he should never again enjoy this estate. I am just now in great perplexity as to where to bury our dead. Let us settle forever the question as to whom this land shall belong, by mak'ing it a resting-place for the Union dead."

Mr. Lincoln hesitated, looked out over the beautiful grounds and up at the stately mansion, and shook his head.

"Why not?" said Meigs. "Is any place too good for the men who have given up home and all to fight that the Union may be sustained?"

As Mr. Lincoln turned away, without having granted General Meigs' request, he saw standing near a squad of men in charge of the bodies of a number of soldiers who had just died in the hospital. The sight touched

his heart, and turning abruptly, he said: "Do as you wish."

General Meigs at once ordered the graves to be dug on the sloping lawn. And so was inaugurated the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, where sleep now "Beneath the low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," so many of our nation's heroes.

While my friend had been giving me these reminiscences of Arlington, he had driven swiftly out of Washington along the rough streets of Georgetown, and came out upon the aqueduct across the river.

"But beyond is Arlington House. Isn't it unrivaled for beauty of situation? George Washington Custis was an artist, and he certainly chose the finest point on all his vast estate for his grand mansion. He was very proud of the house, which was modeled after the ancient temple of Theseus at Athens; and in Mr. Custis' day it was the mansion par excellence in all this part of the country."

"Yes," I said, "and I think the estate ought to have been kept for his descendants, and not desecrated by being made a burial place."

"Desecrated," said my friend, turning to give me a piercing glance from his deep-set gray eyes. "Why, I might think I had a Southern woman beside me. How can you, a loyal Unionist, call ground desecrated because it holds the sacred dust of men who gave their lives that you might have a country that is fast becoming one of the foremost nations of the world?"

I blushing accepted the reproof, but said that I was moved by sympathy with the Lees.

"Yes," said my friend, "that is sentiment: but from my point of view, there is justice in this place belonging to the nation. The place was bought in by the government when it was sold for delinquent taxes; but after the war the claim of the Lee family was recognized, and the appraised value paid to them. I used to go to Arlington when I was a boy, and the one thing I remember about George Washington Custis was his intense love of his country—a love that had been planted in his heart and fostered there by his adopted father, whom we all delight to name as 'The Father of his Country,' and I verily believe that Mr. Custis would rather the home he was so proud of should be national property, than to have it in hands that had borne arms against his country, even though they were those of his own grandchildren.

"But here we are at Arlington. Let us forget the question of right or wrong, and enjoy this lovely drive."

Lovely indeed is the road that winds under the shadow of great trees and through deep ravines until it emerges from the natural forest into the lawns and gardens that surround the house. But trees, grand old oaks, stand all about the house, while a great level terrace in front and overlooking the river opens out a panorama of surpassing beauty. We stood for a few moments charmed into silence by the magnificent view that took in the city with the great dome of the Capitol, and the glistening whiteness of the President's mansion, while rising above it all, clear-cut against the blue sky, gleamed the great white column that stands as a perpetual reminder of him whom a grateful nation still delights to name as "first in the hearts of his countrymen." The broad Potomac, cutting its way through the hills, opens a far-extended view, giving even a glimpse of the old city of Alexandria.

Seeing how absorbed I was in the charming landscape, Colonel Benton said: "I will leave you here for an hour or more, while I attend to my business. You will find the door of the house open, and if you choose, you can go within and meditate on the wrongs of the Lee family;" and with this parting thrust at my loyalty, he left me.

I stood for some time enjoying the picturesque and varied beauty of the scene. But when I turned from the enticing landscape, I found plenty to admire in the grand old mansion. The tall, massive columns of the portico would attract anyone's attention, and must have excited wonder in the early days of the Nineteenth Century, when so few people had an opportunity to look upon such a perfect reproduction of Greek architecture.

As I walked across the broad marble pavement of this portico, I thought of Mr. Lincoln, and of the sharp, stern contrast his life with its crude, bare childhood and youth of toil and deprivation, presented to that of the man who had built, lived and died in this stately mansion. But the contrast does not stop here, for he is today remembered as a gentle, kindly gentleman, but one who made little use of the splendid opportunities afforded him, but simply drifted on with the current; while the other man, rough-hewn by the force and stress of a life of toil and hardness, stood like a great rock boulder in the pathway of

disunion, and is today honored by the reverent affection of a grateful people—one whose name will go down into even far-remote history as the saviour of his country.

I neither met nor saw anyone as I walked for a few moments up and down the great portico, and when I stepped within the broad hall, I met only quiet and solitude. The large, lofty-ceiled rooms had scarcely an article of furniture in them. The only things I found interesting to look at were several large pictures, battle scenes; and in each one General Washington was the central and conspicuous figure. I had heard that Mr. Custis was something of an artist, and so I realized that even this deserted home held some of his work, left doubtless because the pictures were a part of the walls on which they had been painted.

As I stood there alone, I pictured to myself the now bare rooms as they must have looked when filled with the handsome furniture of the olden days, and the whole house full of life and comfort. Many illustrious men and women had walked about on the floors that now gave back a doleful echo to my solitary footsteps.

I was tempted to go out into the sunshine, to escape the ghosts of memory that haunted the old house. But the broad stairway at the end of the hall seemed to invite further explorations; so I passed up to a wide, roomy upper hall, only to find all the doors that opened into it locked but one, and that admitted me into a small room above the front door. It had evidently been used as a writing room. The broad window-seat gave one a place to sit and look out over the glorious landscape.

An empty book-case and writing-desk were a part of the room, built in, so they could not be removed. Still, there was so little to interest me that I decided that I would rather await my friend's return out on the lawn. As I turned away from the window, I heard the sound of footsteps in the hall below, and so knew that I was no longer the sole inmate of Arlington House. I had noticed on my way up stairs that the stairway was decorated with a hunting scene; and, as I supposed it to be another of Mr. Custis' pictures, I stopped on the second landing to give it a more careful inspection.

As I stood with my back toward the lower stairs, I took a step backward in order to

get a better view of the picture, and in doing so brought my back against a lady, who, like myself, had stopped on the landing to look up at the hunting scene. My movement had been so sudden and unexpected, that it threw me into her arms, which she had outstretched to save herself from a downfall. It was a rather embarrassing situation, but my apologies were received so graciously that I soon felt quite at ease with my chance acquaintance. And, as we walked out on the lawn together, Mrs. Burke told me that she was a long-time resident of Washington, and that she had often been at Arlington when it was the beautiful and hospitable home of Robert E. Lee and his charming wife, who had made it one of the most delightful homes in or near Washington.

Then she said: "I came here today in search of what, for a better term, I may call an old landmark; and yet that does not quite express my meaning. I have been reading over some old letters that I have just discovered in a secret compartment of an old desk that once belonged to my grandmother. These letters were written at Arlington, away back in the twenties. They tell of various men and women prominent in the history of our country, but their especial interest is in the account they give of a visit of General Lafayette to Mr. Custis. Then, too, between the lines at first, and openly at a later date, I found a sweet little love story; and the love story part has brought me all the way to Arlington this morning; for I want to find if there still remains on one of the window-panes of the little room above the front door a mark placed there over fifty years ago. Will you go up stairs and help me in my search?"

You may be sure I was nothing loath, and on one of the little diamond-shaped panes we found a delicately-traced picture of two rings interlocked, and each marked with a tiny initial.

"There it is," said Mrs. Burke, "just as it is described in the old letters. How remarkable that it should have remained there through all the vicissitudes that have passed over this old house."

Of course I at once expressed my interest in the old letters, with their glimpses into by-gone days, to which was added the interest of a romance. And so effective was my curiosity upon the kindly nature of my new

found friend that it resulted in a call from her the very next day, and an invitation to spend a morning in her home, listening to the reading of the letters from Arlington.

My story would grow too long if I were to yield to my inclinations and tell you still more of this delightful chance acquaintance of mine, and of all that we came to be to each other in the years that followed our first meeting on the old stairway at Arlington. But now we are only concerned in the fulfillment of her promise about the letters.

When I went by appointment to her lovely home on I street, I found her awaiting my arrival. And first of all, she led me to the old desk that had so long been the repository of the letters, saying: "One seldom sees, nowadays, anything so quaint and beautiful as my grandmother's desk." And the desk fully justified her praise, for besides the quaint and peculiar beauty of its form and the beautiful inlaid work that covered it both within and without, the woods had a finish that only long years of care can give.

When I had admired the desk to my friend's full satisfaction, she said: "Now you may try to find the secret compartment, and if you succeed, you will have proved yourself a far better discoverer than I; for, although I knew that there was a secret compartment, I have only recently, and then quite by accident, discovered it."

It is hardly needful to say that, although I looked over and touched every part of the desk, I quite failed to find the secret so carefully guarded. Then my friend laid a finger on an innocent-looking little panel of inlaid wood, and under her touch it folded itself back and revealed an inner compartment, closely packed with letters.

As Mrs. Burke handed me a package, she said: "Will you look and see how wonderfully they have been preserved? I think it is, in fact, due to the honest ink and paper used in those olden days."

The packages were marked in a fine, clear handwriting, "My daughter Virginia's letters from Arlington."

We took the packages into the sunlight of the deep window that filled the front of the room, and for an hour or more I listened to the reading of letters then more than fifty years old, with as intense and eager an interest as if they had come from some near and dear friend. Now and then, Mrs. Burke

paused in her reading to help out the story they told with facts that had come down to her in family tradition.

When the last letter had been read, and the last explanation given, I drew a deep sigh of satisfaction and said, "What would I give to have those old letters?"

"Nothing you could do or give would bring to you these letters," said my friend. "But why do you want them? Is it not enough to have heard them read?"

"No," I said, "for if I had them, I could weave out of them such an interesting story of the olden times."

My friend sat very quiet for a few moments, and then she said: "Strangely enough, I have had the same thought about these letters. I believe they would interest many people. I have a perfect right to give you copies of them to use in the way you wish, for they are mine, not alone by the right of discovery, but also because I am nearest of living kin to her who wrote them; but if I give them to you, it will have to be under a sacred promise not to use them until certain conditions have been fulfilled, and it may be years before you could use them.

The promise was given, and has been faithfully kept. In due time the copies came into my possession, and found in my desk a seclusion as inviolate as that of the old desk in which the originals so long reposed. But now the restriction has been removed, and Virginia Colton's letters, written eighty-one years ago, are free to seek a wider circulation.

## I

*Arlington, October 2, 1824.*

Dear Mother—As Caesar is to carry this letter to you, I much fear that, in spite of his promise to hold his tongue until you have read it, he will, true to that garrulous nature of his, have given you his own highly-colored story of our adventures before you have read the account I am about to write for the edification of the dear home circle at Wyndham Manor.

Lest the roll of Caesar's eyes, and his many and mysterious exclamations, may have unduly alarmed you, I make haste to bid you remember that "All is well that ends well," and I am here under dear, kind cousin Mary's care, not one whit the worse for the accident that befell us yesterday afternoon.



We spent the night of our first day from home at Uncle John's, and took an early start for Arlington yesterday. Such a lovely ride as we had through the woods, the grand old trees arching over the road most of the way, and wild flowers and ferns fairly brushing against the carriage.

I longed to have you with me, for I know how you would have enjoyed it all. Chrissie got her share of pleasure out of it, and every now and then I made Caesar stop, so that Chrissie and I could walk a little way and gather some of the flowers. We had a nice lunch, that we ate under the trees beside a wayside spring, while the horses rested and had their noon meal.

We found the road rather rough, but in spite of the swinging and jolting of the carriage, I fell into a doze, following the example of Chrissie, whose black head had found an uncertain and uneasy resting-place on the side of the carriage, when we were suddenly aroused by finding ourselves in a confused heap—Chrissie on top, and I against the carriage window. My first waking sensation was feeling the warm blood on my cheeks from a cut on my forehead, and we were shaken up and down by the plunging of the horses; but it was soon over, for our good horses obeyed Caesar's frightened calls, and the carriage stopped, half-righting itself as it came to a standstill.

Caesar managed by dint of much pulling, to get the carriage door open, and then poor, dilapidated Chrissie and I crawled out. We soon found that the only serious harm was to the carriage, that lay on its side, one wheel fast in a deep rut, and the axletree broken. We were in the midst of a dense forest, a long way from Colonel Dean's, where we had stopped to water the horses. Caesar looked at me in a dazed way, while Chrissie wrung her hands and wailed in true darkey fashion. So I had, as father would say, to rise to meet the situation.

It was well on in the afternoon, and I judged that we must still be some distance from Arlington. We could not spend the night in that lonely place, so I sent Caesar into the woods to find a pole to pry the carriage out of the rut. As I stood considering what we were to do, Caesar called from the woods, with quite a joyful ring in his voice: "Miss Virginia, I tink I hear a horse coming up the road;" and looking up, I saw not one but

two horsemen on the brow of the hill, at the foot of which our dilapidated carriage blocked the way.

They evidently saw us at the same moment, and, quickening the speed of their horses, were soon beside us. One was an army officer, as I could see by his uniform, and the other his black servant. The young gentleman at once sprang from his horse, and, handing the bridle to his servant, came forward, cap in hand, saying: "I am Captain Worthington, of the United States army. It is a part of my commission to protect and defend her citizens. I seem to see a case in hand."

The captain looked so handsome as he stood making his little speech; that, would you believe it, mother dear? my first thought was not of the carriage, but of my own appearance, with the blood stains on my face and my hair falling down my back. But Caesar, who had run back from the woods, was ready, in his own voluble way, to tell the tale of our misfortune.

I interrupted him to ask how near we were to Washington, or rather, Arlington. At which remark, the captain's face lighted up, and he said: "Can it be that you are the Cousin Virginia Mrs. Curtis is expecting? I, too, am on my way to Arlington, and we must devise a safe conduct for you and your maid." But looking at the carriage as he spoke, he said: "I doubt if you can get there in this vehicle." Well, I can't go into details, but after what Captain Worthington called "a council of war" with the two men servants, it was decided that his man Peter should stay with Caesar, and look after the carriage and horses, while Chrissie and I rode Peter's horse, following Captain Worthington as our guide to Arlington.

We had to go rather slowly, and it was eight o'clock in the evening before we saw glimmering lights in the distance, and Captain Worthington gave the delightful information that we were nearing Arlington. I wondered to myself if he was as glad to be relieved of his self-assumed position as rescuer and guide as I was over the prospect of a welcome from dear Cousin Mary.

You can easily imagine the commotion our arrival occasioned, how many questions were asked and answered. I talked on rapidly and excitedly, until I suddenly became aware that Captain Worthington was letting me do

all the talking, only watching me with a merry twinkle in his eyes. So I stopped short, and complained of being tired; whereat Cousin Mary sent us off to our rooms, and when we met again at the dinner, that had been long delayed by our late arrival, I simply made the captain tell the story of our adventures.

Well, Caesar is here now, and the carriage will be repaired so that he can start home tomorrow, and he will be the bearer of this long letter, and I will write again in a day or two. What a great, grand house this is, and so full of interesting things! I shall have so much to write about. And just to think that I am to be here with General Lafayette and his son!

Did I tell you that Captain Worthington is very handsome? But he is not young. Cousin Mary says that he must be nearly thirty years old. You and father must write and thank him for his kindness to your shipwrecked, or rather, carriage-wrecked, daughter. And don't forget to invite him to Wyndham. That is the least that you can do to show your gratitude that I did not perish alone in the wilderness.

The little Mary, as we have always called her, is little no longer, and she is a beautiful girl.

Well, this letter must come to an end, but not until I tell you that I learned last night why Captain Worthington is a guest at Arlington. He has been appointed aide to General Lafayette while he is in this country, and he is here making arrangements for the General's visit; and he and Mr. Custis go to Baltimore day after tomorrow, to meet the General and his party and escort them to Washington. Only the General and his son, George Washington, are to be guests at this house; the others stay in Washington.

I am going out horseback riding this afternoon. Mr. Custis has promised to show me over the plantation. He wants me to see his wonderful sheep and the famous Custis spring. I hope Captain Worthington can go with us.

Cousin Mary sends love, and says to tell you that you are going to miss the event of a life-time in not being here during General Lafayette's visit. That makes me realize how unselfish you were to send me in your place. But, oh, how I shall enjoy every moment, and you shall have full accounts. Love to pater and my little brothers, and all the servants, especially dear old Mammy. Tell

her that Chrissie does credit to her training, and she, too, is having no end of enjoyment.

Lovingly, your own  
VIRGINIA.

## II

*Arlington, October 5, 1824.*

Well, mother dear, I wish you were here in this cosy writing room. You will remember that it is at the end of the second-story great hall. There is so much to tell that my pen can never jot it all down.

We have just seen Mr. Custis and Captain Worthington off for Baltimore, and Cousin Mary has had her hands full getting the house ready for her distinguished guest. Mary, the second, is busy with her lessons, so your daughter is left to her own devices, and what better can I do than tell you what has happened since my first letter started homeward.

Yesterday the weather was just perfect, and that suited our plans wonderfully well, for Mr. Custis had proposed the night before that Captain Worthington should be my companion on a horseback excursion through the park and over to the old mansion that was the home before Mr. Custis built this grand house. We made an early start, and had a glorious ride. The Captain is most gallant and charming. You would never believe that he was not Southern born; but he tells me that he is a New Englander—born in Boston. I told him all about Wyndham and you dear people this morning, and he seemed very much interested. Then he said that he had only faint, shadowy memories of his father and mother. Both had died when he was very young, and he had been adopted by his mother's brother and had taken his uncle's name.

Did I tell you how tall and handsome he is—a typical soldier, devoted to his profession? You should see the gallant attention he shows Cousin Mary. I can see that he has quite won the heart of Mr. Custis. A soldier always suggests to him the dear grandfather he so delights to talk about. Indeed, the Captain is in high favor with all the family, and Cousin Mary has invited him to stay here all the time of General Lafayette's visit. She argues, and quite rightly, too, that Captain Worthington ought to be near the General, and not over in Washington.

It will be nice to have him here; don't you

think so? But, there, I forgot that you are in Wyndham, and can't judge what is best for Arlington. Only this seems to be what father calls "a self-evident truth."

But how I am running on about other things, instead of telling you about the lovely winding road under the grand old trees. One could ride for hours just around Arlington plantation, for there are hundreds and hundreds of acres, and so much of it unbroken forest.

We did ride longer than we intended, and Mr. Custis told us that he had been waiting for us for over an hour. But he wasn't one bit cross, and was as good-natured and kind as if we had arrived on the very minute. I ran up stairs, and had my riding-habit off in no time, and joined the gentlemen as they started off on foot for the spring Mr. Custis is so proud of. It is on the hillside near the river, and there is a great flow of clear cold water. Mr. Custis has built a large pavilion near the spring, and placed seats on the ground under the great trees, so that it is a most attractive spot. And only think, everybody, high and low alike, is free to come there and spend the day.

Cousin Mary says that Mr. Custis is always going down to welcome and visit with the people who come to picnic at his spring-house, and he thinks nothing of supplying all deficiencies from his pantry.

Hospitality is surely his crowning virtue. He says that he learned it all at Mount Vernon, where General Washington (grandfather as he always calls him) was ever polite and cordial to a poor wayfarer as to his most aristocratic guest.

I shall know all about the great Washington soon, for he is constantly referred to and quoted. From the spring-house we went across the beautiful fields to look at a flock of Merino sheep. These sheep are, next to Washington, Mr. Custis' special hobby. He thinks that he has started a movement that will make America the great wool-growing country of the world, and that in time we shall manufacture better wool goods than can be produced in any part of the Old World.

He was most enthusiastic on the subject, but he directed all his conversation to Captain Worthington, doubtless considering it beyond me. He talked so long that we were late for lunch; and right after lunch Captain

Worthington left for Washington, where he had an official appointment with President Monroe.

As I had spoken to Mr. Custis of my interest in the many fine portraits that hang on the walls of all the rooms, he offered, right after dinner last evening, to show them to me, with quite a number of miniatures that he keeps in a quaint old cabinet that he inherited from his Grandmother Washington.

Captain Worthington returned in time for dinner, and such an interesting evening as we (that "we" stands for Captain Worthington and your daughter Virginia) spent looking on the pictured faces of so many Parkes, Custises and Washingtons. I fear that they are somewhat mixed up in my mind; but, anyway, I enjoyed it all, and I am sure it made Mr. Custis happy to discourse about his ancestors. He is especially proud of a very old portrait of a certain Colonel Daniel Parke, who is pictured in a rich court dress of velvet and lace, and Mr. Custis wanted us to notice that this old Daniel wore on his breast a medallion portrait of Queen Anne, which, family tradition said, had been presented to him by the good queen herself.

Then there was a John Custis and a John Parke Custis. The latter was really our Mr. Custis' grandfather; although in his talk he quite ignores his grandmother's first marriage; and grandfather with him always refers to General Washington.

He has a number of fine portraits of the General, one painted by Peale, and another by Sharpless, also several medallions of Washington's head done on copper. One had the heads of Washington and Lafayette side by side.

With each picture of Washington hung always one of his wife, so that one can hardly help feeling that there were many George and Martha Washingtons.

There is one miniature of Mrs. Washington, painted by Robertson, when she was the first lady of the land. It is very beautiful, and is Mr. Custis' special pride, although I think he is pleased and gratified when visitors admire his own paintings. They are all battle scenes, and always with General Washington in the foreground. There are three of them, and he has told me just what battles they represent; but I only remember that one was the surrender of the British at Yorktown. They are great big pictures, and rather overwhelm

one. But mind, I did not tell that to Mr. Custis.

There is a lovely picture of Mr. Custis' sister Nellie, and one of our expected guest, George Washington Lafayette. Mr. Custis seems especially delighted that he is to have a visit from this son of General Lafayette, for they have always kept up a correspondence since they were boys together at Mount Vernon.

I did not know anything about this son of General Lafayette's being in Washington's family for so long. It seems he was sent to the United States when his father and mother were in prison, during those terrible days of the French Revolution, so for a time Washington had his two namesakes under his own roof.

But while I am telling you about family portraits, I must not forget the most treasured of them all, which is a miniature of General Washington painted on ivory. Mr. Custis said that his grandmother always wore it, and that after the General's death, she would sit for hours looking intently at it. She had it in her hand when she died, and he values it so highly that it is kept in a cabinet in his own room.

As Mr. Custis walked about with us from room to room, displaying his art treasures, he told us so much about his early life at Mount Vernon. He was just eight years old when Washington was made President, but he remembers all about the journey from Mount Vernon to New York, and he could tell so much about the life in New York and Philadelphia.

These reminiscences interested Captain Worthington even more than they did me, for I must own that I was not sorry when Mr. Custis was called out of the room, and I had a chance to question the Captain about his visit to the President. He said that he wished I could have gone with him, as I would have seen the White House, and perhaps called upon Mrs. Monroe. He said that I must surely be in Washington to witness the arrival of General Lafayette and his party. This I know Cousin Mary has arranged for. Won't it be fine? I can hardly believe that I am to go and do and see so much, and I am as happy as a bird.

By the way, that reminds me to tell you that Captain Worthington asked me to sing for him, and we spent two hours alone to-

gether quite absorbed in music. I played on Cousin Mary's harpsichord. The Captain has a fine tenor voice, and we sang song after song, until (I am ashamed to tell you) Cousin Mary had to come in and warn us that it was near midnight, and the breakfast hour had been set early for the next morning on account of the travelers needing all the daylight for their long journey on horseback. Cousin Mary said that I need not come down for the early breakfast, but I would not have missed it for anything. Indeed I was down in such good time that the Captain and I had a walk to the spring before the breakfast bell rang. And what do you think he said as we came back? Why, that he would miss me every hour he was away. Only think of your little girl being of enough importance to be missed by an officer of the United States army!

But that was just a polite speech. Doubtless he will not think of me twice while he is away. He will be all taken up with the grand folks he will be with. Cousin Mary says that it is a great honor for him to have this position of aide to General Lafayette, and that it was given to him as a reward for his skill and bravery in the war with the Indians.

Well, they got off, as I have already told you, in good time this morning. And now, before I close my letter, I will go and see if Cousin Mary has any message to send you.

*Later.*—It is two hours since I laid down my pen, but I found that I could help Cousin Mary, and then I was so interested in what she was doing, for she was washing with her own hands a set of China that is to be used during the General's visit, because it was given to Washington by the Society of Cincinnati. It has the Washington coat of arms on each piece, and a Latin motto beneath it. Then we got out and set on a side table a great China punch bowl that was presented to Washington by the officers of the French navy who came across the sea to aid in the Revolutionary War.

The silver tea-set that came from Mount Vernon is to be put on the sideboard tomorrow. Cousin Mary said that, so far as she could, she would use Mount Vernon things, as she felt sure it would gratify General Lafayette.

But I must stop writing, for I believe that I can make myself useful. Cousin Mary had no special message to send. She is all absorbed in getting ready for her visitors.

By the way, mother, aren't we some distant connection to the Lees? It seems as if I had heard father say that he was a cousin once or twice removed. And I remember quite distinctly how badly he felt when Colonel Lee died. Mrs. Lee, as you know, lives in Alexandria, and her youngest son, Robert, seems on most familiar terms with all the family here. Mr. Custis treats him as if he were his son, which, by the way, he may yet become, if the boy and girl attachment between him and Mary goes on. They are really quite devoted to each other.

I could fall in love with him myself, he is so handsome and witty and gallant, but Cousin Mary has forbidden me even teasing Mary, saying that she does not want any such ideas put into the children's heads. But I just wonder how she is going to keep them out. She says that Robert is just like one of the family now; but as he goes to West Point next spring,

he will doubtless grow away from them. But I can't help seeing that Cousin Mary and Mr. Custis have already adopted Robert Lee into their hearts, and would be nothing loath to have him marry Mary when the time comes; so if they go on falling in love, or rather keeping in love, their love story will run smooth. I wonder how it will be with mine, if I ever have one?

Love to pater and the boys, and Mamma, with your own share always from your

VIRGINIA

P. S.—It would seem as if this letter was long enough, without a postscript. But I want you to see to it that father writes to Captain Worthington. He is so lazy, dear old soul, that he will put the writing off on you. Don't let him do it. Tell him how brave and handsome the Captain is, and how highly he is esteemed.

(To be continued.)

## AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,  
When the feathered folk assemble, and the air is all a'tremble  
With their singing and their winging to and fro.  
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,  
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;  
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance,—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the mists are rising from the lea;  
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling,  
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;  
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers  
That the lavish hand of May will fling;  
When, in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays,—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When life, like the year, is young;  
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,  
And love words linger on the tongue;  
When the blue of Irish skies in the hue of Irish eyes,  
And love dreams cluster and cling  
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain,—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

[*Christian Register*, May 16, '06]

—*Denis A. McCarthy*



# THE SOMERSET OAKS

By Maurice Smiley

"THESE muffins are as cold as Pharaoh," growled Teddy Cooper, discontentedly.

"Try some of the toast," suggested the doctor smiling behind his hand.

"Burned to a crisp," snapped Teddy.

"Some of the omelette, then," purred the doctor, with a malevolent urbanity that was terribly exasperating.

"A new form of the yellow peril," snarled Teddy, "designed especially to menace the digestive organs."

The doctor knew the symptoms. Mrs. Millington must have thrown Teddy hard. That's the way it turned out sooner or later with all of them. But this case promised some pathological features of more than ordinary interest—to one who had been thrown as hard as any of them, in his time.

"Some rolls," said the doctor, tentatively.

"Are these rolls?" asked Teddy, sarcastically. I thought they were pepsinized sand-bags."

"I can at least recommend the waffles," quoth the doctor, gravely.

"Look like chunks of asphalt full of hoof-marks," said Teddy pettishly. "Hang it all, doctor, can't you give me some advice that is worth taking? What are doctors good for if not to give advice."

"As a physician," answered the doctor, in his professionally sepulchral voice, feeling Teddy's pulse before Teddy could throw anything at him, "I can only give you this piece of general advice adapted to your specific case: Take your medicine. Don't let everybody see the soreness. When we were boys, we liked to show our stubbed toes to the other fellows. We used to make them pay us marbles to look at them. One marble for a stone bruise and three for a nice big splinter. A good rusty nail would have brought a small agate. But that sort of thing doesn't go when we lay aside our galluses for suspenders and put on pajamas instead of jumpers. Go in for anything—golf—"

"And drip slowly away to a slimy remnant of what used to be a man?" asked Teddy,

breaking in. The doctor had spoken with a whimsical earnestness that was not all banter. Teddy couldn't run the risk of being "moved." That would be emotion. The Somerset links were the finest in the state.

"Then try motoring."

"On these infernal corduroy roads?" Teddy flung in.

"Tennis, then."

"The sissiest game that was ever invented. Why don't you suggest croquet or ping-pong?"

Teddy was a crack tennis player and up to a few days before had been the most enthusiastic of motorists. He had all but camped on the links. But that was before he had contracted what the mess called "Milling-tonitis," which, like most technical terms, was too long but quite expressive.

"And is it not written," said the doctor, irreverently, "that after Cooper of the Infantry, another shall reign in his stead? Let's see, Teddy, who is it anyway?"

"It's Lowry," answered Teddy miserably. The doctor whistled.

"Lowry, then? An alien line, too. What we should call in another domain of human activity, a rank outsider."

Lowry was a civilian and was naturally looked upon by the post fellows as an usurper, a mere pretender to the throne.

"Yes, and you know he's engaged to Cousin Nell, besides," said Teddy, resentfully. "She's away off there at the presidio and doesn't know how Lam is cutting up here. I've half a mind to put a flea in her ear," he concluded, vindictively.

"And make yourself ridiculous?" said the doctor, "It doesn't amount to anything. It's like the measles. Just let it take its course and he'll soon forget he ever had it. No danger in the world, my boy. In a month you yourself will be laughing at Lowry, for is it not written that after Lowry of the civilians another shall reign in his stead? Think of the fun of watching a new brother ride the goat. Take your medicine. But first have a piece of this cantaloupe."

"The cantaloupe, be blamed!" says Teddy.

All of which is preliminary, to show how matters stood.

\* \* \*

The Somerset club was a sort of auxiliary to the post. Some called it the Ladies Auxiliary, and others the Women's Relief Corps, for the reason that in the country house colony there were always such charming girls, while with few exceptions, the feminine portion of the post contingent was confined to dignified matrons and "buds."

Isabel Millington was the post widow. From her name you would imagine that she was tall and willowy, statuesque and soulful, like one of Henry James' heroines. Nothing of the sort. She was absurdly petite, to begin with; and to end with, her feet, if she wore shoes as large as 2's, were on the narrowest last a cobbler ought to stick to.

In addition to her size, which badly needed augmentation, Mrs. Millington had reduced the art of flirtation to a science. It was a game with her, a sort of game of highest five, for generally there were only about half a dozen eligibles at the post and one of these generally didn't count. So the highest five in her favor had just one fluffy little dream in blue and white and bewildering shades of other colors, just two baby eyes and one rosebud mouth, and one deliciously snubby little nose and one quivering little chin to divide up between them as the spoils of war.

Five weeks was a record reign, for Mrs. Millington was fair—divinely fair in one way. When she threatened to break the record with Bobbie Holmes, we thought she was in love at last. The coronation ceremony was always the same, as presented by Mrs. Millington's court etiquette. Men came, they saw and were conquered. Many called but few were chosen. Those who were selected ran their little course, spent their furloughs—and their income—basked in the sunshine that hedged about the queen—

Then the muffins got cold.

The doctor diagnosed it ponderously as sympathetic refrigeration.

"Simultaneously," he explained, "with the frigidescence of the pedal extremities of any given lady, there is a synchronous frigidation of the muffins. Divested of therapeutical technicalities, when the lady gets cold feet, nothing tastes good."

Just now Lowry's muffins were piping hot.

To do him justice, he had begun without any serious intentions. He had come—to spend the summer in the mountains. He had seen—because Mrs. Millington was the prettiest to be seen in the mountains. He had been conquered, because, in the mountains at least—he inclined to Riley's whimsical heresy: "In fact, to speak in earnest, he believed it adds charm to spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm. And he found an extra flavor in the widow's mellow wine that made him drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of"—his.

Of course he loved Nell tremendously. He worshipped her immensely. It was all settled long ago between them. Where was the harm in enjoying himself for the summer? Nell wouldn't hear anything about the little affair and if she did he could easily square himself.

But however indulgent Nell Ferriss might be, Lowry failed to count on the fact that Teddy was her second cousin and that he was the victim of involuntary abdication. You must always calculate on the effect of cold muffins.

\* \* \*

How or why Nell ever decided to attend the Somerset Oaks was a mystery to Lowry. Ostensibly it was to visit her cousin—her second cousin—and incidentally her fiancé on her way east. Possibly Teddy had mentioned something about The Oaks. Possibly he had mentioned something about her fiancé. But on general principles, when one's fiancé gets mentioned—in the possible way Teddy mentioned Lowry—one gets wonderfully interested in affairs like The Oaks—and in one's second cousin. That is, if one is a woman.

The Somerset Oaks was always run about the middle of September. It was a small affair seen from the Presidio, but it was The Derby to its patrons, with a dash of cotillon and Horse Show thrown in. It was both a function and an event. The colony and the post vied to make it a gentlemen's sporting function and a ladies' social event, of the first magnitude.

The lady who nominated the winner received a valuable favor. Every gentleman rode his own mount and was "nominated" by some "ladye faire" under whose auspices he rode.

This year the favor was a riding whip with a handle of solid gold. The committee paid

\$500 spot cash for it and Lowry swore that Mrs. Millington should have that whip. She had nominated him, passed over the officers of the line and had taken him, the rank outsider. To be sure, he was a crack rider, and had a mount that was the equal of any nag in the stud.

It was just a week before the Oaks, when Lowry was swearing what he would do when he delivered the whip to Mrs. Millington, that he received the following telegram from Nell:

"Mamma and I will arrive Aug. 27. Have nominated you for the Somerset Oaks. Nell."

All of which was perfectly *au jail* under the rules. Anybody who had the entree could nominate any eligible candidate for the Oaks.

The deuce of it all was that Mrs. Millington had nominated him first!

\* \* \*

When you are between—not His Satanic Majesty and the unfathomed ocean—but your sweetheart and a widow, you are, in the parlance of the pavement, "up against it."

Lowry found it so. He realized, the morning after Nell's arrival, just what sort of a mess he was in. Nell had been a bit "tiffy" the night before. She had heard a few things during the first hours after her arrival; she had also seen a few things; and what she neither heard nor saw she surmised—knowing Lambert so well by experience, and post widows by observation.

Nell was freezingly obliging in releasing Lowry from her nomination for the Oaks. True, she made a virtue of necessity. But she did it in a way that made Lowry very uncomfortable.

"So sorry to have suggested anything awkward," she remarked, politely. "Of course you had no idea I was to be here."

What a quantity of sarcasm a woman—a jealous woman—can put into a simple observation!

"If I had had the slightest idea," began Lowry tenderly, "that you were coming, I should have refused the nomination of any other woman on earth."

"It is nothing," said Nell chillingly. "I shall nominate Mr. Dailey. He has asked me to."

Dailey! Dailey of the artillery, who had been edging around Mrs. Millington of late, and who had a nag that Lowry honestly believed could come pretty near to beating his own.

"Oh, very well," he replied stiffly.

"I want that riding whip," remarked Nell, a bit maliciously, "and it is my honest opinion that Mr. Dailey will ride figure 8's around Nig."

Nig was Lowry's handsome black mount.

"We'll see about that," muttered Lowry savagely. The lovers were nearer to a quarrel than they had ever been before. But Nell was so viciously sweet about it, that Lowry couldn't quarrel with her, without putting himself obviously in the wrong. If she would only give him an opening. But she was a woman. No woman will deny herself the pleasure of being pugnaciously nice with a man instead of quarreling with him—not if she loves him.

We've got to take the wind completely out of Lowry's sails," said Teddy to Dailey. The two had gravitated naturally into a conspiracy—Teddy because he was a has-been and Lowry had made him so; Dailey because he was a would-be and Lowry was keeping him so.

"I don't know how it's to be done," said Dailey doubtfully. "My horse is better than his, but he can beat me handling a mount. It's too close for comfort."

"I've got an ace up my sleeve," said Teddy confidently. "We'll make Lam look ridiculous in Mrs. Millington's eyes and in Nell's. It will be a bitter pill for him to swallow, but it's got to be done, for Nell's sake and for yours—and for mine, too," he concluded vindictively.

"Let's see your ace, Ted," demanded Dailey.

"Just this," replied Teddy coolly. "Clipper (that was Dailey's mount) is going to get sick, have the actinomychosis, epizootic, the slobbers or anything; and you are going to ride what is to all outward appearances the scraggiest-looking cayuse in the State of Colorado!"

When Teddy explained the scheme, Dailey laughed like the fat man in the front row of a minstrel show.

\* \* \*

It was Lowry himself who had unwittingly tipped his own hand and given Teddy the ace he held.

Lowry soon became aware of the alliance to beat him, and this, added to the trouble he was having in paying sufficient attention to both the widow and his fiance without making either of them or himself ridiculous by either

slights or undue zeal. Then he worried about the qualities which the practice try-outs developed in Dailey's mount. Little by little he became convinced that it would be a neck race. What he wanted was a sure thing.

He thought he had it when, one day shortly before the great event, he witnessed a little trial of speed between Wagner and a stranger who was ambling the road on a rickety old nag that looked as though she might be a lineal descendant of Rosinante. Shaggy and scrawny, unkempt and unclean, with a saddle that might have come down the ages and a bridle with "blindlers" eight inches wide, the animal looked as though she had spent her life hauling ore and was about used up.

But to the surprise of Wagner and Lowry himself the "rancher" completely out-distanced the speedy mount of the army officer and gaily waved his hand as he swept past the discomfited aspirant for the Somerset Oaks honors.

Wagner didn't press the matter any further, but Lowry did. He found that the rustic rider was do less a personage than Jim Downing, a well-known horse trainer whom Lowry had known in the east and who was simply having a little fun with the smart set by pitting some of the horses he was training near the city against the army and club cracks. What looked like a broken-down draft horse was one of the speediest in his stud.

The upshot of the matter was that, for a quid pro quo, Downing obliged his old friend by agreeing to let him have the speedy animal that had beaten Wagner so ingloriously. Lowry's conscience hurt him at the thought of "ringing," but then, all's fair in love and war—and horse racing. He wanted that whip not because he wanted Mrs. Millington, but because Mrs. Millington wanted it and he would show Nell that the man she had nominated wouldn't come in "one-two-twenty."

It might have worked out that way if Ted and Nell hadn't been out riding that same day and met Wagner, and if Wagner hadn't told them something of his adventure; and if Teddy hadn't smelled a mouse, and if Jim Downing hadn't been gallant, and if the whole affair hadn't been such a good chance to trail a comparatively fickle swain's colors in the dust and bring him back in sack cloth and ashes to the side of his own true love.

As Touchstone says, "great virtue in that 'if.'"

And, as Jim Downing said: "When it comes to a widow and a sweetheart, I am with the sweetheart every time."

And, as Teddy said: "Besides, you know you only agreed to rent the horse you were riding. You didn't guarantee to rent him the swiftest nag in the stud."

And, as Nell said: "I don't care a rap about the old whip. But I don't want anybody else to have it. That is, I don't want Mrs. Millington to have it. Besides it will serve him just right. So there."

And, as Mrs. Millington said:—but that was after it was all over; and that belongs to the next chapter.

\* \* \*

It was a motley scene upon which the September sun looked down "on that pleasant morning in the early fall." Perhaps nowhere else in the country could it have been duplicated.

It was a truly western event. All the eastern millinery and the imported social features could not rob the Somerset Oaks of its distinctive character. While the entries were confined to the membership of the club and while the leaders were they of the smart set, yet for the sake of an audience and by way of picturesque variety, the Oaks was always open to the public. Anybody who behaved himself was eligible to attend. The line was drawn at fire-water and shooting irons.

Nothing of that kind was permitted. But while the grand stand was reserved for the post and club guests, the "hoi polloi" had full swing in the "bleachers." They came on every variety of horse-flesh known to mountain, field and plain—bronchos, mustangs, child's size mules, just plain horses, burros; every conceivable style, size and shape of equine that could stand on four legs.

Cowboys came with their picturesque "chapps." Civilians came from the city in business suits. Ranchers came from the surrounding mesas in their Sunday best. A few stray Indians sidled in with immobile faces and gleaming eyes.

These were some of the high lights and shadows out among the common herd. In the grand stand was a bewildering maze of color that produced a striking ensemble—officers in "fatigue," ladies in stunning gowns. The air was electric. It was vibrant with many whisperings and big with that which was to come.

Down in the paddock directors, committeemen, contestants, stablemen and messengers were getting ready for the big event.

There were six entries, the army having the long end of it so far as members were concerned. Dailey of the artillery, Teddy of the infantry and Wagner of the cavalry represented the three main branches. It was Holmes of the engineers that gave it the preponderance. Eddy of the club and Lowry as the guest of both sides completed the half dozen.

The psychological moment arrived at last. The judges were in their stand. The mile oval wound like a huge ellipse of ribbon around the central space. The riders took their places. The track was cleared. Stablemen and outsiders generally scampered out of the way. A pistol shot rang out on the air.

The racers were off and the eyes of the West were upon them!

Wagner's magnificent black took a length lead at the quarter, with Dailey a second and Lowry hugging Dailey's flank. If Lowry hadn't been behind he would not have noticed that Dailey was riding a strange steed. It made him a bit uneasy, despite the fact that he knew that he himself was astride Jim Downing's crack racer. Lowry's own mount had been "spruced up" a bit for the occasion and did not look nearly as dilapidated as when he had run away from Wagner.

The horses wound in and out as they neared the half, now one and now another leading. But the race had narrowed down to Wagner, Dailey and Lowry and the hum of excitement rose to a subdued roar as Lowry shot into the lead at the half. Dailey with a splendid spurt crept up to Lowry's neck and the two had a wrestling match clear to the three-quarter post, Wagner evidently being out of the running or saving himself for the last quarter.

The grand stand stood up as the trio swept into the home stretch. The bleachers howled as Lowry forged ahead and began to use the whip. The grand stand was about half divided, but shouted and shrieked with the swaying fortunes of the riders.

Mrs. Millington could not resist a triumphant glance toward Nell as Lowry drew steadily ahead half way down to the wire. Nell turned a bit pale but gave no other sign of emotion. Even when Dailey, without using whip began to gain, gained some more, overtook and

passed Lowry—even then she did not seem to be so very happy in the foreshadowed defeat of her lover. Women are queer creatures.

And when, amid a pandemonium of cheers, waving hats, yelling cowboys, shrieking women and frothing men, Dailey swept under the wire, with Wagner a poor second and Lowry hopelessly distanced; when Dailey, with a proud smile, handed Nell the trophy of the race; when Lowry, red of face and terribly cut up, leaped sullenly from his horse and stalked away; when Mrs. Millington turned an angry red and rose to leave the stand—when all this happened and Nell had secured the triumph which humiliated her lover in the eyes of the post and the club and the multitude—she cried. Women are queer creatures.

She recovered herself sufficiently to thank Dailey with a wan, little smile. When Lowry came rather sheepishly into the stand, having changed his riding clothes, there was an eager wistfulness in her face that took away all the sting of Mrs. Millington's direct "cut." The widow deliberately turned her back upon Lowry and began a lively conversation with Dailey, who had joined her at Lowry's approach.

"Take me home, dear," Nell whispered and Lowry obediently and penitently did so. Nell wouldn't have been human if she hadn't held the whip a trifle conspicuously, but then Lowry was so repentant that she could afford to be nice about it, and he knew that he was forgiven long before they reached the club house. Possibly there was a "Now-will-you-be-good?" insinuation in her voice at times. But then a woman would, away down in her heart, rather have penitence than chocolate creams or an Easter bonnet. Lowry was cured, that much was certain.

It was on the club steps that evening that, in token of complete forgiveness, she laid the trophy down and, as it were, delegated the control she had acquired over Lowry.

That is, she gave him the whip-hand. And he kissed it. Then he—but that is none of your affair. This story deals strictly with what concerns you.

An awkward silence fell upon the smoking room when Lowry entered. The doctor was telling a story or something. Lowry just caught the concluding words.

"And after Lowry of the civilians, Dailey of the artillery reigned in his stead."



# THE OTHER SELF OF JIMMIE THRUMS

By Archie P. McKishnie

HAVING re-lit his well-seasoned briar root, Jimmie Thrums threw his long legs across the library table, and with a sigh of content let his gaze stray down the long, closely-written manuscript on his knees.

Having finished the reading, he stroked his thin cheek thoughtfully, and let his mild blue eyes wander to the window and out across the lawn. Mechanically, he fished in his vest pocket for a match. His pipe had gone out again.

Jimmie at length awoke to the realization that he had not another match on his person. There were some just beyond his reach, on the mantel, but—well, it certainly is a bore, sometimes, to have things just beyond one's reach, especially when one has just settled down to enjoy a quiet, restful think, as Jimmie had.

So, beyond casting a longing glance toward the mantel, and packing the cut-plug home with a long, inky finger, he resigned himself to his fate.

Well, he had finished writing "The Romance of Miss Wayburn," that was some consolation in his extremity, at least; still, he wished very much for just one match.

He looked across to the window again, and saw a little bow-legged man coming up the path, with a spade on his shoulder.

"Must be the new gardener," thought Jimmie. "Wonder if he will pass this way. He's coming! He's coming! 'If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear.' He's coming! He's coming! 'If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear; For tomorrow'—Hello!—"

For a narrow-chested man. Jimmie had a pretty strong voice, and he having sent the hail through the window, the man approaching had no difficulty in hearing it.

He came to the window, and, looking in on Jimmie, grinned and nodded in a friendly way.

"Come in!" said Jimmie cheerfully.

The man looked down at his muddy boots, and up at the window, and grinned again.

"Can't you make it? Climb up the porch pole."

"I ain't much of a climber," said the man. "Besides, my boots be not any too clean."

"Ah!" said Jimmie. "Is that so? Can't climb, eh? Too bad! Everybody should learn climbing and swimming, and all that sort of thing, you know. Try it, anyway. Never mind about your boots being muddy. Just get hold of that post, and think there's a mad dog or something after you. You'll make it, all right."

The man gave a quick glance over his shoulder.

"I'm not doubtin' I could make it all right, if I had to," he said, "but seein' I don't have to, what's the use?"

Jimmie picked up his pipe and sucked away at it thoughtfully.

"Well, you have to in this case, you know," he said at length.

A look of wonderment crossed the man's sun-burnt face.

"Did I hear you say as I *had* to climb in, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes, I said it. You see, it is quite necessary, compulsory, in fact, that you climb up the porch-pole there and come into this room through the open window. It would be better for you to come quietly; for any resistance on your part would but tell against you," Jimmie added, by way of afterthought.

The man put down his spade, and proceeded to seek a toe-hold in the brick wall.

"You see, you don't know what you can do until you try," said Jimmie, as the gardener's head and shoulders were thrust laboriously through the window. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." That's from the old copy-book. Ever read the copy-book? Sit down."

"No sir, I never read nuthin', sir, secin' I can't read nuthin'."

"Would you mind—or, nò, I think I understand you. You can't read. That's it, eh?"

The caller nodded.

"Might you be the son of my new master, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"No, I'm not," answered Jimmie, pleasantly. "I'm only the son's friend. See?"

"Relation, sir, no doubt, sir?"

"No. Maybe will be, though," said Jimmie, closing his eyes resignedly.

"Well, sir, I should be goin' now, secin' as I have been here some time now, and there bein' so much to be done, sir."

"Oh, no! Just sit still and rest. It's all right, you know. By the way, will you kindly hand me that box of matches on the mantel? Thanks. Now light a cigar. You'll find a box of 'em in that drawer on the right. Fill your pockets. Take the whole box with you. I see you enjoy good cigars."

\* \* \*

John Forbes, coming into the library, found his friend sleeping peacefully in his chair. Between his heels, on the table, reposed the pipe, where Jimmie had tossed it. On the floor were scattered sundry pages of "The Romance of Miss Wayburn."

He went to the door and whistled softly. A tall, dark-haired girl came forward gleefully and looked into the library.

"Well," was all she said, and then she came forward swiftly, and looked into the sleeper's face. As she did so a tender light crept into her eyes, which her brother, standing a little apart, did not see, and she herself was unaware of.

"John," said the girl softly, "he's tired out."

John gave a little chuckle.

"Tired out! Him? Why, Chick, what does he ever do to tire himself out?"

"Works."

"Eh?"

"Writes, then. He writes and thinks and thinks and writes until his poor head must be nearly bursting."

"Yes, he writes, all right," said John. "I'll admit he is an—Lord's sake, where did all the mud come from, do you suppose?"

"And there is a broken flower-pot over by the window, and there's mud on the window-sill, too. Wake him, John. Someone has been in the room, and maybe drugged him!"

"Gad, I'm inclined to think you're right, Chick. See, they've swiped all my imported cigars but one. I say, Jimmie! Wake up!"

He grabbed the sleeper by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"What's matter?"

Jimmie opened his eyes and glanced about the room.

"Say," he said softly. "He's got away."

"Who has?"

"Why, him, of course. Say, folks, you should have seen him scaling the porch pole."

"Jimmie," said Miss Forbes sternly, "you are just too awful for anything!"

"That's where the mud came from," said her brother, laughing.

"Say, he just ate those cigars."

"Eh?" said John. "Ate my cigars, did he? Hang me, if I don't have a mind to eat you for letting him at 'em."

Jimmie looked at his friend reproachfully.

"He did me a favor, John," he said gently.

"Oh, did he, now? In what way did he favor you, pray?"

"Matches," said Jimmie, reaching for his pipe.

The girl leaned across the table and laughed happily.

"Poor old lazy bones," she said.

"You mean that you called him in order that he might hand you down the matches?" asked Forbes, who had been examining his book-shelves, to see if any of his pets were missing.

"Well, you see, John, I couldn't reach 'em from—ah—this position; so you see it was either he had to come in, or I had to get up."

"Who was he?" asked the girl.

"Well, well, that reminds me that I neglected to ask him his name. Very careless of me. Say, now, he didn't leave a card on the table there, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, he might have been a thief or a murderer, or—" Miss Forbes fixed her big brown eyes on the author's face in horror.

"I don't know," said Jimmie, returning the gaze innocently. "He might have been all of those things and a lot more. One thing I am certain of: he was not very polite."

"Why didn't you throw him out?" said Forbes warmly.

"I couldn't very well, seeing that I had invited him in, you know. Besides, I would have had to get up, you see, John."

"Oh, lordy, but you're the limit," sighed John.

"So I put up with him," explained Jimmie.

"In what way was he impolite?" asked Miss Forbes.

"Well, I'll tell you. After he had smoked a few cigars, and told me all about his family—seems there's some trouble in his family—and found out how much I was and wasn't worth, and a few other unimportant things, it occurred to me that he would make a good subject for my specialty."

"Your specialty?" asked his hearers, together.

"Yes. My specialty is inflicting my stories on unsuspecting individuals, you know."

"Well, go on."

"So I proceeded to read him 'The Romance of Miss Wayburn.'"

"And he wasn't a good subject after all?" laughed Forbes.

"I don't know. I can't really say. Fact is, I went to sleep shortly after Miss Wayburn lost her heart to the school teacher."

"Well, everything considered, I can't say that I consider he is very much in, even if he did steal my cigars, Jimmie. I recognize the man, though. It was Wemp, the gardener."

"Ah, is that so? But say, he didn't steal the cigars, you know. I gave him the cigars, John. I'm sure he is welcome to the cigars, but it wasn't just the most polite thing in the world, his taking advantage of me in that way while I was asleep, was it now?"

"Nor was it very polite in you to go to sleep when you had company," said Miss Forbes.

"He didn't happen to forget his spade, did he? Neither of you discern a spade anywhere in the room, I suppose?"

"A spade! Good gracious alive, what are you talking about?" cried the girl. "John, dear, ring for ice. I believe the poor fellow has had a sun-stroke."

"I guess maybe he left the spade outside," said Jimmie reflectively.

Forbes came over and stood beside his friend.

"Say, you're the thinnest, homeliest, laziest beggar I know, Jimmie," he said.

He ran his fingers through Jimmie's light thin hair until it stood in little bunches.

"I couldn't coax, hire or threaten you to go to the links this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Too warm," said Jimmie, feeling in his vest pocket.

"All right," laughed John. "So-long, old sleepy-head."

"Has he gone?" asked Jimmie after a time.

"Yes, he has gone," replied Miss Forbes.

"Would you mind calling him back just for a minute? I won't detain him."

"John! Oh, John! Jimmie wants to see you a moment before you go," cried the girl, running to the hall.

"Well, old bean-pod, hurry up! What is it? I'm late," cried John, striding in.

"I wanted to ask you, John—by the way, would you mind handing me my tobacco-pouch off the window, over there? Thanks awfully. That's all this time, only be a good boy, John, and don't stay out too late, and—"

But John, with a muttered something, and another jab at his friend's hair, was already away.

\* \* \*

"I'm concerned about John," said Jimmie, withdrawing his feet carefully from the table, and looking gravely at Miss Forbes. "The fact is, I am beginning to worry about John."

"Let me fix your hair," said the girl.

She came over, and smoothed it down with her little fingers. It took quite a time, as John had mussed it unmercifully, she said. Even after she had put it in much better order than it had known for some time, Jimmie protested that he knew it wasn't any more than half-smoothed yet, and wanted to know if, as John's sister, she didn't feel in duty bound to make as good a job of it as she possibly could.

"You've got lovely hair," said the girl, mischievously.

"Too thick and curly almost," sighed Jimmie.

"And so black and glossy!"

"Yes, I know, but I'm not the least bit proud of it. I could not be less proud if I had no hair at all."

They both laughed.

"You'll be in a position to understand what it means to have no hair at all one of these days, if you persist in writing all night, the way you have been doing. See if you don't," said the girl.

"Then I'll get married, and give my wife something to ever regret."

"Oh, a woman doesn't care what kind of hair the man she marries has, so long as she loves him, you know," laughed the girl.

"But when it comes to a hair-pulling match, how will she stand the handicap, Chick?"

"What are you worrying about John for?" asked the girl, ignoring the question with feminine tactfulness.

"I'm afraid he's lost it," answered Jimmie promptly.

"Lost what, pray?"

Jimmie turned his mild blue eyes upon the girl's face.

"What does a fellow usually lose when he plays a game of chance with a—say, Chick, you know Jack's girl, don't you?"

"If you mean Flo, why of course I know her."

"Well, you see, I think she has captured so much of your big brother that if she were to keep what she has of John, and John has to retain what he has left of himself, there wouldn't be much left for us. See?"

"Why can't you be sensible?"

"All right, I'll try to be. The fact is, we're going to lose John, you and I. That seems to me an assurance. What we have to do now is to harden our hearts to the inevitable. Flo Graylow is a sweet and beautiful girl. She has won our John. Lots of girls do win Johns, by the way. It's the way of the world that Johns should and must be won by some beautiful girl or other. Do you follow me?"

"As nearly as it is possible for anybody to follow you, I do."

"Good. Then what I was going to propose—"

"But I don't want you to propose."

Jimmie crammed his hands in his pockets, and took a turn around the room.

"Gad, Chick, I don't know but what I shall propose, then, seeing you don't want me to," he said at length.

"If you won't be sensible, I'll leave you." There was a beautiful rose color on Miss Forbes' cheeks as she spoke.

Jimmie seated himself on the corner of the table.

"Chicken," he said softly. "Come here, Chicken."

"I won't, so there!"

"Of course you know that I was only fooling. I really didn't want you to come."

"I know you didn't," and the dark head

went down until the face he watched was hidden.

"Then, knowing I didn't mean it, be true to your sex and come, anyway."

"I'm going to leave you. I just hate you, Jimmie, I just h-hate you, so there!"

There was a simultaneous rush for the door, and Jimmie's long legs won him the day. He got there first.

"You see, Chick," he said, as he held her close to him, "it's no use. You've got to have me. That's all there is to it."

"There's nothing about you worth having, so now!" came in tearful, muffled voice from the region of Jimmie's coat lapel.

"Gad, but there is, you know!" cried Jimmie, straightening up.

"I really think that I might marry you—if you would show me," she whispered, her face still bent.

"Done! Here's where the other self of Jimmie Thrums comes in. Goodbye. I'm going out to do something startling."

Jimmie picked up his hat.

"And worthy, Jimmie."

"Yes, Chick, and worthy. Good-bye."

\* \* \*

"I tell you, the referee did not give a fair decision."

"And I tell you that I don't consider that you know a fair decision from any other decision. What do you know about the game, anyway?"

John Forbes wheeled upon the speaker, his mouth drawn down to a thin line and his eyes gleaming dangerously. A companion laid a hand on his arm and whispered in his ear.

John looked irresolute for a moment; then he smiled. When he spoke again all trace of anger was gone from his voice.

"I learned and played the game in England," he said.

"Well, you're not in England now, you know, and we don't want outsiders putting in their oar here, you understand?"

"Any man has a right to demand fair play I believe that is universal."

"A man wants to know what he is about, though, before he exercises the privilege."

John bit his moustache. The insult sank in. "Perhaps I know the game better than you think I do," he said. "Besides, I am not exactly an outsider. I am a member of this club."

"Well, who cares if you are?" said the other with a sneer, as he reached for his coat. "Your being a member gives you a right to the tables, but hardly that of interfering between gentlemen when playing. If you know how to play billiards, show somebody; don't make the referee out a liar, as you are trying to do."

"I maintain that the referee did not give a fair decision," said John, firmly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," remonstrated the manager of the club, coming up. "We can't have this discussion prolonged here, you know."

Jimmie Thrums got up from his seat, and strolled over to where the men stood.

"Might I beg a match of you?" he asked of the man who was putting on his coat.

"The porter will no doubt accommodate you," said the man, shortly.

"Well," said Jimmie, "that's funny. Do you know, I took you for the porter. You look like one."

He turned his blue eyes on the one addressed and smiled innocently.

The laugh that met his remark was instantly suppressed as the man wheeled quickly and struck at Jimmie. It was a straight arm punch, and one under which it looked as if Jimmie must go down.

But Jimmie was calmly helping himself to some matches from the box above the fireplace when his would-be assaulter recovered his equilibrium.

"Say," he said, cheerfully, "you shouldn't lunge that way, you know. Those punches are all right, if you know how to give them, but I see that you don't."

He had lit his pipe, and now puffed away contentedly.

Before Jimmie knew it, John Forbes had linked arms with him and had pulled him into the lobby.

"In Heaven's name, are you crazy?" he asked, as he bundled Jimmie into his overcoat. "Now the best thing you can do is to clear out."

"Clear out?" asked Jimmie blankly. "What for?"

"Because this man Stark will break your long person into small pieces if you don't. You've insulted him."

"Did you say his name was Stark?" asked the other.

"Yes, his name is Stark. He's manager

of the Wilson Mills, and a rough one. He is to be expelled from the club."

"Is he?" said Jimmie thoughtfully, pulling on his gloves. "On account of that affair with—?" Jimmie lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No, not that. She was only a common gardener's daughter. You see it's because he has been proven a cheat."

"So, that's why, eh? I suppose that little girl was as much to her father and mother as though she had been a society belle. It would have hurt just as much, eh, John?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Forbes, impatiently. "Hurry up, Jimmie, and clear out."

"I don't really think I want to go, old man," said Jimmie, pulling off his gloves. "I like this place first rate."

Just here Stark and two companions came into the lobby, their overcoats on their arms.

They were speaking in undertones, and laughed as though they were pleased at something.

"I say, Forbes," cried Stark, catching sight of the friends, "any time you want to lose another fifty, let me know, will you?"

A deep flush overspread Forbes' face, but before he could frame a reply to the other's jibe, Jimmie spoke.

"If you would allow me," he said, bowing gravely, "I would like to say that I have a new fifty dollar note in my pocket that I would like to wager."

"Have you really, now?" asked Stark, with a wicked sneer.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie modestly. "I'd just love to bet it, no matter if I did lose."

Stark's companions laughed.

"He's game, anyway," said one.

"Innocence abroad," answered another.

"Well, I'll bet you I can beat you one game of English billiards, for say one hundred a side."

"Gentlemen, I protest!" cried Forbes.

"Very well," said Stark. "It was your verdant friend who suggested it, you know. I am privileged to call all such bluffs, I hope."

"Oh, I am not bluffing," said Jimmie, removing his coat. "We used to play a little billiards in the Y. M. C. A. rooms over home. I got so at last I could beat Jake Jones. Jake was a street-car conductor, and I've seen him make as high as ten billiards without a miss."



"Really, now, that was certainly exceptional," laughed Stark. "Well, if you're not bluffing, suppose we get started."

The four men passed back into the billiard room, and it was not long before a goodly number were gathered about the table to witness Stark trim a new one.

"What in thunder has got into you?" said John, drawing Jimmie to one side. "The shark has your money already."

Jimmie looked thoughtful.

"If I thought that, I'd withdraw," he said hesitatingly.

"But you can't withdraw. It would be a disgrace. It's got to be good-bye one hundred. Oh, Lord!"

"Gad, you're enough to make a man nervous, John. You haven't got a match, I suppose?"

"Heavens! You're not going to smoke now, are you?" cried Forbes.

"Just a puff or two, just a puff or two. I might as well enjoy my pipe while our friend is enjoying the pulling of my leg for a clear hundred. By the way, John, you're not betting on the game, I suppose?"

John looked at his friend blankly.

"I see you're not," said Jimmie, producing from an inner pocket a snug roll of bills, and pressing it into Forbes' unwilling hand. "Now, John dear, noble, unselfish friend, I want you to bet every cent of this money on him." Jimmie nodded towards Stark, who, coat and vest off, stood talking lightly to some old cronies and chalking his cue. "There's five hundred in that bunch, old man," he said gently.

Forbes laughed in spite of himself.

"It's no use, Jimmie. I couldn't get a taker if I was to offer ten to one. Everybody knows Stark will win."

"Hang it all!" Jimmie stroked his chin in vexation. "I never thought of that. I suppose they do."

"Yes, they know he will win."

"Well, there's only one thing you can do, then, Johnnie. You must bet on me."

"Oh, Lord!" said Forbes, weakly. "What a fool you are! Do you think I'd do it?"

"You've got to do it. It's my money."

"But you'll lose it all, Jimmie; lose every cent of it."

"I'll take a chance."

"But I tell you, I won't be a party to this robbery."

"Very well, then, I'll bet it myself," said Jimmie reproachfully.

"Well, of all—See here, Jimmie, if you must be a fool, I'll be your bookie. I can get better odds than you can."

"All right. Bet it all, John. Or, no. Perhaps you'd better keep back a dollar or two. I've just remembered that I have some letters to post."

\* \* \*

"I said that I would play you for ten thousand dollars," said Stark, hoarsely.

The billiard room was now packed to the doors, members of the club having been attracted to the place through having received the tip that Stark had at last met his Waterloo. About the table was a clear space of four feet. Tobacco smoke hung heavy in room. The chandelier lights gleamed dimly through it.

Jimmie smoothed down his thin hair thoughtfully, and felt in his vest pocket.

"Will you play me one more game for ten thousand?" Stark's face was haggard and drawn. His black hair hung across his eyes, and when he brushed it impatiently away one could note the tremor of his hand.

"Really, do you know I don't want to win any more of your money," answered Jimmie, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You have lost heavily, you see, and I will say that you have been a game loser at that. No, I don't think that I want to play you for that amount."

He looked Stark straight in the eyes as he spoke.

"You have won more than that amount from me," said the other, coming close to Jimmie, so that his words might not be heard by other ears. "I have only about ten thousand left in the world. Give me the satisfaction of either retrieving or of losing."

There was almost an appeal in his tones.

"Gad, old man, I will!" cried Jimmie, after some thought.

Everybody crowded as close to the table as they were allowed, when it became known that the final game for such glorious stakes was on.

It could be seen that Stark was playing his best. Jimmie, on the other hand, seemed to have lost interest. When half time was called, and his marker came and whispered in his ear, Jimmie glanced at his string and smiled

as he noted, seemingly for the first time, that his opponent was far in the lead.

All his old confidence and swagger had returned to Stark. He looked over at Jimmie with a sneer on his dark face.

"Your streak of good luck seems to have deserted you, my friend," he said, with a sinister smile.

"Well, I must try to lure her back," answered Jimmie pleasantly.

The game was now on again; the crowded room was silent, save for the sound of the balls striking together.

Jimmie was playing now, and playing his very best. Gradually he gained in points, until he was again even. Now he was ahead, and gaining steadily.

Eight points from the end, the two men looked into each other's eyes. On the one's face was depicted baffled rage and utter hopelessness. On the other's was pictured a childish pleasure, such as a boy might wear after winning a game of marbles.

Stark turned and attempted a difficult shot, only to make a fluke that told its own story to those who played and understood the game.

He was beaten.

He turned slowly and handed his cue to the referee. The referee nodded to the stakeholder.

Stark had lost all he owned to Jimmie Thrums.

Jimmie walked away from the table, good-naturedly acknowledging the congratulations of many of the by-standers. John Forbes found him standing on the sidewalk, just outside the door.

"By the powers, but you're a wonder, Jimmie, and no mistake," he cried, seizing his friend's hand. "Come along, now, and we'll get away before we get into trouble."

"I want to see Stark for a moment," said Jimmie. "Here he comes now."

"I trust you are satisfied that it was a fair game," he said, advancing and holding out his hand.

Stark was alone. He looked dazedly at Jimmie; then, seeming to understand, he took the hand extended to him in his own. "I'm satisfied," he said shortly, and turned away.

"Poor devil!" said Forbes, as he watched them. "He has lost everything."

Jimmie laid his hand on Stark's arm.

"Let me come with you," he said gently.

"No, I don't want anybody with me, you least of all," replied the other, shaking off the hand.

"Well, I'll come anyway, so lead on"

"See here," said Stark, as they walked slowly away side by side, "don't you think you've done enough? Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"I'll tell you why, as soon as we get to your rooms. I think your rooms are somewhere hereabouts, eh?"

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said the other with a hard laugh. "Yes, here they are."

He produced a latch-key, and opened a door off the street as he spoke.

The lights turned on, Jimmie cast a critical eye around the room. It was beautifully and artistically furnished.

"Nice rooms you have here, Mr. Stark," he said. "Don't suppose you'd mind my smoking up a bit. I see you have a cigar."

"Smoke or do anything you please. These rooms and furniture don't belong to me, so I don't care."

Jimmie lifted his eyebrows. "Oh!" he said.

"They are yours now," said Stark.

"Gad, I guess you're right," said Jimmie with a laugh. "Funny, isn't it, my asking if I might smoke in my own rooms? Say, have a fresh cigar?"

He handed a couple of cigars to the other man, and lit his pipe.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Jimmie, after the two men had smoked in silence for a time.

"Eh?" cried the other, rousing himself. "Do? Oh, I don't know. That is, I don't choose to tell."

"No? Well, I wish you'd let me know."

"Well, I will tell you, then. I purpose taking the quickest route I can get out of it all. Now, you've got it."

"Umph!" said Jimmie slowly. "Now, you wouldn't mind doing the little job somewhere else, I suppose. You see, as these rooms are mine, now, I just wouldn't like the idea of occupying them after a chap committing suicide in them. See?"

"Say, you are certainly a cold-blooded devil," said Stark, almost a look of admiration in his eyes.

"No, simply practical," said Jimmie. "But why polish yourself off in that manner? It's very old-fashioned, you know."

"Well, what would you suggest?" asked the other, looking away.

"Why, I should say, get married," said Jimmie. "I see you have some sweet faces on your mantel—pardon me, on *my* mantel—there, and it should be easy. Just as good as suicide, anyway. Better, I would imagine—in some respects."

"See here, say what you have to say, and don't jest with me!" cried Stark, springing up and walking up and down the room.

"Well, I will. I think you should marry, and I think you *will* marry. I think it's the very best thing you can do, and when you've taken ten minutes to reflect on it, you'll be of my opinion. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to marry, and if you will agree to marry the girl I select, I am willing on my part to give you back the little fortune I won from you tonight. Now, keep quiet and listen, and don't say a word until I am through. On my part, I promise to select for you only such a young lady as you have met. She won't be old or homely, or anything of that sort. She will be something quite the reverse, and you can bet all the money you don't happen to possess that she will be a *d*—sight *too good* for you."

Jimmie stopped to light his pipe, and waved the other a protest when he attempted to speak.

"On after thought, I will make a part of the little fortune over to your wife—or, no, I'm hanged if I do. I really think you would

use the woman bearing your name square. Now, get your thinking cap on for ten minutes. I must go at the end of that time. I've got things to do. Fact is, I'm going to get married myself."

Jimmie put his long legs on the table, and smoked contentedly. At last he came to himself with a start.

"All right," he said. "You've had fifteen minutes—five more than you needed."

The other man came over slowly, and held out his hand.

"Will you take it?" he asked huskily. "Do you know, I could have killed most any other man who talked to me as you have, especially tonight. I'll be frank with you. I had intended doing away with myself, and—well, you are right. There is a little girl whom I have treated shamefully, and her face has been before mine for the past two hours. She is, as you say, far too good for me, but perhaps I could learn to be better. I see you have learned who she is, and I understand what your object is. Do you know, there are two of you. The one man I played with and lost. Your other self I play with again now, and win. For, as God is above me, it is a win to have my eyes opened, as you have opened them."

Jimmie took the other's hand.

"That is all right," he said cheerfully. "You really think, then, I have accomplished something extraordinary? Good-bye. That's what I set out to do. It had to be done!"

## SLEEP

A T night within the realm of quiet sleep,  
 There always do I find with joy my own.  
 The hopes and ideals that with day had flown,  
 There penitent back to my bosom creep.  
 There bright up orient skies of slumber steep,  
 I see the horses of Apollo blown.  
 There from the lark of dreams aloft and lone,  
 Sweet song comes dropping from the baldrick deep  
 Upon my ears. Yet oft in its hushed street,  
 Startled and thrilled I catch with bated breath,  
 The dim surrurus of some phantom strife.  
 Oft with its spectre crowds, on hurrying feet  
 I press, pursuing in its bourne of death,  
 The pomp and the vain circumstance of life!

Edward Wilbur Mason

# LIL' MISS

By Edith Tatum

THE very idea of a sane man tempting Providence in any such style! You are a bigger idiot than I thought you were, Bob."

"Thank you," I replied meekly. Dr. John took his feet down from his desk and wheeled his chair around to get a good look at me.

"Why on earth don't you listen to reason? Tramping down South!—and in August!" he continued in intense disgust.

"I'm not as afraid of germs and microbes and malaria as you are, thank Heaven!" I retorted, thinking wickedly to myself that I wish I could get sick and die.

"Well," he went on, not deigning to notice my remark, "you are a willful man, and must have your way, I suppose; but I should think your cousin Daisy would feel a little hurt at your going away just when she is coming."

"She doesn't care a continental—it's a matter of perfect indifference to us both."

John looked surprised and puzzled, but I thought best to say no more on the subject. You see I was pretty hard hit—or thought I was. I had always been under the impression that Daisy would marry me some day; in fact, she had half-way promised as much the year before I graduated—that was before she became acquainted with John—so of course I felt very ill-used when she announced flatly and decidedly that she did not intend to marry anybody, and certainly not me! So, finding her obdurate to all my pleading, I had dark visions of suicide and sudden death—anything to get out of my misery and bring my naughty little cousin to a bitter too-late repentance.

Then, quite accidentally, I found out Daisy's secret—she was in love with John! It is my opinion that girls are always inclined to love tragic young men with histories; and John being unusually handsome, in a dark, tragic way, and his history unusually sad, of course Daisy's interest and pity were mightily aroused, and I suppose the loving was only a very short step farther.

John was my best friend. I met him at college—we roomed together—and afterward, when his wife died, and he was so awfully broken up, I persuaded him to come to New-market to live. It was all very sad about his marriage. It was about the time he graduated that a terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in New Orleans, and in spite of all persuasions to the contrary, he went down there to make a study of it. He boarded with a fine old Southern family, and in a very short time fell desperately in love with Hortense, the youngest daughter, a little seventeen-year-old girl. It was a mutual affair, so when the fever got so bad, and the family decided to leave the city by carriage and go out into the country, the girl was heartbroken at leaving John. The night before they were to go, she and John were quietly married. She begged and pleaded with him to let her stay, but she was such a frail tiny thing, he was afraid for her, and insisted on her going with her people.

Soon after they left the city, he took the fever in its worst form; only his iron constitution and good nursing brought him through. All that time, he received no letters from his wife, and could hear nothing of the family; so as soon as it was possible he went in search of them. The country people were so panic-stricken, he could get very little information from them; but from here and there he at last gleaned enough to know that the whole family had died of fever, though he never found where they were buried.

I didn't blame Daisy for loving him; I loved him myself. That was why I decided to clear out entirely for a while—to let him know that I had no thought of Daisy myself; then, perhaps, he would find out how dear and sweet she was, and let her love console him for the past.

So I went, and, really, I enjoyed myself very much. I always liked the "communing with nature" kind of thing, and the rural South was all new to me. I spent about ten days

in Alabama—sketching from life, and writing a little—and after staying a day or two at one of the resorts on the Gulf Coast, I plunged into the ‘wilds’ of southern Mississippi.

One morning, after having spent the night at a pretty, clean-looking mill-house with a very sociable miller, I started out early, taking the ‘big road’ as they call it. The road led toward the southeast, and was cool and shaded; there were birds everywhere, and everything was altogether lovely, but somehow, I wasn’t tuned up to the occasion. I had various queer feelings that caused me considerable uneasiness—John could have classified them all immediately, I knew, but I wasn’t a doctor—you see, for some reason, I didn’t feel quite as keen about making Daisy repent as I had. I didn’t improve any as the day wore on, and I was wondering what I had best do, when suddenly the road opened out, and I came upon a negro cabin in a little clearing. A quaint-looking old negro man was sitting under a big magnolia tree, making baskets.

“Good morning, Uncle,” I said politely, though my teeth had begun to chatter, and I was feeling decidedly ill.

“Mornin’, Marster,” he responded.

“What is your name, old man?” I pursued from force of habit. “Your face is familiar, but I can’t quite recall your name.”

The old fellow grinned, and nodded his head at me. “I is Sam—Mars Hubbut’s Sam; but I disremembers ebber seein’ you befo’, Marster.” He looked at me keenly, then hastily dropped his basket and started toward me. “Whot’s de matter, Marster? You ‘pears lak you got er ager.”

“I don’t feel very well,” I began, then a green and brown and yellow darkness came upon me. After that I had one of those strange, jumbled-up nightmares, like I used to have when I was a child; it lasted a long time, and in it I was very miserable, and then I woke up. But just at first I wasn’t sure whether I was awake or not. I was in a bed in a dim, cool room, where the ceiling was away up over my head, and the walls were so far off that I couldn’t see them for the shadows. There was a delicious fragrance of roses coming in from somewhere, and such a blessed stillness! I lay very quiet, to enjoy it all. But soon I began to think, and then I remembered about getting sick. But where

was I? The bed I was in was of mahogany, beautifully carved, with four great posts that lost themselves in the gloom over my head; the sheets on it were fine, soft linen. “I must be at an old-time Southern mansion,” I thought. I had seen so many of them—relics of a past age—my thoughts broke off very suddenly. Was I dreaming again, or seeing visions? There had appeared before my startled eyes something white against the background of shadows. As I gazed at it, wonderingly, it slowly took definite shape, and drew a little nearer my bed. It was a girl, very small and ethereal-looking, in some kind of cloudy white dress; her hair was a tangled mass of dark curls, and she looked at me wistfully with a pair of big gray eyes. There was something very child-like and pathetic about her; I felt a tightening around my heart and in my throat. I tried to lift myself on my elbow and speak to her, but I could not move just at first, and then she disappeared.

Turning my head restlessly on my pillow, I found a negro man standing by my bed. It was old Sam, the basket-maker.

“Why, hello, Sam,” I said with a weak attempt at a smile.

He chuckled delightedly. “So you knows me dis time, does you, Marster? You sho is better dis mawnin’.”

“Sam, who was that in here just now?”

“Dey ain’ been nobody in hyer Marster. I’s been settin’ rat hyer at de haid er de baid all de time. You wuz jes dreamin’. You been seenin’ er heap er things sence you been sick.”

“Where am I, Sam; and how long have I been sick?”

“Now, Marster, de doctor say Sam wuzn’t ter talk ter yer ner let yer talk when you sho nuf waked up, but jes gib you dis ter drink and tell yer ter go rat back ter sleep.”

He went to a table and fixed me something, and brought it back, raising my head and holding it to my lips as gently as a woman.

“You’re a good nurse, Sam,” I murmured drowsily.

“I sho is, Marster; I’s nussed all de Hubbuts fer yers an’ yers. I nussed Mars Tom Hubbut in de harspital endurin’ er de war. I larnt er heap den—but you jes go rat on ter sleep.”

Feeling very comfortable and languid, I settled myself for a nap, vaguely hoping I



would have that dream again. But I was disappointed, for when I woke up there was no one there but old Sam, who made me swallow some horrid stuff he called broth, and then the doctor came.

I liked the doctor very much, personally, but I wasn't impressed with his medical knowledge—you see, I was used to John. I found out from him that I had a very bad form of "the fever," and that I was at The Glades, the home of an old Major Tom Herbert and his wife; also that I mustn't talk, as my fever was rising. Soon after that I went off into that strange jumbled-up nightmare state again. When I came to myself, there was a streak of sunshine coming through a crack in the blinds; it hurt my eyes and troubled me, so I called fretfully to Sam to close the blinds tighter. There was no answer. "Sam, are you there?" I repeated feebly.

Something white flashed across the room, and the offending sun was shut out. I closed my eyes, to accustom them to the darkness. When I opened them again she was standing at the foot of the bed, regarding me with the same wistful, wondering glance. We looked into each other's eyes for a long time, and I suppose it was because I was weak and ill, but I had an insane desire to cry; she looked like a child someone had mistreated.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to her. I have wondered since why I said just that—it was instinct, I suppose. She smiled at me, and it was wonderful how it changed her face; it discovered to me how very beautiful she was. Then—she was gone, and I heard old Sam moving the bottles on the table, and mixing something in a glass.

"Sam!"

He was by my bed instantly. "Sam, who was that in here when you came in?"

"Dere wuz'n nobody in hyer, Marster; you wuz jes havin' one er yo' dreams." And he smiled at me indulgently. I didn't argue with him, but I was not satisfied, for I knew I had not been dreaming.

Later in the day, old Major Herbert and his wife—a lovely old lady—came in to see me, but I scarcely gave them an after-thought, my mind was so occupied with the vision I had seen. I was fairly possessed by it, and could think of nothing else. That day when the doctor came, he looked grave, and quizzed me about myself—suggested that it

might be well to notify my home people that I was ill, but I gave him no information whatever. I was determined John should not have the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so," and I knew I would be all right in a few days.

I saw *her* often after that, for several days; she usually came when Sam went to his breakfast, and again when he went to supper, and I began to look forward to those times as if my very life depended on them. I would lie hour after hour, wondering about her, but I never spoke of her to Sam again, and somehow, he never seemed to see her.

One morning, after I had begun improving, and could bear more light in the room, she came in with her hands full of roses. I saw her clearly for the first time—the small white face with its dusky tangle of curls, the big gray eyes, the tender, drooping mouth—and I thought her the sweetest, loveliest, daintiest little mortal on earth.

"Won't you give me a rose, please?" I said, smiling at her.

She came to my bedside and handed me one with a shy answering smile.

"But you've never told me your name," I continued, innocently, holding the rose close to my face.

"No? How rude of me!" Her voice was the most delicious part of her, I had never heard anything like it.

"My name is Lil' Miss." She looked at me confidently.

"'Lil' Miss'?" I repeated in surprise. "Is that all?"

She gave me an odd, frightened look, and repeated it half whisperingly to herself—"Lil' Miss—Lil' Miss Herbert, yes, that is all. Don't you like it?" she questioned me anxiously.

"Better than any name I ever heard," I answered fervently.

"Well, good-bye now, I mustn't stay any longer." She kissed her finger-tips to me with a sudden, unexpected coquetry, and was gone.

I heard Sam coming, so I hid my rose hastily under my pillow. I was in love at last, I told myself; really in love this time, and no mistake; and in some strange way the knowledge made me foolishly happy. I smiled idiotically at Sam when he brought me my medicine.

"Now tell me, Sam, who is Lil' Miss?"

I demanded of him coaxingly. My question had an odd effect on him; he started and stared around the room as if he expected to see a ghost, his hand trembling so that he spilled my broth.

"Go 'long, honey," he half-whispered, "hit's jes de feber—de doctor say yo' mustn't talk."

"You old hypocrite," I said, laughing in spite of myself. "You know I haven't had any fever in three days!"

So Lil' Miss was a mystery! I thought and puzzled in vain—it was beyond me; I only knew I loved her.

When the doctor came again, I sent Sam from the room on some small errand, and when we were alone I asked him the same question, as unconcerned as I could.

"Say, Doctor, who is Lil' Miss?"

He looked at me a moment in surprise, then glanced apprehensively around the room.

"They are such peculiar people," he said, lowering his voice; "they can't bear to be discussed—but you won't let on that you know anything about it? Well, it was this way:—the *Herberts* had only one child, a girl, and several years ago she went wrong. It was a terrible blow to them—the disgrace and all, and they were fearfully hard on her; the poor little thing killed herself, and then they suffered doubly from remorse. It was soon after that, I think, that this little creature wandered here; they took her in and cared for her for their daughter's sake—they have some kind of feeling about it; treat her just as if she was their own child; shield her from gossip and strangers, and so on—it's a strange case."

"But who is she?" I spoke with difficulty; there was such a tightness in my throat and a pain almost intolerable in my heart.

"Nobody knows; she has had some terrible grief or trouble, and it has left her weak here," and he tapped his forehead significantly. I turned my face away with a half-suppressed groan. I understood the mystery now, and the innocent, hurt expression in the sweet gray eyes. My hands clenched in impotent rage and agony. Some man had done this thing—how I longed to strangle him!

When I turned my face back to the doctor, he started up and felt my pulse anxiously.

"You aren't as strong as I thought you were," he exclaimed; "I have been exciting you too much!"

"*John*," I whispered between chattering teeth; "send for him—the address is in my coat pocket."

For a day or two I was very ill. I knew it, and was glad. Once, way in the night, Lil' Miss came and stood by my bed, looking at me with wide, sorrowful eyes. "It is always this way," she whispered to me; "they all die and leave me."

She put her soft, cool hand on my forehead, and I took it down and kissed it.

"Come often, won't you? You poor little thing," I begged; and she nodded and smiled back at me as she slipped away.

One morning—I don't know what day it was, for I had lost all account of time—I was alone, and wondering why Providence had let me live, when Lil' Miss flitted into the room like a little white moth. I held out my hand to her, and she came and took it in her's an instant, then she sat down in the doctor's chair by my bed.

"Where is my rose this morning?" I asked, speaking gently, as one would to a child.

"It is raining," she said, with a shiver; "Lil' Miss is afraid when it rains."

The door at the end of the room opened and closed, and she sprang to her feet, ready to run.

"Don't go," I pleaded, putting out my hand to detain her; "it is only Sam." But it was not Sam. A tall, dark man came toward us, walking uncertainly, as one does coming into a dimly-lighted room from out of doors.

Lil' Miss, poised like a bird ready for flight, gazed at him with frightened, troubled eyes. I raised myself on my elbow to look at her; for her face had changed from that of a hurt child's to a tender, loving woman's—the *soul had come back to it*.

"*John!*" Her voice thrilled through the room—the voice of one who sees the gates of Heaven opening.

"*Hortense!*" he answered in a hushed tone of intense wonderment. Then he took her in his arms, and they clung to each other in a long silent embrace. I pulled the cover up over my head.

So he had found her! Neither of them needed me any more. Why had God let me live? I answered my own question with silent laughter that was half hysterical. Of course I must get well and go home to console Daisy!

# "LEFTY"

By Edward S. Pilsworth

ANYONE supposed to be reclining here?" inquired the cow-puncher.

"No one; help yourself," replied the man with the Vandyke beard, moving over. "I have been wishing for some time that somebody would take it."

It was the seat ahead of me, on the Limited west, and the next stop was the point at which I descended, for my destination was the terminus of the little branch that started from that place.

The two men had fallen into conversation, and the murmur of their voices blended into the general rattle of the car, and the noises of the train. Brooding over the impossibility of Maggie; my present penniless condition; and the burden of my awful secret, I was gazing at the nape of the whiskered gentleman's neck, when he turned on a sudden to his companion.

"Are you all cowards out here?" he asked, with indignation, "to let one dirty villain ride rough-shod over you?"

"Well, not to say cowards, which might be extreme, but kinder careful. My shroud ain't got its trimmings yet; consequential, I have no yearnings to appear afore celestial choruses in a condition of dishabile, as it were. 'Sides, Lefty's no short horn. He's got a gang, you bet."

"Nevertheless, it seems strange to me that one man, or one gang, if you prefer it so, can terrorize a whole county."

"Nary terrorize about it. This Lefty person shorely shoots permiscuous, when his nose paint gets a bilin'; but he ain't killed nobody, so far. That is, nobody what counts. Such individuals as railroad agents and express sharps, and other gents what's paid for it, he shoots up some; and I ain't denying that the stranglers wouldn't take up a good excuse and send his soul on high; but he plays a square game, with the cards all up."

"Why, good Heavens, didn't you tell me just now that he burnt a whole Mexican family in their home, and shot two of them down while trying to escape?"

"Aw, shucks. You don't calculate as we'd string up a white gent for a family of greasers, does yer? 'Sides, the ornery old cuss didn't have no right to make remarks about him."

"He's a blood-thirsty, callous, cruel brute, and if I were sheriff, the man should hang."

"Well, I guess maybe you're right; he's all that, and more. But you ain't sheriff, nor I ain't sheriff, and so long as the gent don't stack the cards on us, we ain't got no holler coming."

"Grand Junction," shouted the brakeman, and as this was where I changed to the branch, I departed, leaving the two men still wrangling over the turbulent Mr. Lefty.

The operator at the Junction proved to be a man of approachment, with a most affable exterior, and, as I afterward discovered, the kindest of hearts. He made me welcome till my train was ready, and detailed, with much tergiversation, the many drawbacks of my new position. The loneliness, he said, was simply terrible. The line had originally been built to tap a mine, since abandoned, and one combination freight and passenger train was the sole allowance for the twenty-four hours. It went up in the morning, and came back in the afternoon, furnishing all the accommodation for the twenty-one miles of track. He further informed me that mine was the only depot on the line, and that, if a man was really pushed for time, he could make a quicker journey on horseback. He then introduced me to the engineer and conductor.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Dawson," said the conductor. "I guess, if you are ready, we might as well be moving. We don't keep no absolute schedule, but there ain't no necessity to run too wide of the mark."

I signified my willingness, and ascended to a seat, falling into reverie as the train jerked along. I had not thoroughly realized before the elemental nature of the country and the people among whom I was now to live. The effect of the opium was also wearing away, and the usual black reaction taking

its place. That was my secret, and the reason of my appearance here, for it was a last wild effort to overcome my intolerable appetite. I was, at this period, a confirmed opium eater, subject to the regular medley of vivid and ponderous hallucinations. The agony of an internal complaint had led me, in despite of my better judgment, into the thrall of this most deadly drug. It was not until I became unexpectedly cured of the disease that I realized to the full the measure of my captivity. Then began a fierce conflict, in which I was continually worsted, my resolution proving incompetent to the strain as long as access to the drug was possible.

My sweetheart, Maggie, was anxious for our marriage, but I was not the man to drag her down with me, and impoverished in purse and ambition, I had applied for the position in the Western wilderness we were now approaching. I was hoping that the impossibility of supply would force me to a discontinuance. In the meantime, I carried with me a small quantity for present use, resolving that when I had used this up I would either die, or be my own man again.

I discovered, on my arrival at the terminus, that the only other person connected with the railroad was a one-eyed Irishman, Mike Flanagan, who combined the duties of porter, baggage master and hustler of freight.

The town itself was a typical Western one: a few stores grouped around a ramshackle depot, and a rift of violet hills closing the distance.

"I hope you'll enjoy the town, sor," said Mike, "But I doubt it like the divil."

"Anything particular the matter with it?" I queried.

"Oh, nothing much. With cow-punchers, an' road agents, an' hold-ups, it's a very nice town, so it is, bedad."

"Well, I came West as much for my health as for any other reason," I said.

"Glory be to God. Will you listen to him? He's come here for his health!" And he moved away, shaking his head in a very doleful manner. "'Tis more likely he'll lose what he's got, poor bye," I heard him mutter.

The pessimism of the Irishman amused me, it was so thorough. I commenced on my duties the next morning, which rolled up a goodly list: ticket agent, train dispatcher, telegraph operator and freight agent, but I discovered afterward that the titles were most

of the work. Flanagan and myself spent most of the day swapping lies, and I found the Irishman to be a very likeable person. He had a curious habit of winking his one eye, that imparted a look of most whimsical drollery to his face.

For the first few days, while the laudanum which I had brought with me lasted, the *ennui* of the town was not felt, but when that was gone, a deep depression settled upon my mind. This, of course, was the natural tendency of the drug, but heightened by the inexpressible dreariness of my surroundings. Forbearing the society of my fellow-beings. I spent the most of my time in the railroad office, steeped in the depths of a black despondency. Most of my meals were sent me there, by the people of the "hotel."

Flanagan reasoned with me. "Ye'll be having the blue devils, if ye hang around by yerself, so you will," he would say, with a wink of his one eye. "What is ut ye do be doing? Drinking on the sly?"

"I am sick, Mike," I would answer, and then the good creature would dissolve in sympathy, and for a while I would try and brighten up, but with his departure a levathan voidness would surround me, and I would struggle futilely with my shame. Had I been close to civilization, I would have incontinently deserted and given up the fight, but the distance prevailed, and I stuck to it.

Mike had three principal topics of conversation; the "ould country," rattlesnakes, and road agents, and the last for choice. A sneaking kind of admiration filled the old man's mind for the latter; for, brave as a lion himself, he had a brave man's admiration for deeds of daring. His favorite hero was a penniless gentleman who rejoiced in the name of "Left-handed Jack," usually shortened to "Lefty," in whom I recognized the man discussed upon the train. This person was, I gathered, a cold-blooded, ruthless and fear-defying character; a typical Western bad man.

One evening, when my despondency lay heaviest, my supper was brought by a stranger—a tall, sinewy, supple man, with a clear blue eye that shone and sparkled curiously; they looked more like bits of glazed china than like eyes.

"The reg'lar grub-hustler ain't feelin' none too peart," he volunteered. "He's kinder locoed over something, so I fetched it over."

"Thank you," I said, "will you kindly place it on the table?"

"Sure," he returned, looking around the office.

"I am much obliged to you," I continued, thinking perhaps he was looking for thanks, "and sorry to have caused you trouble."

"Not at all. One gent to oblige another. You don't look very fresh yourself. Rather off your feed says you?"

I had not said it, but admitted the truth.

"Take a good swig of that coffee," said he. "Coffee's good for most any trouble. I special recommends that brew," and kindly picking up a chair with his left hand, he placed it near the table, motioning me to advance. Then reaching around to his left pocket, he drew forth a plug of tobacco, and bit off a chew.

"Well, s'long," said he, and after I had returned his salutation, he opened the door and passed out. "I tell you that coffee is surely O. K." I noticed that he used his left hand to turn the knob, although he had to loose the door to pass through, and turn around to shut it.

I sat in cheerless contemplation, an immensity of shadow settling upon me, and ponderous weights crushing my soul. Black! My flesh crept with horror at the blackness of my thoughts.

In an effort to subdue these feelings, I took my seat on the chair placed by the stranger, and took a pull at the highly-recommended coffee. It was soaked with laudanum. At the same moment a glimmer of color in the corner of the window caught my eye, and I saw the stranger watching me. With a rush, the meaning came plain; the kindly stranger was Lefty, and he had anaesthetised the coffee, for some ulterior purpose.

I, the opium debauchee, was to be made helpless with a little laudanum in a cup of coffee! The banal ineffectiveness of the method was amusing, and I almost laughed, till I remembered my left-handed friend was watching through the window. This swung the vision to that of a desperado shooting a poor telegraph operator full of holes, and I objected strenuously to that conclusion. The very fact of the drug being in the cup, and the sip I had taken, cleared the turbulent commotions from my mind, and though my very being was bursting through me with desire, I left the cup alone, and thought.

For some reason it was better to have me drunk than dead; and it is a grim sidelight on the bandit's character, that I never figured on the humanity of the question.

Mayhap my not drinking might arouse suspicion, and taking up the cup, I sipped the brew. As I drank the relief came, and to the late black dejection an optimistic elation succeeded. If they desired my insensibility, it was only through counterfeiting it that I could arrive at any knowledge of their purpose. So thinking, I simulated a gradual syncope, and selecting a place for a theatrical fall, rolled carefully beneath the shadow of a protecting table.

Scarcely had I placed myself, when the door was pushed open, and after a rapid furtive look around, Lefty entered. I noticed, from between my half-closed lids, that he had a revolver in his hand. This he placed upon the table, and then striding over, kicked me in the ribs. The pain, so unexpected was it, nearly forced a cry from my lips, and but for the stunned feeling, and the wild desire for revenge that such causeless brutality evoked, I would assuredly have done it. This act, more than all the tales I had listened to, exposed the callous nature of the man. As I lay and watched him, I imagined that death was gleefully dancing in my direction, but I now convinced myself that I was mistaken.

Turning on his heel, he strode over to the telegraph bench, and I heard the call for the junction.

"How is the Limited East?" he asked, when they answered.

"On time," came the answer.

"There is a rancher starting on horseback to make it. Signal for stop."

"O. K." ticked back.

Cutting loose all further talk, the ruffian turned, strode toward me, and taking a flask from his pocket, dashed some whiskey in my face, drank what was left, and laid the bottle by my hand. He then swung on his heel and departed. A minute later I heard the clatter of a horse, and judged he was on his way to the hold up.

The plan was very simple and also most effective. A stop for passengers; train crew unsuspecting; an uncoupling of the express car, and the job was done. No excitement, no red lights, none of the usual theatrical blood and fire.



In the meantime, if any person came into the office, I was only dead drunk; and if the laudanum was too strong and I died in reality, why, what matter?

And I was an opium-eater. All these cleverly laid plans fell to bits, on the shame of an unfortunate wretch, who was using the office for a Keeley cure. The strong dose of the drug had cleared my brain; a sparkling effervescence filled my body; I was bathed in an ambient lucidity.

Allowing a reasonable time to elapse, I called up the junction.

"You seem busy tonight," he ticked.

"The last message was a fake." I returned. "There is a plan to hold up the train. I was drugged, but caught on."

"What?"

"Get away from the instrument; you may be watched; and listen. There is a plot afoot to hold up the train, although I do not know how many are in the gang. Probably some are already there. But Lefty is the leader. Call up the division headquarters, and have them fill the train with armed men; they can capture the gang. Better say nothing to your crowd, they may be in on it. The train can be stopped at Addison."

I heard him do it, and for me the tension ended. I went out and hunted up Flanagan, bringing him back to the depot. First I detailed the events of the evening to a running accompaniment of "Ah now," "Be jabbers

you say," "The curse of Crom'ell on the dirty hound;" and then we settled to a game of twenty-five, while awaiting the news.

It came, in an agitated call for me.

"Go ahead," I replied.

"The whole gang trapped. Train filled with armed men, who grabbed them as they entered. No chance for a fight. Lefty gobbled with the rest. Kid Cavendish one of them. Over twenty thousand dollars on the bunch. You're a rich man. Shake. Hooray! Come down out of your God forsaken desert and stand a drink."

"Bet your life," I answered.

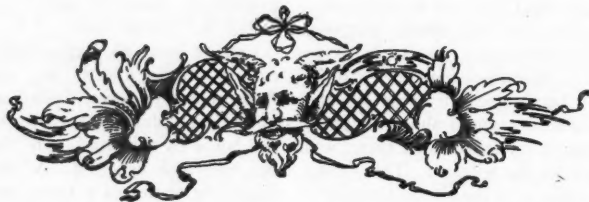
I loosed the ticker, and like a bolt from the blue sky, it struck me. Maggie! Independence! Hooray! I could return East and marry her. I was rich, and in my elation I began to dance.

"What the devil's the row," queried Flanagan, whom I had totally forgot.

I explained the whole matter to him, even to my reasons for coming West, and the good fellow rejoiced at my luck, even while sorrowing at my departure.

"But," said he, "she'll soon cure ye. And may ye live happy till the time comes to put you under the daisies."

His prophecy was correct. Maggie's gentle influence has weaned me completely from the habit, and we have now been happy together for some time. So far, she has expressed no regrets.



# THE GREATEST EVIL

*A PERSIAN LEGEND*

By F. E. Fenton

SO runs the tale: before a Persian monarch came  
Three sages, two from diverse climes, a Hindoo one,  
A Persian and a Greek, tho' all well known to fame.

These sages equal all in point of learning's weight,  
This question keen discuss'd: of all the evils that  
Humanity afflicted which seemed to them most great.

"Naught worse than poverty which can old age oppress,"  
The Greek set forth, "for what when nature's fires wane low  
And chill the body grows, occasions more distress

Than lack of food and warmth; this evil do I hold  
To be the greatest that can ever man befall.  
Zeus preserve me from this fate when hoar and old."

"Pain with impatience borne," so answered Indra's sage,  
"Seemeth to me far greater, for what will be will,  
So 'gainst the Gods decree it profits not to rage,

And he who hath no fortitude but curses pain  
And turneth not his suff'rings to the best account,  
Can never hope the blessed Nirvana to attain."

Spake the Persian then, with loving pity in his tones,  
Compassionate his face for ev'ry woe of man;  
"Of all the many ills engendering moans

Oh, king! the greatest evil that I can conceive,  
Is the couch of death, devoid of one good deed  
In life, the darksome way to lighten and relieve."

## LITTLE BOY JIM

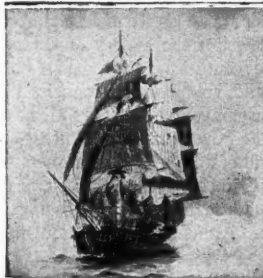
By P. A. Connolly

OUT of the angel land he came,  
Little Boy Jim.  
Without any clothes, not even the name  
Of Little Boy Jim;  
Left all the brightness of heavenly skies,—  
Just borrowed enough for his heart and his eyes  
And, maybe, some nectar for tears when he cries.  
Little Boy Jim.

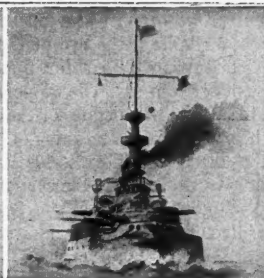
Plucked from the golden street a brick,  
Did Little Boy Jim,  
Got a big angel that knew the trick,  
Cute Little Jim,  
To turn it into a heart of gold,—  
The angel scoured Heav'n to get the best mold,  
And put in a piece of his own heart, I'm told;  
For Little Jim.

And he had it tuned in a perfect key,  
Little Boy Jim,  
To keep it in constant harmony  
Wise boy, Jim.  
And all the time that he is away  
The Heavenly choir will sing and play,  
But he hears the echoing melody,—  
Lucky Boy Jim.

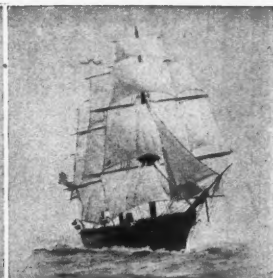
That is the reason a part of each day  
Little Boy Jim  
Ceases his baby prattle and play,—  
The angel in him  
Is list'ning, while into his eyes will creep  
A wistful look so tender and deep,—  
The angel voices are singing—Ah sleep  
Little Boy Jim.



BON HOMME RICHARD 1779



BATTLESHIP OREGON 1898



FRIGATE HARTFORD 1863

# THE ARMY AND NAVY

## THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

UNDER the direction of Secretary of War Taft, the United States army will participate in the events of the Exposition, and the maneuvers promise to be of as interesting a character as those of the Kaiser, held annually at Potsdam. The National Guard will be there in full force, to reveal the reserve military strength of the nation.

To cap the climax, on the historic grounds at Jamestown will tread the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Corps of Boston. Organized in 1638, and still occupying historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, as an armory, this ancient corps of the United States will land, in all their historic dignity, at Jamestown, in October, to do honor to the occasion. This gathering at the Jamestown Exposition promises to be one of the most successful field days yet held, and the Ancients, in their multi-colored and multi-epochal equipment, representing a uniform of every war from Colonial to Spanish-American, will be mingling with the battalions of the French and English encamped at the Inside Inn. The Ancient and Honorables will leave Boston in light marching order, by Pullman car, on October 5, and the campaign will extend over just seven days. The corps have visited Norfolk before, and have tasted the sweets of Virginian hospitality.

Admiral Harrington is in immediate charge of the naval program. At a given signal,

20,000 men launched boats from the ships at anchor off the Exposition grounds, and pulled for the shore with might and main. On board the ships, the bands played, all echoing the same air in unison, and altogether the harbor was one of the most inspiring spectacles connected with the Exposition at that time. The broad roadstead of Hampton Roads was cleared of all other craft, and the curtain of night was suddenly lifted on a wonderful scene in a play, as it were. The searchlights burned calcium after dark, reminding one of the poet's vision of the night when he

"Saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls."

\* \* \*

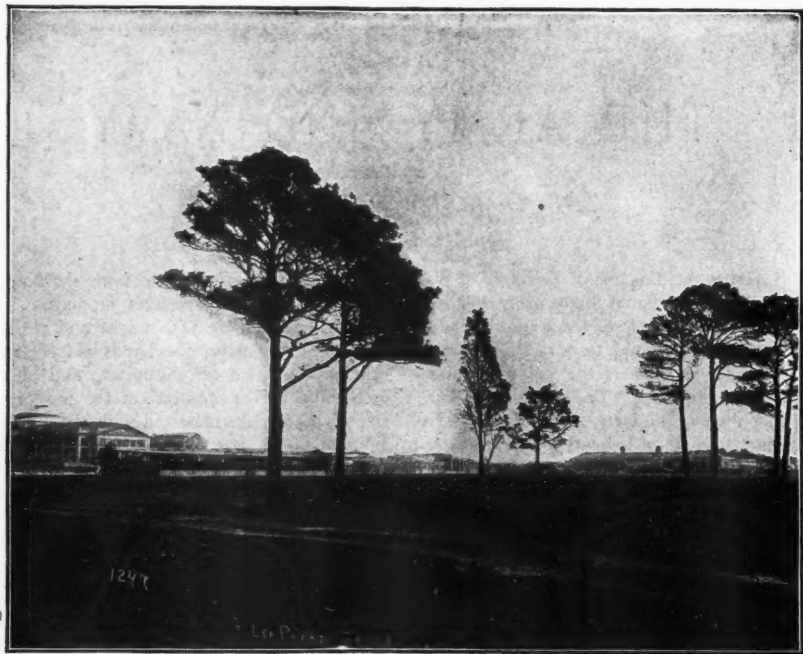
POETIC and picturesque" are the words that fitly describe the Jamestown Exposition, for here is not only beautiful scenery, but many a romantic figure, apparently just stepped from the pages of history. The ideal, roving sailor, with his wide collar and low-necked blouse, his trousers broad at the boot tops and narrow at top, his roley-poley gait and his sailor cap with little floating ribbons is no longer a familiar figure on our ships, nor may he be found in the merchant marine as of old. The "jolly tar" of romance is only found today treading the deck of the war ship.

Hampton Roads was indeed the Field of the Cloth of Gold for the meeting of the navies

of the world in 1907. While looking out over the sunlit waters, upon the proud prows of the anchored fleet, one cannot but admire the stately form of the frigate-rigged Russian battleship, the peculiar armament of the Japanese destroyer, the massive, almost bulldog appearance of the English navy, the solid and substantial equipment of the German ships—and yet in all these vessels it requires the trained eye of an expert to detect the characteristics in naval architecture of

toric waters, near the shores where the colonial frigates touched, in one glance is flashed upon the eye of the visitor the history of the nations for three centuries past.

The slope and color of the funnels, the details of the rigging, the gay flags all have a meaning of their own, and while Americans must feel a thrill of admiration when they see the Stars and Stripes at the stern of one of the White Squadron ships, yet each flag is full of interest. Although every nation may



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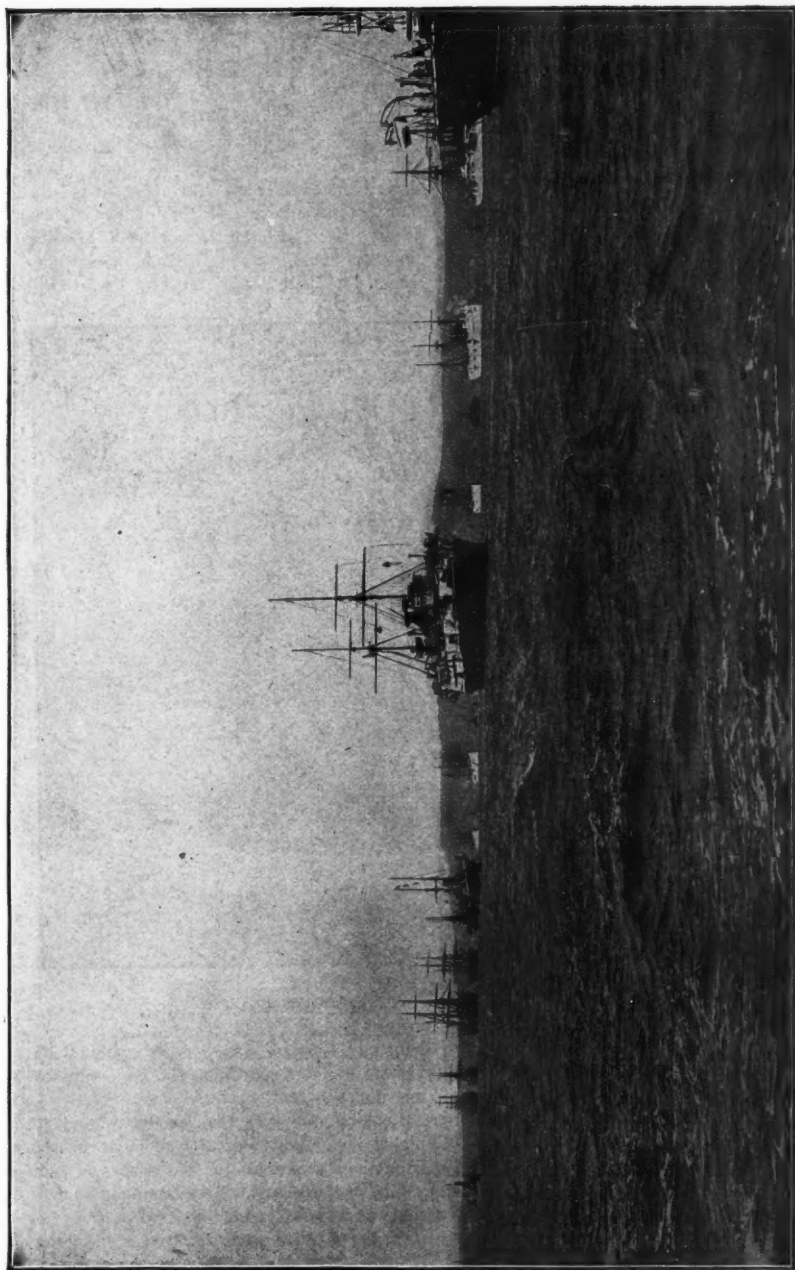
#### LEE PARADE GROUND

the different nations. There is a similarity in armament on sea, attributable to the fact that the requirement of the universal highway of the nations is always the same—there is no variation produced by the conditions of climate or soil. These ships are all built for the sea, and all must, therefore, possess the same fundamental principles, but this array has not the fierce frown of the dogs of war, but is rather a peaceful display such as has never before been witnessed at an international exposition. Here, within these his-

have its ships built in the same yard on the Clyde, in Germany, or the United States, yet recent experiences in naval combat have more than ever emphasized the fact that while these ships may have their distinctive peculiarities, they all belong to one great sisterhood of craft, and their fighting qualities depend largely upon the men behind the guns—those to whom Admiral Dewey so aptly gave the credit of the famous victory of Manila.

Off in the distance lay the President's yacht, "The Sylph," and the government yacht, the





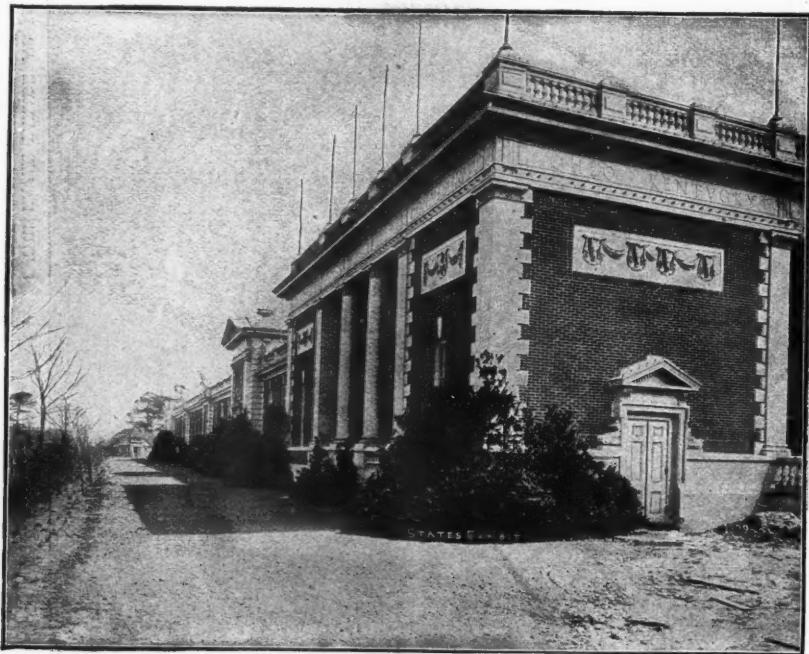
SOME OF THE WARSHIPS THAT WILL APPEAR IN THE NAVAL PARADE AT JAMESTOWN

Mayflower, which has been on many a voyage; carrying the same message of goodwill which was brought to the rock-bound coast of the new country by the old Mayflower of long ago, when she sailed into Plymouth.

One never tires of looking at ships, even at anchor—but how much more exhilarating to see that great line of vessels sweeping in from the Point, like some school of mighty leviathans lingering about for a sociable holiday, and “taking their pastime” in their native element.

which has been at the root of exploration, adventure and the advancement of ages past.

With this great panorama of the world's navies lying off the pier, it is not to be wondered that the interest in this exposition is very keen throughout all the states of the Middle West; for the things which the farmer boys have been reading about all these years—the story of such careers as that of Paul Jones, Perry, Farragut and Dewey—will here be brought home in vivid, realistic, moving pictures. Jack Tar, with the tattoo on his arm will



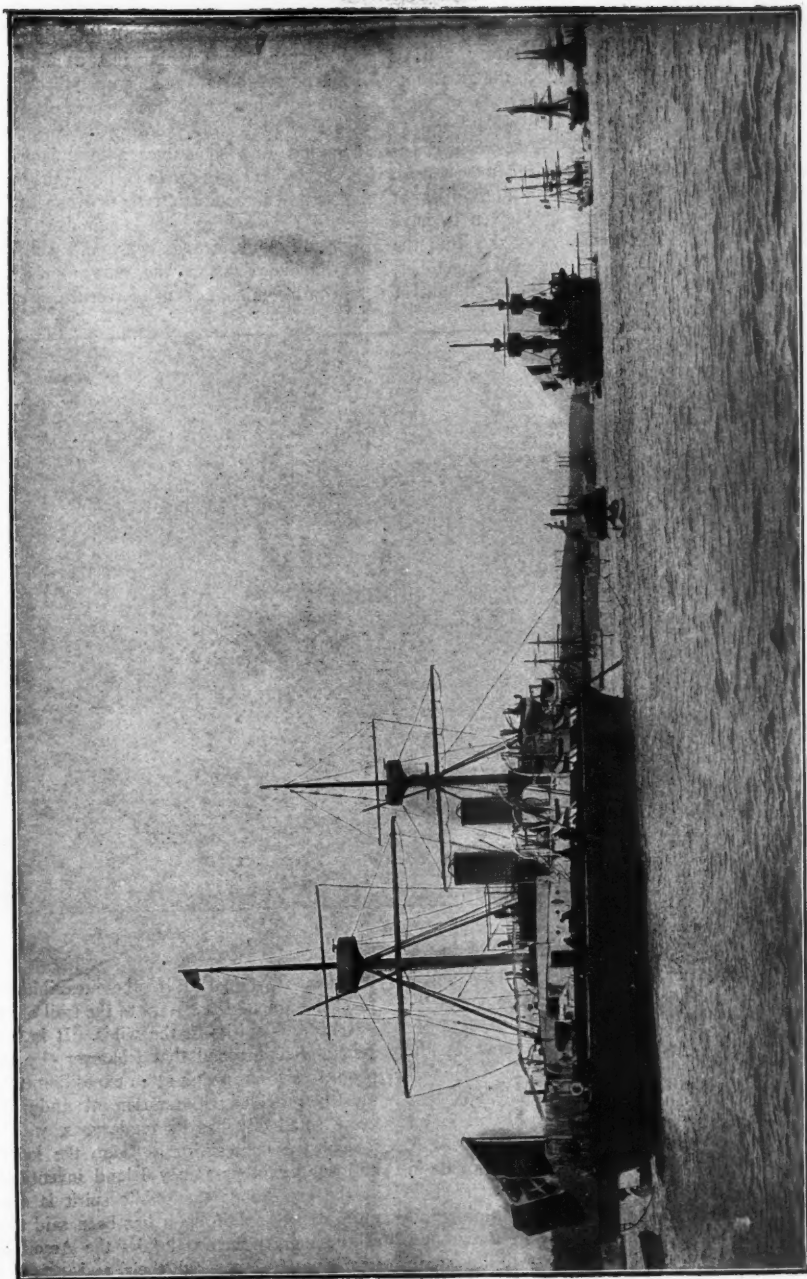
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#### ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

It will certainly be a naval year. It may safely be promised that more people will visit war ships in the year 1907 than in any previous period of the world's history. Who can ever forget the first visit paid to a great vessel, especially if it be a war ship?—to tread the decks and look from the bridge and the conning tower of the vessel which has seen service in all parts of the world! Many a young lad will visit a war ship for the first time, and awake the old spirit of “wanting to go to sea,” which manifested itself in our forefathers, and

have all the charm of novelty for many of the visitors to the Exposition, who have hitherto met him only on the printed page.

Looking out over the moonlit waters at night, imagination for the moment brings back the glamour of the sea stories of our youth, when the boom of the cannon in fancy's ear was almost as loud as reality, and we seemed actually to feel the keen edge of the pirate's sword. Now we read the story all over again in the wig-wagging signals of the naval craft, like deaf and dumb people talk-



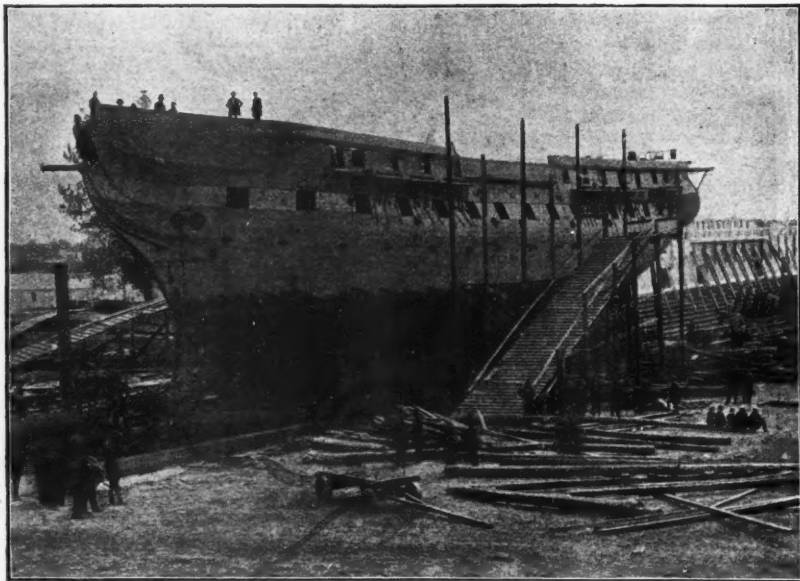
BATTLESHIPS OF EVERY NATION TO BE GATHERED TOGETHER IN PEACEFUL PARADE

ing by signs which have become a universal language; and at night the story will be carried on by the searchlights, the great nocturnal cameras, throwing pencils of light athwart the waters.

Naval features of the Jamestown Exposition surpass those of any other ever held. What would the Exposition authorities at St. Louis and Chicago have given to have had a real, live warship moored within the grounds? At Chicago, you will remember, there was the battleship "Illinois," built of

YES, here we are, wandering down the canoe trail, catching just a glimpse of Flirtation Walk, and looking upon those placid waters overhung with trees, where the canoeists are apt to linger during the twilight of noonday—and sometimes a little later.

On the Warpath are to be found the festive spielers—characteristic type of American life—and they had already begun work. The fight of the Merrimac was portrayed; the earthquake disaster was duly represented; and no prominent event of recent or ancient

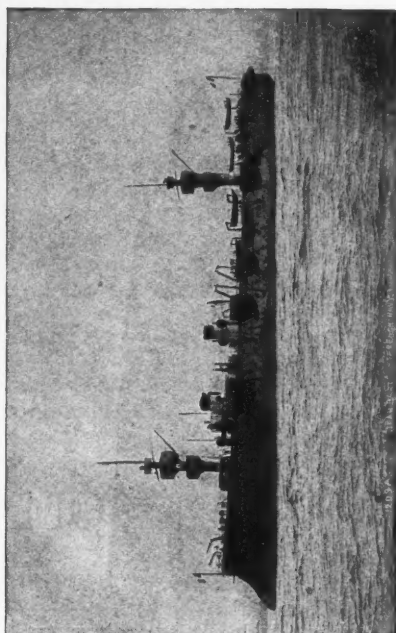
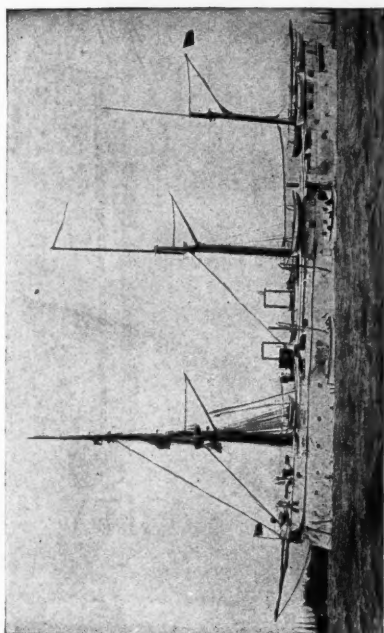


"OLD IRONSIDES" ENTERING THE DOCK, MAY 27, 1898, AT KITTERY, MAINE

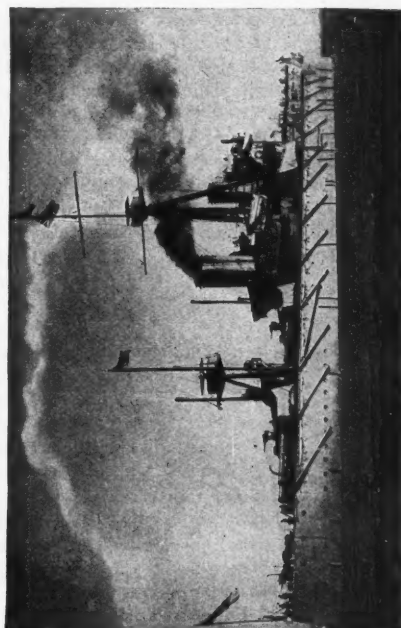
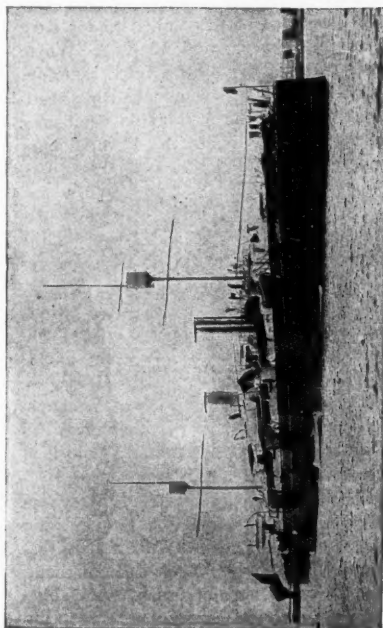
brick, lying on the sands of the lake, and it will be recalled how the management of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition tried to get a real war ship, with yellow funnel, up the Mississippi; but at Norfolk the maritime feature is a large part of the ensemble, and craft of all kinds, from the shrill-whistled motor launch and white-winged, bird-like pleasure yacht to the great war ships, each a castle in itself, flit about the harbor or lie at anchor, and Hampton Roads is teeming with life and activity, and forms the veritable foreground of an exposition picture which will illuminate the ter-centennial celebration of an important event in the annals of history

times was overlooked by these exhibitions, from the ranch of the West to the trail of the adventurous spirits in the wilds. It is now generally understood that whatever else the people insist on having at an exposition, they must be provided with amusement; and while every small city has its rendezvous, with a "shoot the chutes" or a "loop the loop," and sundry other Coney Island inventions; at the expositions the public spirit is even more clearly manifest—it has been said that at these great universal fairs the American people first discovered their real sense of humor, aptly illustrated by the Bedlam noises of the Midway Plaisance in Chicago.

# THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

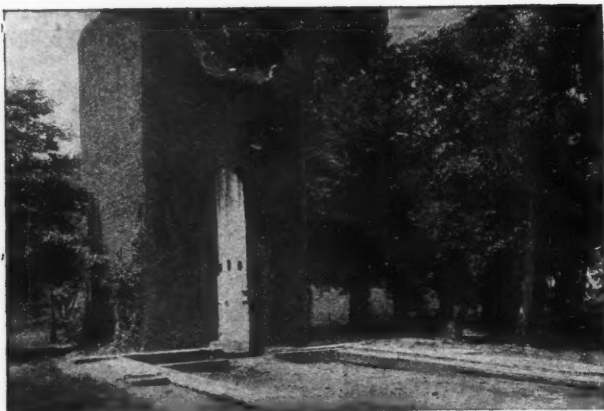


THE SPANISH WARSHIP NAVARRA  
THE FRENCH WARSHIP JEAN BART



THE ITALIAN WARSHIP GIOVANNI BAUSAN  
THE ENGLISH WARSHIP DREADNAUGHT





THE OLD CHURCH TOWER AT JAMESTOWN

## A DAY IN OLD JAMES CITY

### THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

EVERY returning visitor from the Exposition will be met with the question:

"And did you really go to Jamestown?"

At first there is a twinge of disappointment in the fact that poetic sentiment is not gratified by having the exposition at Jamestown, the actual historic ground itself; for it is not being held on the spot on which Captain John Smith and his followers established the first permanent English settlement in America; but, in a few hours, by ferry to Newport News, and by rail to Williamsburg, Virginia, you may revel in historic scenes, and memories of "ye olden tyme."

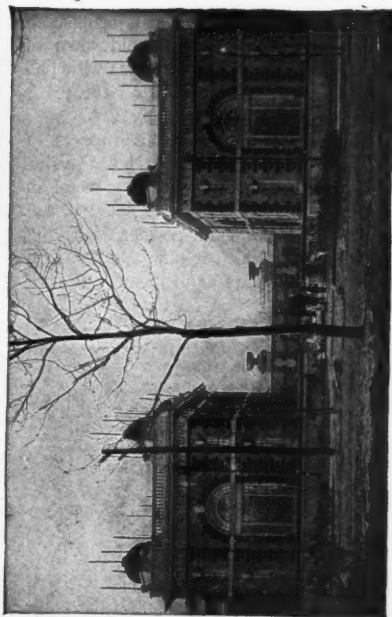
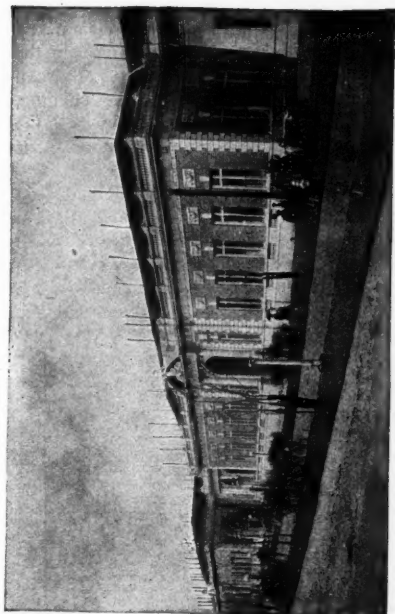
I made the trip in the evening; for I was determined to be able to tell the National readers that I had actually been in Jamestown and rocked in the cradle of the Republic; and Williamsburg is certainly next door,—being seven miles away. A night in old Williamsburg is certainly one to be long remembered. About sunset we reached the ancient capital of Old Virginia; driving up from the station, Lord Dunmore's cellar was pointed out to us, which recalled scenes depicted by Washington Irving in his "Life of Washington." There was the old Bumton Parish church, with its white spire glistening in the trees, and

its old ivy-covered walls within which a half-dozen presidents of the United States have worshipped. There was the old Whyte House, that stately, square brick mansion, wherein General Washington had his headquarters during that memorable Peninsular campaign which brought the Revolutionary War to a successful close.

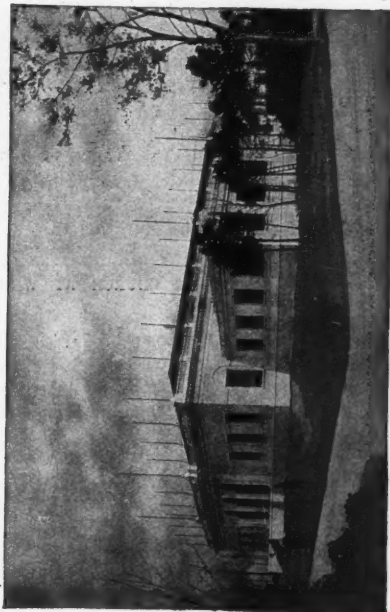
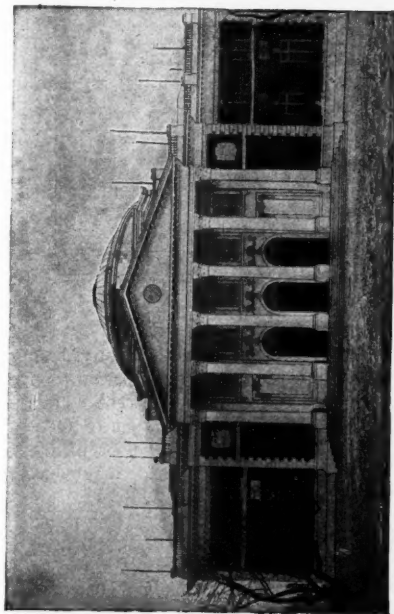
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We passed on up the wide street to the Williamsburg Hotel, a stately, ancient mansion with wide verandas and pillars in front, which served at one time as second court house; for this street formerly divided two counties, each having its own court house; here the railroad once ran, but that was too much for the traditional pride of Williamsburg, and they no longer have a railroad in the center of their best street, but hold it at a respectful distance.

Williamsburg is now a city of 2,500 people, though for nearly a half-century after the war it was the boast of Williamsburg that for fifty years not a new house had been built, a nail driven or a paint brush used, white-wash being the only permissible thing in improvement. Now the city has an acetylene



PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS  
MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING

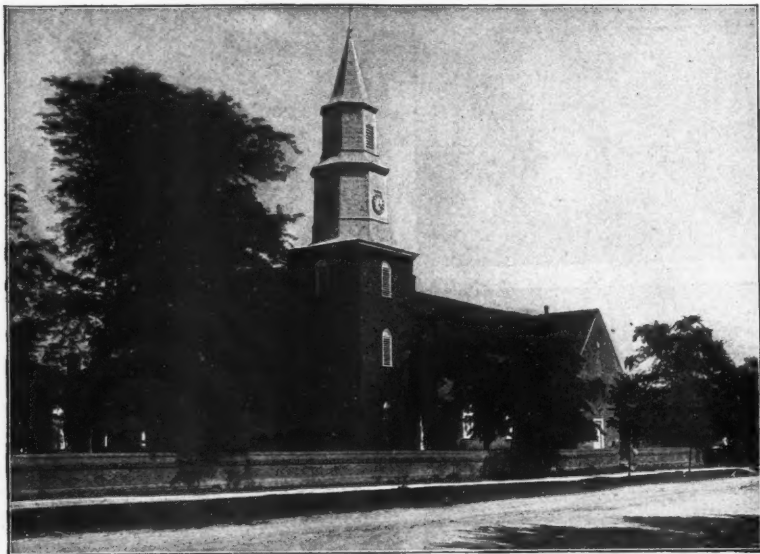


AUDITORIUM OF EXPOSITION  
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING

lighting gas plant, and a road is being built to connect with the historic old town of Jamestown. The striped convicts with ball and chain who were at work on the roads made a rather pathetic spectacle.

After one of those delicious suppers of Virginian ham and eggs and hot biscuits we looked out of a window of the hotel in the old "Powder Horn," a tower-like structure with peaked roof, wherein powder was stored in old days, but which is now adorned with stained glass windows as in memory of a remarkable past. Sitting on the veranda, we

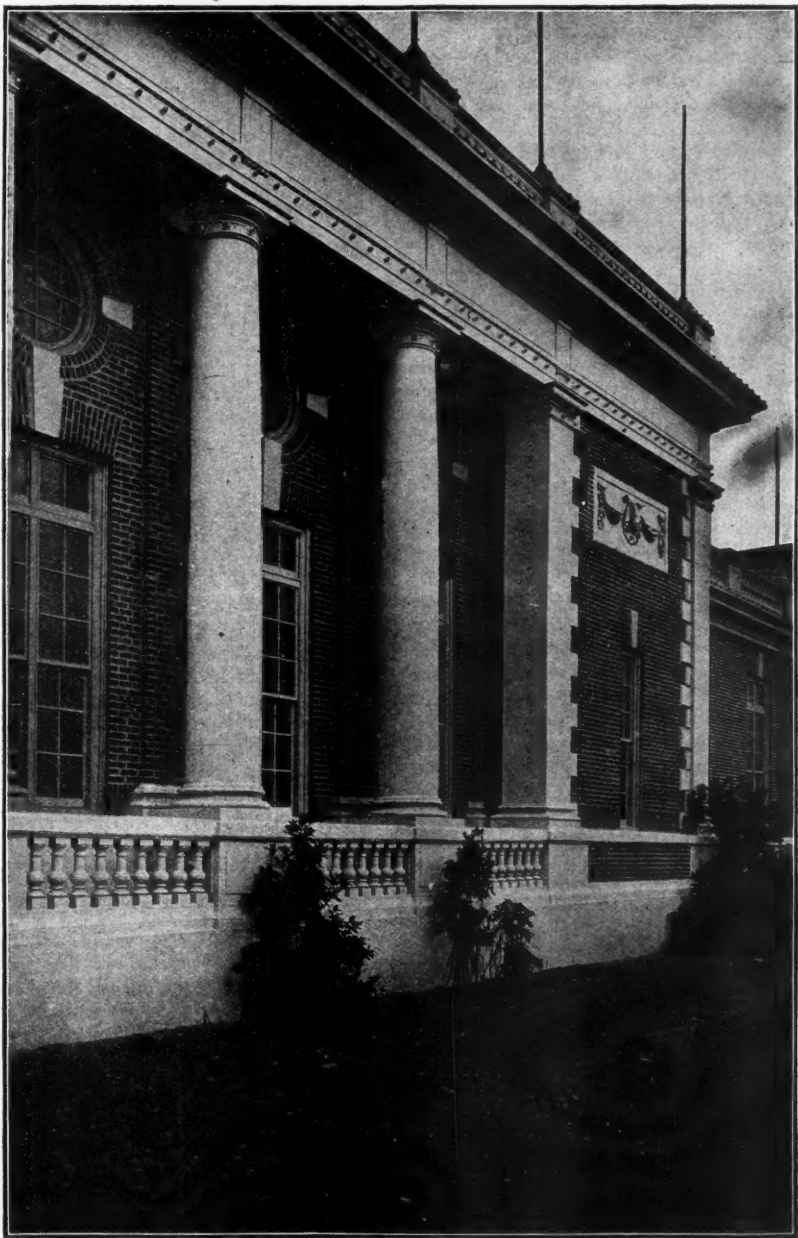
On this street is the famous William and Mary College, located on a triangle, in the center of which a time-blackened statue, still faces the old ivy-covered college building. Standing among the trees, I observed the weather-worn bulletin board, with generations of papers pasted upon it,—perhaps a scrap still remained of the notices that had been posted from time to time in the days when Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler were students. One could fancy those boys looking over the new rules that announced some change in the studies or lecture hours. These



CHRIST CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

had pointed out to us the home of Justice Blair, appointed to the Supreme Bench by Washington; the home of Chief Justice John Marshall, where Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler gathered during the halcyon days of their college careers. The foundations of the Burgess House may be seen at the end of the street,—in which Patrick Henry made a famous speech. The Palace Green still remains as sacred and as protected from the invasion of the builder as in those days. One could fancy coaches hurrying by in the shadows; for this was once the capital of Virginia, and here are still many tokens of that fact.

college boys of the eighteenth century, bred with the spirit of independence, passed from the consideration of those innocent notices to the creation of the Declaration of Independence, and such interpretations of the Constitution as only Justice John Marshall could make. On the left of the college are the dormitories, and on the right, in entering the campus, is the home of President Lyon C. Tyler, the head of the college, son of President Tyler of the United States, and also author of that well-known book, "The Cradle of the Republic," which is accounted one of the best works extant on the early history of Virginia.



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VERANDA OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

There are new streets and new cement walks in Williamsburg now, and even the irrepressible roller skates are in evidence, suggesting the happy boyhood days at old Jones' pond, where the black bass continue to bite in the good old-fashioned way, and the rare skating days of winter are quite as welcome. Here the old mill still grinds the grist. No wonder that the boys who attend the William and Mary College recall the historic, happy days of their youth.

In driving through the country, one sees on each old plantation a family burying-ground, surrounded by brick walls, now overgrown with trees. A large number of these old plantations are now owned by sturdy Wisconsin farmers, who believe in large, comfortable red barns, spacious square houses and artesian wells of pure and plentiful water; they are making a success of farming on the land of this old peninsula, where every foot of ground is replete with the story of by-gone centuries. The soil is clay,—real rich, red dish-yellow, Virginian clay.

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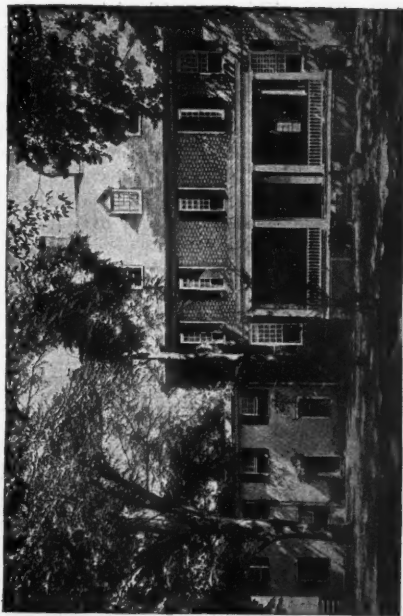
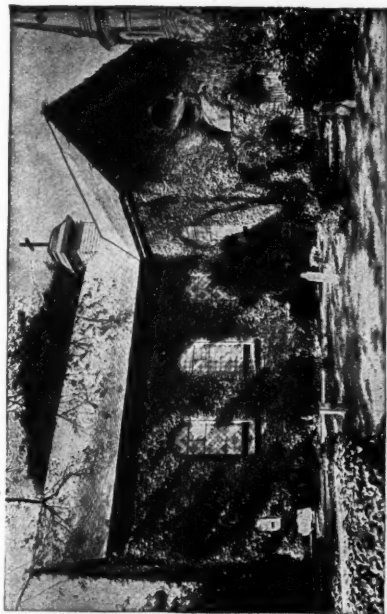
On the evening of my visit to this quaint old city, we attended service in the Bumton Parish Church, and I paused for a moment before entering, to look at the picture the moonlight made of the ancient edifice and its surrounding churchyard. Inside, the pews are very high, and it is just possible for a grown person to look over them when seated. They recall those fascinating Southern stories of bright eyes seen in church, which I could never quite understand until it occurred to me, while in this old church, that the eyes and head-gear were about all that the young gallant could see of his fair lady, unless he was in the same pew—and then—well, that is entirely different.

One pew is preserved for the descendants of Pocahontas, and here is also shown the first communion set ever used in Jamestown, and the font in which Pocahontas was baptised and transformed from a beautiful Indian princess into the wife of that sturdy colonist John Rolfe, though her heart may still have been beating with regret for the lost John Smith, whom she supposed to be dead. Today her children have an organization which meets annually; the famous John Randolph of Roanoke was a direct descendant of Pocahontas.

This historic old building has been restored at a cost of \$25,000, and is practically the same as in the early days. It is built in the form of a cross, has ivy-covered gables, and emphasizes the fact that however violent the spirit of revolution may have been in by-gone days, there was always a tender respect and reverence shown for every house, and even every brick, that spoke of "old homes across the sea." Some of the views about this old church are very similar to scenes in Merrie England.

No, we are not at Jamestown, yet. We drove in the early morning over the new turnpike now being constructed and picturesquely winding through stately old plantations and across fields which grow a crop of pine trees in twenty years. Under the vivid green of holly trees, and the dull green of the mistletoe nestling on the tree tops, we bowled along over roads where the coaches of the good old days had often been mired to the axles. Across a great marsh and a log bridge over the small arm of the James river, we came at last to the island of Jamestown, which was a promising peninsula in the days of 1607. Twenty-three acres of that historic ground has already been washed away, but a generous government has provided a wall to prevent further desecration. Here we stopped to breathe the April fragrance, and to look into the woods all afire with the blaze of the Judas tree. Out in the river stands the lonely cypress, and around it are the foundations of many buildings of former days. At the water's edge are the preserved foundations of the old country house or tavern, and next adjoining was the Ludlow House, and the next wing constituted the state house. The crumbling foundations have been preserved in cement, showing the outlines of the buildings, and the cellars have been excavated, and the original bricks are seen through a sash frame, giving the visitor a real glimpse of the identical bricks which the settlers used to build their frontier homes and capitol. All these objects of interest are shown by the caretaker, Mr. Leal, a Scotchman; a man who loves his work and holds forth as the postmaster and single occupant of the island except the Barney family. As lonely as his life must be out of season, he seems cheery enough on excursion days, when thousands of visitors flock thither. Fortunately indeed were we to hear from the lips of this sturdy son of Scotia the story of the early





ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK  
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSPORT, VA.



THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING  
PRESIDENT'S HOME, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

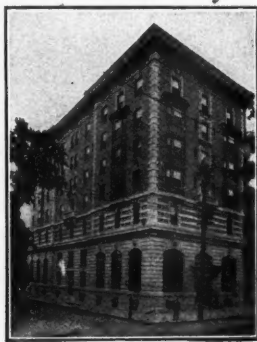
English settlers. This tract of land is now under the charge of the ladies of the American Protective Virginia Association, to whom it was generously given by the late Mr. Barney, owner of the island.

The first glance centers on the historic tower, erected after the church was completed, to provide a point of vantage from whence the movements of marauding Indians might be discerned; for those were stormy days of savage massacre. The plan of the tower was made by the three captains who commanded Raleigh's frigates, Susan Constant, Discovery and Goodspeed, which bore the settlers to Jamestown. To this ancient tower, erected in the old-fashioned way,—laying bricks one

had apparently been brought from all parts of the world, and fragments and intact bowls of pipes which show that even the style of the churchwarden has not much changed in three centuries. The prevalence of gin bottles and pipes bespeaks the fact that in a later century Jamestown became a rendezvous for men in legislative array, seldom visited by the fair sex. I took one of those old pipes—not used perhaps for centuries—and cleaned and filled it, and sat down to have a good smoke, lapsing into reverie as I looked up and down the blue waters of the stately James river, over three miles wide, and eighty-five feet deep, with water enough for a man-of-war to anchor in. Off to the right was "Archer's Hope," and



RAILROAD SCENE NEAR NORFOLK



HOTEL LORRAINE, NORFOLK

layer across and then one lengthwise,—clung the ivy brought from Westminster Abbey. In the graveyard are names noted in the history of America. Under the roots of a great hackberry tree was the tomb of Mrs. Harrison, the lineal ancestress of President Harrison. Here, too, was laid Lady Francis Berkeley and Lord Yardley, and in the quiet of that Springtime forenoon it seemed impossible to realize that here on this island was not only the first settlement, but also at one time a thriving city of 3,000 people. The lines of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" came to mind, as I viewed the beautiful stretch of greensward, once covered with giant trees, to which the little frigates with their precious cargoes were moored upon their arrival.

\* \* \*

A great many relics have been found here; old pot-hooks, beads, pieces of dishes that

the famous old Pitch and Tar Swamp—with distances measured by "poles," instead of yards. Of course I bethought me that it was here that tobacco was first cultivated to any large extent, and here it was that English lassies were brought from the old country and purchased as wives for the splendid sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco. As we sat and smoked, it seemed as though we could see the old stockade built out into the river about the city, to protect the people against the ravages of the Indians; for while Jamestown was the first English settlement, the people were unable to withstand the attacks of the Indians. In 1676, during Bacon's Rebellion, Jamestown was destroyed by fire, and twenty years later suffered a similar fate; after which the capital of the colony was removed to Williamsburg, and the state house was first called the Capitol, which is today the name for the stately pile at Washington,

D. C. The old church is being restored exactly as it was in early days of Old Virginia, and 2,000 "slips" from the ivy of the tower have been potted to sell. The restored edifice will be open during the exposition, and will

Dayton, Ohio. Since the demise of her husband, Mrs. Barney, with her daughters, have continued to reside on the island, greatly fascinated by the historic associations of every foot of the soil which she owns. Every



SCENIC ROADWAY—JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

appear almost exactly as it did in ancient times.

The island is three or four miles in length, and was purchased some ten years ago by Mr. Edward R. Barney, of the firm of Barney & Smith, railroad coach manufacturers,

day new discoveries are made by the daughters, new theories advanced, and more light is constantly being thrown upon the early days of the colony.

The ruins of the old Ambler House still remain, with knotted and mouldering trees

and here and there a ruined chimney telling their own story. Here lived Mary Carey Ambler, the first sweetheart of George Washington. He sought her hand, but was not accepted, because her father insisted that Mary must marry a man who could afford to give her a coach, and not a poor soldier surveyor who couldn't give her the luxuries to which she had been bred. The hand of the first President of the United States was refused because he could not maintain a coach for his wife. Today mayhap, it is an automobile that stands between a future president and his sweetheart.

We drove the length of the island to the Travis Burying Ground, and most pleasurable was that day of inspection of historic relics. Best of all, was a visit at the home of Mrs. Barney, where we looked over her rare collection of curios which showed traces of the earlier state houses and the glass factory which was established and operated by Venetian workmen. She has had a substantial wharf built upon the island.

The sites of various state-houses, dwellings and rendezvouses have been unearthed by the Misses Barney, who search for ruins with all the zest of an Egyptologist, and have traversed almost every foot of the island trying to connect missing links in the history of this historic plot of land on the river James.

The old hand-wrought nails are evidences of the durable character of the articles manufactured by the primitive workman of older times; and such evidences of colonial life are discovered every day. Here and there an old well, long since dry and filled in and abandoned may be seen, but such mementoes speak of the reason that the first settlers were attracted to Jamestown—the purity of the water. Now a modern artesian well pours forth its limpid stream to quench the thirst of the passer-by.

Between the Barney plantation and the land presented to the Historical Association is a narrow strip upon which monuments are to be erected. It does seem, to a passing

stranger, that the government ought to own this entire stretch of historic ground, and build upon it hospitals and encampments for the soldiers and marines; for what more beautiful or more fitting location could be secured for a rendezvous of this description? At least leave room enough for a pedestal to the monuments.

The steamers plying up and down the river to Richmond remind one of the old days of transportation by water, which retains its picturesqueness as the steamer glides by the wooded banks of the James and sidles its way up to the wharf. Here we saw a great rock bass—no, I don't dare to give the dimensions or weight. Caretaker Leal, with his dog and cat, go a-fishing at night, and the dim and misty past is forgotten and he is brought into the busy, stirring spirit of modern times when there comes a lively nibble at the end of his line. The island reminded me of Madeline Island in Lake Superior waters, where Father Marquette landed some fifty years later than when the settlement was made at Jamestown. Here was the Panama of that time—for England was filled with torrid stories concerning the terrors of the new land, but the land companies were steadfast boomers. One Jamestown woman insisted that she raised figs on the island. Stories of Indian gentleness and of the possibilities of homes in the new Virginias were all disputed questions.

\* \* \*

Somehow in the twilight of that noon-day, 'neath the shadows of the old ivy tower, methought of "Little Wanton," the pet name of Pocahontas, the Indian girl who brought the first message of goodwill from her stern chieftain father, Powhatan, to the sturdy home builders on the James.

And back to Norfolk again to the Hotel Lorraine—under the care of Mine Host Berry Dodson—with the exposition governors we reverize over the day at old Jamestown—a glimpse of three centuries ago never to be forgotten.





## BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS MEN

By Newton Newkirk

### METHUSELAH

ARMED with no other weapon than the relentless probe of the biographer, I will now endeavor to pry the lid from the monotonous life of Mr. Methuselah, and thereby reveal to the ravenous reader a few incidents and anecdotes in the life of this great man which have never before appeared in print. I do not vouch for many of the statements in this biography. Most of them I got at second-hand, and they were almost worn out by being handed down from generation to generation before they reached me. Hearsay evidence is not always authentic. Truths concerning the life of a man who lived as long ago as did Methuselah are often distorted in the telling, until they do not at all jibe with the facts; so I merely set down these things here for what they are worth. (Please remit by express or postoffice money order—do not send personal check). If any reader can prove any of my statements concerning Methuselah to be erroneous, I will gladly make corrections in the next issue of the National Magazine. I have no wish to misrepresent Methuselah, who is not in a position to defend his good name.

Methuselah holds the long-lived record as the oldest inhabitant of all old inhabitants of which we have any knowledge. Methuselah

was the son of Enoch, a distant relative of Adam and the grandfather of Noah who commanded the Oriental Squadron during the high water of 2349, B. C., or thereabouts, Noah being the first man to introduce a floating menagerie. Methuselah stood well in the community. It was worth something to be connected by family ties, even though remotely, with Adam, and his wife Eve, who was the real first lady of the land.

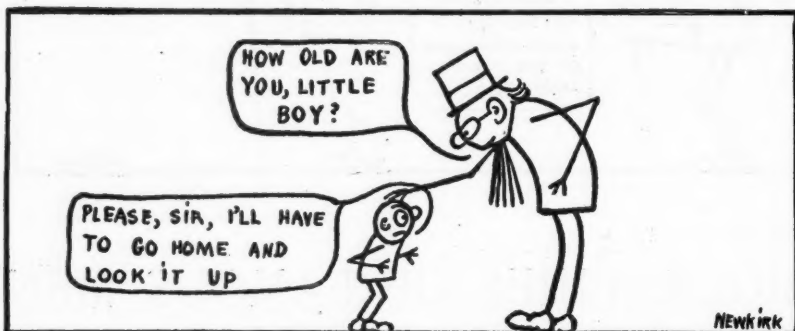
History does not record very many facts concerning Methuselah during the first three or four hundred years of his life, presumably because up to that age he was nothing but a little shaver, running about the house in kilts and scarcely worth passing notice. Unless I am in error, Methuselah was about ready to enter kindergarten when he was 300 years old. After he had finished his education, we may believe that time hung heavily on his hands. He didn't have much to do except to keep track of his birthdays. It is said he had a stick for the purpose and that for every year he lived he would cut a notch in the stick. When he had cut one stick so full of notches that there was no room for another notch, he would lay the notched stick aside and start in to keep books on a fresh stick. When Me-



thuselah was stopped on the street by an old patriarch and patted on the head and asked how old he was, he would have to run home and add up the notches on his sticks before could tell. On one occasion he got snarled up in his accounts and lost track of his age

he had received earlier in life, not so much for their intrinsic value as for their historic associations

One biographer says that, in his young manhood, Methuselah kept a diary during a long period. In this he set down the weather con-



altogether. He took this much to heart, but his mother told him to call himself 400 years old, which according to her recollection was near enough, and go right on counting again.

After he had a few hundred of them, Methuselah never made much fuss when his birthday came around. They were too numerous to mention. During the early centuries of his life his relatives made it a

conditions daily, and wrote blithely about his ambitions, joys and sorrows. He was glad he kept this daily journal because it proved valuable to him in after life when his memory began to go back on him. Disputes frequently arose among his neighbors as to the condition of weather on former dates, and such disputes were always settled by the weather observations which Methuselah had made



custom to give him birthday presents, but after Methuselah had passed the 500-year milestone and still seemed to be hale and hearty the giving of birthday presents grew to be monotonous and his relatives stopped the practice. Hundreds of years later Methuselah came to prize the birthday gifts

in his diary. It was quite a common thing for a neighbor to stop Methuselah on the street and remark, "By the way, Meth.' what kind of weather did we have seven hundred years ago this spring?" Methuselah had merely to refer to his diary and whatever it said was received as final.

Enoch, the father of Methuselah, died suddenly at the age of 365 years. It was all Methuselah could do to remember his father at all, so young was the lad when his parent passed away, and by this bereavement Methuselah was robbed of a father's counsel and guidance.

We are told that "Methuselah begat sons and daughters," but nothing is said of Methuselah's courtship and marriage. Who Mrs. Methuselah (*nee*), was; whether or not she came of good family; where she and her husband first set up housekeeping together, are questions which have never been satisfactorily answered and perhaps never will be.

While it is stated that "Methuselah begat sons and daughters," the only heir of Methuselah of which I can find any trace is Lamech. Probably the reasons why the names of the

the ripe old age of 962 years and when Methuselah passed this age with eyesight so good that he could read small print without his specs and with unimpaired hearing, he was referred to in the newspapers as "our oldest inhabitant," or as "our oldest and most respected citizen." Methuselah's eyesight was so good that he could see a joke as far with the naked eye as any body in town—unless it was on him. Then he couldn't see it at all. His acute hearing was also remarkable. Old age very often brings with it deafness, but this was not true in Methuselah's case. After Methuselah had yelled himself hoarse trying to make his deaf neighbors understand what he said, it always comforted him to think that he himself could hear thunder when there was any.

The entire neighborhood was making plans



other children are not handed down to us, is that they would have taken up too much valuable space in history. It is quite possible that the "sons and daughters" of Methuselah referred to consisted of several hundred children in all.

The age of Methuselah did not begin to create much talk in the neighborhood until he had passed his 900th birthday. After that folks began to ask his advice about things. Jared, who was the father of Enoch and the grandfather of Methuselah, died at

to celebrate Methuselah's 1000th birthday when one day he was suddenly taken off in his 969th year. His neighbors had been so accustomed to seeing Methuselah alive that they could hardly believe the news of his death. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in that section. The mere reading of the obituary, briefly covering the life of the deceased, required four hours. The sudden death of Methuselah merely emphasizes the fact, that while the patriarchs of old could live long, they could not live forever.



# JACOB HOFFSTETTER, *Philanthropist*

By L. B. Kinder

TEARS of gratitude glistened in Jacob Hoffstetter's eyes as he stopped for the third time to gaze at the snug, well-built library that Andrew Carnegie had given to the twelve thousand people of Stratton. He tightly pressed two large books to a heart filled with love for this public benefactor whom he had never seen.

"Donnerwetter," he thought. "How goot it iss to make udders happy! I wish to Himmel dot Gott had gif me the opportunity or at least der money. Jacob Hoffstetter would a philanthrobust make. He has a philanthrobust's heart."

He turned and nervously walked away, his good German face warm with kindly emotion; his heart exultant with the good therein, which he would have liked to render his fellows.

Rounding the corner, he passed into a broad and ill-lighted street that led to his tiny repair shop, over which he lived alone. Within a block of his destination, in the unlighted space between glimmering street lamps, his foot sank through a rotten board in the sidewalk. Books, breath and philanthropic impulses were scattered by the impact.

With first breath, Hoffstetter cursed the board. With the next, while groping for his books, he scored the person who would allow a sidewalk to get into such dangerous condition.

"Whose walk iss it, anyway?" he demanded peering through the picket fence at the shadowy outlines of a small house.

"Mrs. Baumgarten's!" he exclaimed with lessening choler. "Poor voman, she ain't got nobody to do for her since Hans died."

"Dot iss a bad place. A man might could brake his leck. I vill an hammer get und make it fixed. Such a sidewalk iss an unsafety to der community."

Temporarily plugging the hole with a stone, he hurried home, whence he soon returned with tools, a lantern, and some short plank. He was not satisfied with merely replacing the broken board. Commencing at one edge of the widow's lot, he went over the sidewalk with his lantern, putting in new boards and

patching small breaks. The task gave him unanticipated pleasure. As he sawed and hammered away, oblivious of the noise he was making, or the lateness of the hour, his face glowed with new-found inspiration.

"Ach Gott!" he asserted. "I, too, vill a philanthrobust be. Libraries haf I nicht to gif away. But der labor of mien own hands can I bestow on them dot iss in vant of help. Perhaps I, Jacob Hoffstetter, can do as mooch goot mit vat I haf to do mit, as Andrew Carnegie, mit vat Gott has gif him!"

His musings were broken in upon by a high-pitched, rather frightened challenge from inside the fence.

"For vhy you make such poundings in front of mein house?"

Scrambling to his feet, the shoemaker turned the lantern toward the voice, revealing a white-clad, plump figure, who ejaculated.

"Vhy, Mr. Hoffstetter, vat in der world are you diding?"

"I'm schust a new board putting in your walk, where I vent t'rough mit mein foot."

"Oh, dot miserable walk!" moaned the woman. "Two veeks ago the city sent me notice dot I a new walk moost make, und I no money haf got—"

"You ain't vill needt a new one now. I haf der bad places fixed oop."

Bursting open the gate, the woman seized the lantern from the astonished philanthropist.

"Himmel, der rotten places are gone. It iss as goot as new, und all dot money iss saved!" she cried ecstatically. "Oh, Mr. Hoffstetter, how can I thank you? I ain't can tell it in words. But come—you moost have hunger after working. Yah. You moost—" whereupon, seizing him by the coat, she pushed him towards the gate.

"Donnerwetter, vat troubles haf I into got!" muttered the embarrassed Hoffstetter.

A few minutes later, however, when, basking in the vivacious widow's smile, he lunched on spiced coffee-cake, blueberry pie, limberger and coffee, he contentedly murmured:

"Ach Gott! It feels goot to be a philanthrobust!"

Such was the beginning of Jacob Hoffstetter's philanthropy. A few days later, he patched up Mrs. Baumgarten's fence, and despite her protests, hoed her garden and trimmed out her berry bushes.

His benefactions by no means stopped with the smiling widow. Timidly at first; then without hesitation, he lent a hand to those about him, whom he saw he could help. At work in his shop, and even after he had gone to bed in the room above, he would ponder over another's troubles, attempting to eliminate the unnecessary, that he might satisfy the least common multiple of his wants.

In the course of the summer, he re-shingled the shanty of a poverty-stricken old couple; spaded up a garden for a washer-widow with six children; stacked grain all one hot Sunday, to save a sick man's crop; and planted a flower-bed in a squalid neighborhood. His twinkling blue eyes seemed on the lookout for opportunities to do little kindnesses. "Frent, your shoe wants fixing," he would say to a ragged fellow mortal. "Come mit me, und I vill peg it oop for you. It vill cost you noddings."

All this gave him infinite satisfaction. His aid to Mrs. Baumgarten brought him pleasure. The rosy, bright-eyed, young-looking woman became inseparably associated in his mind with his benevolences. He craved her smile of commendation. By chance she had been connected with his first philanthropic impulse. Directly she was the inspiration, through whose prompting he achieved his ambition of being a public benefactor.

Early one morning in the spring following, she rushed excitedly into his shop.

"Oh, Mr. Hoffstetter," she gasped, waving a newspaper in his face. "Der vater vorks iss bust, und don't can be fixed for a week!"

"Iss dot so?" he calmly returned. "I noticed dot there vas vater nicht in der pipes dhis morning."

"Vhat shall ve did?" she continued. "My clothes iss vashed, but rinsed nicht; und Mrs. Gardener's iss boiled, but vashed nicht, und Mrs. Nelson ain't enough vater got to vash breakfast dishes."

Laying aside hammer and awl, the shoemaker studied the paper.

"Der bump valve iss broke," he observed. "Und they don't can get a new one from der

factory for two weeks. They vill install a small bump, und cut down the vater supply half. Dot vill take t'ree days anyway. The engineer don't can do noddin. Politics, Mrs. Baumgarten, politics,—dot's vat's the matter mit dot bump."

"To think dot it should on Monday break," moaned the woman. "Vat shall the vomans of this city do for to cook and wash? Und where vill the men get: clean shirts to wear next week?"

"It vill make mooch bodder," Hoffstetter assented.

"Mr. Hoffstetter, you can do most eferything," appealed Mrs. Baumgarten. "Can't you fix dot bump?"

"I used to vas once a machinist. For two years I vorked in a bump factory, where I hurt mein handt. Maybe I could do somedings und maybe nicht. Do you dink dot der city vill let me monkey mit dot bump? Nein. They vill laugh at me!"

"Laugh at you! If you could dot bump make fixed, they vould t'row their arms und hug you for pleasure. You moost try, Mr. Hoffstetter."

"I vill go und look at it," said the latter, slipping off his apron. If anything can be did, I vill done it."

At the pumping station, he found a group of city officials in fruitless consultation. Receiving permission to inspect the broken pump, he thoroughly investigated the break, while the disgruntled engineer and his subordinates discussed the trouble in low tones; and the others speculated upon the effect of the incident on the approaching election.

"Well, Hoffstetter," jocosely demanded one of the aldermen. "What do you think of it?"

"It's not such a bad break," the shoemaker answered. "Mit help I vill fix dot oop for you by tonight."

The laughter which greeted this statement was checked by his prompt retort.

"You know me, Mr. Yackson," he declared, turning to the alderman who had first spoken. "You know dot I don't smell, where mein nose don't belong. I learned machinist's trade by der old country. I vorked in der foundry at Pittsburg, where dot bump vas made."

"Let Hoffstetter go ahead and see what he can do; I'll vouch for him," replied the alderman. "It's a cinch he can't do any harm."

Late the same afternoon, careless people

who had left their faucets open, were startled by the welcome sound of running water. Working diligently, the shoemaker, with the aid of two assistants, had patched up the broken valve, so that with care it would last until the new one could be secured. The officials were beside themselves with joy.

"Hoffstetter, you have rendered an unestimable service to this city," cried the mayor, warmly wringing his hand. "Any reasonable amount you may ask will be gladly paid you."

"I vant noddings," said the shoemaker, flushing. "I am glad to haf did this for mein city."

"Nothing!" gasped the mayor.

"Nothing for preserving the city's reputation and saving her money!" exclaimed the chairman of the water works board.

"Nothing for preventing a water famine, with its miseries and its dangers of fire!" cried the president of the council.

"Noddings," repeated the shoemaker. "Andrew Carnegie gif Stratton a fine pooblic library. I lof this city far more than Andrew Carnegie. I haf no money to gif, but I haf der labor of mein own handst. Yacob Hoffstetter, also, iss a philanthrobust."

The men did not laugh. In the course of their political lives, each had sought his own gain, not necessarily at the expense of the community, though often through the power of their positions.

Next day's newspapers contained highly laudatory accounts of Hoffstetter's conduct, and the council officially thanked him. Nevertheless, he prized Mrs. Baumgarten's praise most of all.

"I can mein vashing finish tomorrow," she enthusiastically declared. "You iss a vonder, Mr. Hoffstetter. For smartness and gootness, you iss der limit. You moost come by me for Sunday dinner."

The pretty widow seemed to grow more attractive every day. His heart thrilled proudly at her frank admiration, but that he might be in love with her never entered his mind. With proverbial German thick-headedness, he ascribed his many attentions to an abstract desire to do good. The widow, however, read him aright, and patiently waited. When at length the frequency of his visits doubled, and he still remained silent, she justly became exasperated.

The following Sunday, Hoffstetter and his nephew Henry dined with Mrs. Baumgarten

and her daughter. Clara and her beau disappeared soon after dinner, leaving the others to "do" the dishes. These washed and put away, the two strolled about the yard to look at the flowers.

"You ought to haf some new ahpple trees set oudt, Mrs. Baumgarten," asserted Hoffstetter. "Three of your trees haf died this vinter, und I see some more vat von't last anodder vinter through. There iss also a bad board in your front sidevalk. I vill come over tomorrow und make it fixed."

"Mr. Hoffstetter," said the other firmly. "I don't can let you do these things for me no more."

"No. Not so! Vhy not?"

"Mr. Hoffstetter," she returned with sudden resolution. "Do you know dot eferybody in this part of town iss talking about der ofeness you come here?"

"Himmel!" gasped her visitor, astounded.

"I feel dot I have did wrong in letting you do so mooch for me. I knowed dot it wasn't right for me to let you poot on und take off der storm vindows und make der garden planted. I told Clara so. But I didn't know vhere to turn. You see dot a widow voman iss so helpless und alone!"

She had played her widow's ace, but Hoffstetter blunderingly trumped it.

"Donnervetter! I vas glad to did these things for you, he earnestly answered. I luffs to help people in trouble. You know Mrs. Baumgarten, dot in a schmall vay I am a philanthrobust."

Her face reddened with vexation. Without a word, she turned back toward the house. Hoffstetter silently followed. He felt that she was justly angered, and that in some way he was wrong; but how, he could not imagine.

Suddenly she stopped, clutched his arm and tragically pointed to a rustic bench in the shelter of a clump of lilacs.

"Your nephew Hennie," she exclaimed. "Iss he, also, a philanthrobust?"

Incredulously Hoffstetter gazed toward the seat, where the young man sat with his arm about Clara's waist, and her pretty head resting upon his shoulder.

"Ach Gott, I told you wrong vhy I commt here," he cried, his eyes beaming with inspiration. "I am a philanthrobust no more. I am vat Hennie iss!"

Then, without further words, he clasped the willing widow in his arms.



# THE LONG ARM

By Celia Myrover Robinson

"I LOVE him!" sobbed my great-grandmother.

"Love him!" roared my great-great-grandfather. "Thou darest to tell me that to my face, huzzy? Scoundrel! Poltroon! Knave!"

The young man standing beside my great-grandmother made a step forward, and opened his handsome mouth to speak, but she slapped her hand upon it, and got in front of him, trembling in every limb from fright and anger. She turned a very beautiful and tearful face to the empurpled one of her raging parent.

"All my life," she said, between sobs, "I have been a good and dutiful daughter to thee, and thou hast been a good and indulgent father to me. Yet now, when I ask of thee the one thing wanting to make my life a perfectly happy one, thou refusest it. All my life thou hast granted all my whims, and now—"

She was interrupted by a splutter of rage from the chair, where, propped with pillows and bandaged of foot, my great-great-grandfather sat in durance vile, a victim to gout and ill-temper.

"Thou shouldst not marry him," he roared, "were he owner of all Virginia. Thinkest thou my daughter shall marry a traitor to his country? A consorter with scalawags and thieves! Thou art not worthy of the mother that bore thee, if thou thinkest so! As for thee, sirrah—"

The young man was white to the lips. He did not so much as glance at my great-great-grandfather. Instead, he turned his back upon him, and, bowing low, he took my great-grandmother's hand in his and laid it on his arm.

"Permit me!" he said, and led her to the door and bowed her out, and stood watching her with love shining in his face, as she went slowly up the stairs, with her flimsy, wet ball of a handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and her slender, disconsolate figure drooping like a broken flower. He stood watching her until

she reached the curve at the landing, and then she turned and paused for an instant, and smiled at him through her tears, and he smiled back at her, and, in lieu of anything better, kissed his hand. Then he closed the door quite gently, and went back and stood before the old man, whose face was black with passion, and whose tongue was silenced by rage.

"My lord," said the young man, and the full tones of his voice were even, and exceeding courteous, "I have taken many insults from thee, and have held my peace and bridled my passion, because thou art a man of years, and the father of the woman I love. My Lady Nancy—"

"Thou young dog!" roared the old man, "take not her name upon thy lips again, or I swear—"

The even tones went smoothly on:

"This evening thou hast said to me that which no man can say with impunity. Wert thou a few years younger, thou shouldst eat those words."

"Dost thou threaten me!" cried my great-great-grandfather, struggling and half rising from the chair, only to fall back again with an oath and a groan. His face was distorted with pain as well as with passion. A look of pity touched the young man's face for a moment, and he was silent until the paroxysm was past; then he continued:

"My lord, I have a few words to say to thee this night, and they are soon said. I love thy daughter, and she returns that love. She has given me her promise, and I swear before Heaven, until she voluntarily withdraws it, I shall hold her to it. I intend to make her my wife. I have asked thy consent, and thou hast refused it. I warn thee fairly. I shall marry her, either with, or without, thy consent; with, preferably, without, if necessary."

The old man, spent with rage and pain, was lying back exhausted, in his chair. The face was livid, but the dark eyes were burning with a brilliant, angry fire.

"No traitor to good King George shall have the hand of my daughter, and that I take oath on," he said. "Until this low fellow, Washington, turned thy head, I did not look upon thy suit with great disfavor. But now I tell thee, once and for all, marry my daughter thou shalt not, unless thou givest up thy following of this scoundrel—"

"Gently, my lord," interrupted the young man, with the first note of anger in his voice.

"Thou shalt not marry her with my consent; an' thou canst get her without, then will I bid thee Godspeed, and declare thee the better man of the two. But, mark me, my young sirrah,—there be few men can outwit my lord Stirling, an' thou wilt find, to thy sorrow. An' thou canst snare thy bird, thou mayst have her."

The young man bowed grandly.

"I am beholden to thee, my lord," he said. "May I ring for thee?" And, touching the bell, which the old man was trying in vain to reach, he bowed again, profoundly, and followed the soft-footed negro servant who answered the summons, from the room.

My great-great-grandfather was one of the early settlers of Virginia, having been given a grant of land by the crown, and was a loyal adherent of King George. Besides his vast tracts of fertile land, he was possessed of a pretty daughter and a tempestuous temper. And the pretty daughter was possessed of, besides her dower of beauty and gold, a pretty will of her own. Whence it came that in the nature of things, she gave her heart to the wrong suitor, one Fairfax, a brave fellow, a follower of George Washington, and an open denouncer of the crown and its policy.

With the politics of those troublous times this tale has naught to do. It is but the story of a woman's heart and a man's wit.

As my lord sat in his chair, propped and bandaged and suffering, his thoughts were bitter ones. Hot-tempered, opinionated, prejudiced, narrow, but loyal, his one absorbing passion, next to that for his sovereign, was his love for his daughter. She had grown from babyhood beside him, with no woman's care, her mother having died when giving her birth, and he had been to her father and mother, and she had been to him his little ewe lamb, which he bore in his bosom, tenderly.

As he sat and brooded, with his head upon his breast, the soft spring day drew to a fragrant

close, and the twilight fell. From the fields the call of the hands, returning from their work, came to him; and the notes of the birds, and the low of cattle. And the wind that stirred the dimity curtains brought a breath of the lilacs that lifted their sweet faces above the wide windowsill.

The old man's eyes closed, and a tear rolled down the ruddy cheeks. He sat sunk so deep in thought that he did not hear the door softly opened and closed, nor the footsteps that came lightly across the room; and so it was that he started violently, when he felt a light touch on his forehead, and, looking up, met his daughter's eyes.

"Dear," she said, "dear father!" And then she fell to sobbing, as she knelt beside him, with her arms about him, and her pretty yellow head on his breast.

The clinging arms aroused all the latent tenderness of his nature, but he did not respond to the touch, for he was sore wounded.

"Dear," she said, sobbing, "I have come to plead with thee again. An' thou lovest me, father—"

He put his big hand upon her lips.

"Hush!" he said. "I shall not speak to thee of this again, Nancy. I have given my final and irrevocable answer. Thou shalt never marry this man with my consent. An' thou canst marry him without it, well and good. But thou knowest me well enough to believe that he who outwits me need have a keen wit and a long arm. Now ring the bell, madam, for lights."

My Lady Nancy kept her room for the most part, in the days that followed, and my lord, having recovered from his gout and his rage, rode about his plantation in very good humor with himself, thinking to have put an end to all nonsense between the young people, and having faith in his power to prevent any further lovemaking or intrigue. Pretty Lady Nancy found herself under surveillance. Though her liberty was not curtailed, she needs must take all her walks abroad with her faithful mammy in attendance, who had her instructions to keep close watch on her young mistress, day and night. And orders were strict that young Fairfax be not permitted to show his countenance on the place.

As the days wore away, however, my lady became less and less moody, and when, now and then, her father heard a gay snatch of song, or her light laughter, he smiled, in his

turn, and felt confident of victory. Which showed that he was ill-versed in the ways of women.

Now it fell out that about this time my lord's coachman was stricken with a low fever, then raging in Virginia. It was especially unfortunate, as my lord was planning a trip across country to the next county, by private conveyance, to the home of a kinsman, where, as a reward for her docility, he was taking Nancy to spend a fortnight with her young cousins. My lord did not brook interference in his plans, and fumed a good deal, and found that what before had been a wish had now become a necessity. Go he must; yet the servants were needed on the plantation, and even were this not so, there was none whose services he could trust, as this man who lay a-dying. They had planned to go on a Wednesday, and it seemed to my lord a shabby trick in Providence, that the man should have fallen sick the week before, instead of the week after the journey.

But early on Monday morning, while he strode chafing and fretting, about the wide verandas, from whence he could look down on the sweeping Potomac, came a man with a letter from good Parson Overby, one of my lord's chosen spirits, and a great leader in those days of fermentation.

The letter ran:

"DEAR SIR:—Hearing of your dilemma, and having in my employ a good and faithful fellow, who would, I feel sure, prove of service to you, I beg that you will do me the favor of allowing me to recommend his good qualities. Not only does he thoroughly understand horses, but is also brave and honest. He is at your service, my dear sir, until such time as you choose to dismiss him from it.

"With my best wishes for yourself and my homage to my lady,

"I am, sir,

"Your Ob'd't humble servant,

"JAMES OVERBY.

The bearer of the letter was a tall, strongly-built fellow, with a dark, swarthy face, and closely curling black hair. A foreign-looking, silent man, and one whose appearance was no great recommendation. But the parson was one whom it was safest not to offend, as he was a power in politics as well as in the

church, and his friendship was of value. He was a jovial fellow, who loved to cross his legs under my lord's mahogany and drink his wine; a man who could sing a song or tell a tale or drink a bumper with the best of them. He and my lord were most congenial and, while my lord did not think much of the parson's taste in servitors, he dispatched a messenger with a letter, thanking good Parson Overby for his courtesies, and early on Wednesday morning they set out, being accompanied by several trusty men on horseback, well armed, as were the squire and his coachman. For the spirit of lawless adventure had spread from the old world to the new, and a Robin Goodfellow is not a pleasant fellow to meet when one is alone and defenceless.

The fields were green with springing grain, and through the forest the flowers were blossoming in bewildering confusion. My Lady Nancy sat back in her corner quite demurely. There was a little flush on the sweet face, and now and then, as she glanced at the old, nodding negress on the front seat, beside the straight-backed coachman, she smiled a little wicked smile.

Her father, well content that his plans had not miscarried; that the new man understood the handling of horses; and that his old coachman was better of his fever; talked garrulously all the day; of politics; of the crops; of the latest fashionable intelligence from England; and now and then unbent so far as to twit my lady, gently with her own inconstancy.

"Ah, thou young jade!" he said, "thou art all alike. It is soon off with the old and on with the new! I doubt me not that thou wilt soon console thyself! And who knows? Maybe, even now, thou art traveling as fast as thou canst to thy destiny!"

She took his raillery in good part.

"Thou shouldst congratulate thyself, sire," she said, "on having taught me such obedience."

"Aye, thou wert ever an obedient lass," he said, patting her hand, "and knowest how to give in gracefully, when thou art beaten."

"Yes, when I am beaten," she said, softly, with a dutiful smile.

Night was just coming on, and they were about to enter a small clearing, when one of the outriders rode up to them:

"My lord," he said, as he reigned in his horse, "there is a squad of men just beyond

this hill, to the left. There seems to be a half-dozen or more; they are riding this way, and I fear trouble."

"Nay," said my lord, "they are but travelers, like ourselves, I doubt not. If you are afraid of your shadow—"

"I am not afraid, my lord," said the young fellow, somewhat hotly, "but I thought it my duty to warn you. There! They are coming now."

He turned and pointed in the direction of a low hill, over the brow of which galloped six horsemen.

The coachman drew rein, as though to await orders, and the men on horseback drew closely around the carriage.

"Drive on!" thundered my lord, and they drove on.

The approaching horsemen came on swiftly, and as they drew near, it was easily seen that their coming boded no good. They were all well-built, sturdy fellows, the foremost among them, and evidently their leader, being a very giant. Their faces were concealed by masks, but they sat and rode their horses like gentlemen.

Their leader rode a little ahead and laid his hands upon the reins.

"Stand and deliver!" he said, and there was a laugh from his followers, and a note of mockery in his voice.

Every man's weapon was out now, on both sides.

My Lady Nancy sat up quite straight and pale in her corner, and did not flinch before the gleam of steel that flashed about her.

"Fire!" thundered my lord, and he aimed his own pistol at the leader. Then there was a laugh, a wild halloo, and a rush!

But not a shot was fired.

My lord's pistol gave a futile snap. Again and again he pulled the trigger. It had been tampered with.

"Fools!" he thundered to his men, "Shoot them down!"

But every man's pistol was in like condition to his own, and by the time they had reloaded, they were looking down the muzzles of their enemies' guns.

By this time my lord was out of the coach, and the coachman off the box; old mammy was quite awake, and rocking and praying in terror; My Lady Nancy stood as still and white as one of the sweet marsh lilies, her little hands clenched at her side.

But she was not beside her father, who was storming in impotent rage, closely covered by a revolver in the hands of the leader of the cavalcade; she was standing very near the coachman, in his blue coat, and she seemed half divided between laughter and tears.

Suddenly, as if at a signal, the masks were lifted, and the guns lowered.

And then my lord stopped in his tirade, his heavy jaw dropped, and he stood in silent astonishment, looking down the muzzle of Parson Overby's horse pistol. A shout and a ringing laugh went up, in which he could distinguish, he thought, the silvery peal of Nancy's mirth. He turned in her direction then, and swore a round oath.

She was standing beside the coachman, trembling a little, and her hand was on his arm, and she was looking up with a world of love and meaning in her eyes. He was looking down at her, and when my lord caught sight of him the old man started. The dark, swarthy face was surmounted by a crop of closely cropped curly yellow hair, which looked oddly out of place above the heavy, black brows, and in one hand he carried a black wig.

It was Hugh Fairfax.

"Thou art outwitted, my lord," said the parson, shaking with laughter. "All is fair in love and war. An' he could run away with his bonny bride he could have her, thou saidst. Well, he has run off with her under thy very nose, my lord. I am a good friend of yon Hugh Fairfax, in spite of his politics,—and of the little girl, and of thine, my lord. Thou hast been outwitted fairly; now give us thy hand, man, and thy blessing. He has her now, and he'll never give her back to thee I warrant. I know him well enow to say that. We are all thy good friends here,—thine, and his, and hers—here's the bride and the groom and the parson, and God's own temple, the green forest,—and her father to give her away. I doubt not Hugh has the ring and the license. Be a man, and own thou'rt beaten!"

And that is why my great-grandmother was married in Annersley woods, late one Spring evening, just as the sun was setting, and the air redolent of jessamine, and vocal with song; married in a little travel-stained linen gown and a little poke bonnet, and given away by my great-great-grandfather to his own coachman.

# NO MORAL

By Horace Edward Buker

I LEFT the cab before it came to a stop at the Sacramento depot, and, grasping my satchel, raced for the platform, where the wheels of the Overland Limited were just beginning to turn. In spite of the best efforts of my rheumatic old legs, the rear coach passed from my sight behind the building while I had yet a hundred feet to cover. Realizing the uselessness of further effort, and possibly considering the undignified appearance I presented, I subsided into a walk, and mentally blessed the President of the Oriole Mines, whose useless repetition of instructions had detained me the necessary minute.

Someone was puffing close behind me, and turning, I discovered a young fellow who, like myself, had given over the chase. He smiled, possibly at the lope which I am compelled to assume when hurried, and remarked:

"I think we would much prefer the one-five train, anyway."

Now, I have never been in the habit of making casual traveling acquaintances, but I could not resist the good nature which rang with his words, and found myself replying with some commonplace, while he fell into step at my side.

In front of the observatory clock, at the station, I examined my watch and found it correct, barring a few seconds. He made the usual motion toward his vest pocket, then seemed to remember something, and entered the waiting room.

Had I not been attracted to an unusual degree by this young man's football build and frank, boyish face, it is doubtful if I would have allowed my mind to dwell upon the incident. Still, as I paced the platform and enjoyed my cigar, I found his engaging personality to be continually uppermost in my thoughts. I found myself to be the victim of one of those unaccountable friendships, which, on occasions, one feels for the veriest stranger.

Unquestionably, he was a gentleman—

whatever his station in life, that fact was evident—and his apparel, though not stylish, would indicate that he was in fair circumstances. Still he carried no luggage, and it certainly looked as though his uncle had temporary possession of his time-piece.

I found myself glancing about among the groups awaiting the arrival of the local, hoping to catch another sight of my young acquaintance, but in vain. He had shown no disposition to force his company upon me, a fact which further disposed me in his favor. We testy old grayheads do not always wish to gabble with stray youngsters.

As the gateman called my train, I hastened to the ticket window, dropping my grip on the settle. I had just replaced my wallet, when I heard curses and scuffling in the room. I turned hurriedly and found my young acquaintance holding a trampish-looking man against the wall by the door, and bumping him vigorously. The fellow had my valise in his hand, but the boy gave him an extra jolt, and he let it fall.

Before I could hardly comprehend the situation, the thief slipped from his captor's grip, and crossing the platform, dodged behind some freight cars, closely pursued by several shouting boys.

"Hurry, if this is your train!" I exclaimed, securing my property, and leading the way. I took a seat in the smoker, and made room for him at my side.

"You did well to let the rascal go," I told him.

"I have no more desire than you to be detained here," he said, with a smile.

"You have made me your debtor," I continued. "Not considering the various shirts and socks and other necessary things which could be replaced at Reno, there were articles of greater value in that grip, the loss of which might have caused me great inconvenience."

"So you are bound for Reno, too," he asked.



"Yes; have you business there?" I inquired, hoping to draw him out.

He handed me his card, which indicated that one, Harold Brown, Attorney-at-Law, held forth at Marysville, California; then after a moment of hesitation, he said:

"I'm moving my shingle, which happens to be the total of my wealth, by easy stages, back to the good old Mississippi valley."

I felt that Reno was a mighty long way from his ultimate destination, but I simply handed him one of my Panatellas, and changed the subject.

We spoke of legal practice, and of my own profession, that of mining engineer, and by degrees I culled from his remarks the story of an unsuccessful fight for place and fortune. Brown was but another of those hasty young men who, not satisfied by moderate and slow success in their own country, turn to the over-heralded West, and find nothing but disappointment.

I studied his clear-cut face, topped by the wavy mass of brown hair, and my thoughts were not upon the youngster at my side, but upon a "Hal" of another day and generation. The mists of forty years rolled away, and I saw my chum at the stroke-oar, in the class-room; at his wedding—where I brought the ring and listened with every utterance piercing my heart, while the minister said the words which made me a bachelor.

I wiped my lenses, and glanced again at my companion. I could not now understand why I had not known him from the first. Why, the young rascal had taken his first steps to me; I had held him in my arms by the hour, and regaled his fancy with thrilling fabrications. That was long ago—before the old firm of Brown & Company had gone to the wall; long before I was compelled to get out and hustle, myself.

We were passing Auburn, where the clean little white cottages perched recklessly upon the green Sierra slopes reminded one irresistibly of the storied "Spotless Town." Through a great wooden sluice, which twisted and curved its way down the mountain, came rushing the clear, sparkling water from the peaks.

Brown took in the scene through the window, as the train slowed up.

"This place looks good to me. I've half a mind to try it," he said.

"Ride your ticket out, and get your money's

worth," I said, and laughed. "This place is a noted health resort, and more crowded even than your old town."

He sank back in his seat with a laughing resignation.

This seemed to me the occasion for the delivery of a little advice, so adjusting my spectacles with a judicial air, I glared at him over the rims, and held his attention.

"The trouble with you, young man," I began, "is lack of stability. I do not question your knowledge, but you want to succeed too fast. I have known—ahem—a person very similar to you in temperament. He never could make a permanent success, just because of impatience. At last, in his declining years, he reached for the governor's chair, which he might have had twenty years before, but for his impulsiveness."

He gave me a glance of wonder and suspicion, but I returned it with assumed innocence.

"Now if you had remained at Minot—" I started, thoughtlessly, when the expression of his face changed suddenly.

"What do you know about Minot?" he gasped, and then I realized what a break I had made.

"Did you not mention some time ago that your home was there?" I suggested, blaming myself the while for a careless old fool.

"Perhaps I may have said something of the kind," he admitted, although I could see that he was puzzled.

We were nearing the crest of the Sierras, and darkness had overtaken us. Such glimpses as we could get of the rugged mountain scenery was far from satisfying, and as the youngster seemed disinclined for further conversation, I filled in the time by shuffling over a pack of letters and ostensibly scanning their contents.

The one in particular which I wanted did not seem to be among these, but at last I found it in my wallet, and surreptitiously re-read its contents. The envelope had been postmarked at the capitol of a state in the middle West, less than two weeks before, and some of the words penned by the governor's own hand were as follows:

"Should business ever call you north of Sacramento, I hope you will take time to call on Harold. He has a law office at Marysville, and from his letters I think he is doing well. Still, since my recent return to power

and influence, I am sure that the home field offers him greater inducements. I have repeatedly written him to come home, but can hear nothing definite from him. The junior partnership in our largest law firm here is open to him, if he does not delay too long. Persuade him to come, if you can; for assured success awaits him here. And then there is the girl—Tommy Warner's daughter—who has been waiting for him to come back and claim her. They correspond, but the boy fails to toe the mark, and I can't understand it. Tell him who you are, and poke him up a bit, for the sake of your old chum and his dad." The imposing signature, familiar to state officials, was omitted, and just a scrawling "Hal" closed the missive.

I had a job marked out for me, but how to accomplish it was beyond my present knowledge. I knew the breed, and knew that they must be handled with gloves. And yet, as Fate had delivered the youngster into my hands, it was my plain duty to ship him back east as quickly as possible.

The young fool intended to allow the chance of a lifetime to slip through his fingers, just because he was too proud to acknowledge defeat. I did some tall thinking the next hour or so, and even when we stepped off the train together at Reno, I did not feel sure of my plan. Why the boy had chosen this God-forsaken hell-hole, I could not understand, unless that horrible yearning for the East had got him, and his cash wouldn't carry him on to Ogden. I used to feel that way myself, before I got used to it.

I could see disappointment on Brown's face as he stared across the wide, empty plaza toward where the row of low buildings almost dazzled us with their brilliant lights.

"I have made another mistake," ventured Hal Jr., sarcastically, as he paused to survey the scene. "It's bartenders, not lawyers, who are needed here."

"High-grade faro-dealers and roulette men are always in demand," I assured him, following his line of thought. "In the way of minor skilled labor there is considerable call for cappers."

I guess at first he thought that I was really suggesting these elevating pursuits for his guidance; for he gave me a look almost savage. I laughed, and led him across the hard-baked earth for a closer inspection of the joints. He was pretty thoroughly dis-

couraged and disgusted I could see, and I tried my best to cheer him up.

"Do you ever play roulette?" I asked, casually.

"I haven't recently," he said.

I had an appointment to meet the Oriole's superintendent at nine o'clock, and was already overdue, but I wished to keep the boy occupied until I could attend to his case.

Pointing down the street toward the most pretentious place of all, I asked him to meet me there toward midnight, and added incidentally that the game was straight.

"I like to watch the wheel pretty well, myself," I fibbed, "but I have a great faith in beginners' luck, and if you'll play this twenty for me, we'll divide the profits."

For a time he seemed disposed to refuse, though I knew that he was just aching to wrestle the price of a ticket East from old Dame Fortune. By adroitly presenting the matter in the light of a personal favor, I finally gained his consent, and watched him disappear through the doors of "Frank's Place" before I started to find my man.

If that boy's mother knew what I had put him up to, I am afraid she would have lost all confidence in me as a guide for youth. I figured simply that he was no child or weakling, and that, if luck favored him, here was a chance to make good. I knew that he would never accept money as a hand-out, and I wanted him to get back home pretty bad.

It was nearly one in the morning before I finished my conference and found time to look up my young representative. All the tables at "Frank's" were busy, and a crowd surrounded the wheel. Brown did not appear to be there, and I thought regretfully that he had probably lost all he had, and had gone to the hotel.

Not wishing to appear anxious, I stepped to the bar and conversed over a glass with the proprietor, with whom I had an acquaintance.

Finally I strolled toward the wheel and looked over the heads of the spectators. There seemed to be but one man playing against the house, and he sat entrenched behind a fortress of chips. I looked again, and my old heart leaped with excitement as I recognized young Hal. He played them high, and with perfect coolness, though his face was flushed slightly with the tension.

Taking care not to offend, I began gently

to work my way toward the table. Having some knowledge of the value of Frank's chips, I estimated that the twenty had already been run into thousands. However, I had seen too much of this sort of thing to believe that it could last, and now my only desire was to pull the winner away before he lost it all.

At length I stood at his elbow, but he was too engrossed to notice. An attendant brought a glass of whiskey and set it upon the chips, but I reached out and secured it, handing it back to the fellow with a shake of my head.

"Your son, Mr. Crassier," he murmured.

"Yes!" I thundered, and the boy looked up just a moment and smiled.

As he seemed to be steadily winning, I said nothing. He seemed to be playing almost entirely on the colors, though occasionally he took a flyer on the numbers. Finally, actuated by what whimsical notion I know not, he settled down upon the number thirteen, losing each time and playing higher the next. I felt that it was almost time to interfere, but dreaded to do so. I had made up my mind to stop him if he lost again, when he shoved a stack of browns upon the same old number.

The reckless audacity of the play caused a murmur to run through the crowd. It certainly looked to me like the height of foolishness, but the banker cut the pile down half with a caution about the limit.

I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs as the little ball spun round and round, tried to settle in the thirty-one, carromed off the ten, and finally found a resting place.

"Thirteen, black and odd," announced the croupier, monotonously.

"Game is closed!" said the banker.

The crowd pressed in upon us. Hal rose slowly from his seat with a dazed look upon his face, while the banker stacked off his winnings. An attendant brought the proprietor and we carried the chips to the office for settlement.

"That boy of yours struck me pretty hard," remarked Frank, as he opened his safe.

"He needs it," I said, "He's going to marry a girl back East."

We were counting the chips, but Hal passed

to give me another of those puzzled, inquiring looks. I smiled back at him, but said nothing.

Frank counted out all the money he had in the safe, then ran over it again, and finally said: "There's only a little over five thousand here. I'll have to give you my check for the balance."

"Perhaps the governor and the girl will think that business is pretty good in Marysville," I said to the boy.

The proprietor having settled accounts, stepped out to look after his other games, and left us staring at each other over the wad of money. Hal began to divide the winnings into two piles, but I stopped him.

"Are you going to marry Tom Warner's girl just as soon as she will let you?" I queried.

"I am, sir, but how the blazes—"

"All right," I interrupted, "When the knot is tied, you hand her my share of this money as a wedding present from John Crassier."

A flash of remembrance crossed his face, and I handed him the letter which his father had written me.

"And mind you," I warned. "You met me at Marysville, and I persuaded you to abandon your lucrative practice to please your father. That's what I'm going to write him, and you needn't make me out a liar."

Several days later, my business having come to an unsatisfactory conclusion, I stood with one foot upon the step of my west-bound car, when I chanced to espy a familiar face among the group of station loungers. I had not seen Frank since that eventful night until now, and thought he had started East at once.

He tried to avoid me, but I grasped his arm hurriedly just as the conductor's "All Aboard" rang out.

"Why haven't you gone?" I hurriedly queried.

"Cash gone," he confessed, shamefacedly.

"For the love of Heaven, how?"

"Back where it came from."

The train was moving, and I was due in the city that night.

"You fool," I said, with perhaps too much anger. "Now show yourself a man. Can you?"

"I will," he promised as I swung aboard.

# A PAIR OF SHOULDER STRAPS

## A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "The Whip Hand," etc.

IT was a long while before my ablest efforts could induce the insurgent general's little daughter to quit her hammock on the palace porch and come to the one little grated window of my prison. She seemed to possess a radical fear of everything American, animate or inanimate. She was perhaps in the first year of her teens, and the merest slip of a girl. She made me think of some frail plant long denied the life-giving properties of the sunlight. She would not come close at first, but stood a little way off and regarded my unshaven face as though it were an object of deepest curiosity. At that moment I would gladly have paid the price of my freedom for the vilest razor. Not that I was excessively vain or hopeful of establishing myself in the coy little maid's affections, but, being the only American in the rebel capitol, I felt the responsibility of fitting representation.

"*Que quiere?*" she inquired tentatively from the cover of a lime-bush.

"Only to beg a sunbeam," I said persuasively in the tongue I had learned.

She eyed me curiously, making no reply. Obviously she thought me demented.

"Come nearer," I entreated, "I have something to tell you."

She advanced a few paces and queried timidly, as if sounding my reason:

"What does the *Americano* say about sunbeams?"

Her small, oval face, I made mental note, was Spanish in every line and of rare beauty.

"I would humbly beg a beam of sunshine from the myriad that dance about you there," said I; "you see, these bars admit only darkness."

"Oh, now I understand!" she exclaimed quickly, somewhat relieved if still afraid. "You are lonely."

"Yes, very lonely," I admitted, "but why do you fear one who could not harm you if he wished?"

She sighed and her sombre, dark eyes sought the hem of her *pina* skirt.

"There are many reasons why we fear the Americans," she said; "they are wicked and untamed, like the barbarous tribes of our native mountains."

My unbeauteous beard did me the service of hiding a smile at her frank observation, ere I selfishly sacrificed State to individual well-being.

"Yes," I agreed, "for the most part my people are very wicked, but, even as in your own country, the mad desire for political greatness is the cause. Surely you cannot blame one so humble as myself, for making war and destroying your people?"

The intonation of her own vibrant voice had given her confidence, and her fears were vanishing as dew in the sunshine. Unfortunately for me her inquisitive eyes had run down a faded shoulder-strap, which I had indiscreetly exposed above the window-sill.

"Is your part in the great struggle so humble then?" she asked.

I blundered into her trap with all the good-natured clumsiness of a cub bear.

"Indeed," I prevaricated, visions of freedom inspiring mendacity; "I am but a soldier—a mere rifleman."

Her bright face instantly clouded, and whatever it had shown of compassion gave place to fine indignation.

"Your window is small, *Senor*," she said almost regretfully, "yet quite large enough to betray a fraud. For such as you, it were better entirely walled up!"

Her bleak tones sent a chill along my spine, and yet enraged me, for with them, I believed, trembling off into space, went my last chance of succor. Tearing the tell-tale insignia from my uniform I threw them after her as she turned and walked arrogantly away. Then, in a remote sanctum of my heart, where hope had long fought off despair, I felt the wretch-

edness of surrender; and sinking upon the dank floor of my cell I cursed the stupidity that had destroyed my final chance of liberty.

A month dragged slowly by and the girl came no more. Then, one day, I caught my spirited little acquaintance passing immediately under my prison window. I fear policy dominated friendship in my motive, but I dropped a word of greeting, and she paused, looked up and started violently at the sight of my lengthened beard and sunken eyes.

"Are you ill?" she asked, not without some solicitude.

"No, not ill," said I, "only starving."

"But you are a *captain*", she charged. I discovered it from the little baubles which you threw after me in anger. A servant brought them to me."

"Yes, I am a captain," I acknowledged, "but not a complaining one."

"Then why your salutation?"

"I was pining for a little adventure," said I truthfully. "Things magnify or mimic in interest according to circumstances. My mere conversing with you now is to me a positive adventure. On the same hypothesis, a bat pursuing a mosquito in my little inclosure here becomes a veritable battle of Waterloo. If the capital were attacked I should doubtless be able, from the same view-point, to form a correct conception of a stupendous international conflict!"

Again she was regarding me curiously, perhaps doubting my sanity.

"I am to be your jailor," she suddenly announced, breaking my train of thought. "Every available soldier goes to-morrow to fight the *Americanos*."

"I am fortunate," said I, a faint hope quickening my pulse.

"Yes," she concurred, "I shall have a mason close up this window, lest your strange gestures and quaint phrases again attract me here."

Remembering her remark of a month since, I shot a quick glance of alarm at her face, but was infinitely relieved to note that her full lips were parted in mirth.

From the street came the sound of heavy feet and jangling steel, and a look of sudden alarm chased away her flickering smile.

"It is father," she said softly; he loves me, though he would not hesitate to kill me if——"

She disappeared among the trees just in time to escape detection by a fierce-visaged

insurgent officer, who at that moment swung in to view at the head of a long column of dejected-looking native troops.

Next morning, the town was as innocent of soldiers as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Early in the day my little keeper brought me half a cocoa-nut shell full of steaming chicken broth, some boiled rice and some fruit. It seemed sumptuous fare, for I had not seen its like in many months. The gracious giver did not push it through the grate of my window as the soldiers had done, but unlocked and entered my cell without taking the precaution to re-lock the huge, iron door. At last! My opportunity had come. A breath of cool, delicious morning air rushed in and fanned my feverish cheek as an angel's wing, and a maniac yearning for the great world without seized me. With one swift bound I was past my jailor and at the door, but there I paused, turned and looked back. She had made no effort to intercept me. She stood gazing at me in wonder, as if she had not thought my shrunken limbs capable of such antics. Hesitating there, I tried to think how the world would regard one guilty of taking advantage of a helpless girl. Presently I felt sure I knew; and a strange impulse sent me slowly back to my little warden, from whose slender hands I accepted the food, cursing under my breath the silly scruples that make weak women of strong men.

A grave smile kindled on the wine-red lips of the girl.

"When you have finished you may go," she said simply. "Had you gone by virtue of superior strength, and had my aim not failed, you would be in another world now!"

Thus mysteriously speaking, she drew from the folds of her ample gown and extended toward me a tiny revolver.

"Perhaps *Americanos*, even captains, are not all without honor," she observed musingly as I dazedly accepted the weapon.

In the atmosphere of a new affinity, we both sat down upon the rude bench of my cell. I tried to eat but could not swallow. Haply it was because I was full—full of a strange tumult not unlike the throbbing of engines, that seemed to hinder each intake of breath and balk pulsation. The hand of my good angel was not white. The stain of alien blood had melted through the otherwise peach-pink skin. But I begged to kiss it, and its owner consent



ed after the amiable manner of sweet children; and then I went, unmolested, out into the great glorious world, which never before had looked so splendid and so vast.

I shunned the traveled ways and toiled northward through jungle and marsh, strength gradually failing me until at nightfall I sank exhausted beneath the tree-top canopy of a great forest. I thought not of the hunger that tore at my vitals, but slept as only a listless, worn-out man can sleep. Just before dawn the following morning the sound of crashing rifle volleys brought me to a sitting posture, and turned my thoughts, for the first time since possessing it, upon the little weapon which constituted my entire means of defense. On first awaking I was beset by a great weakness, but the spiteful snap and crackle of shots sent the lazy blood dancing through my veins, even as they had done on the day when the impulse they kindled made me a prisoner of war. Myself once more, I sprang up and sought the long-denied perfume of battle. The first whiff of its low-floating rack delighted the olfactory sense and cleared my muddled brain. It came from a sinister, long line of Remingtons and Mausers. I saw the sharp tongues of fire they spat forth as I stood in the verdant fringe of a great flat field, across which a thin line of khaki-clad figures was steadily, unflinchingly advancing in the half-light of dawn. Anon I saw many of the men in khaki fall, but the intervals only widened to equalize the gaps they left, and the thinning brown line came on irresistibly, inevitably. There are times when one has cause to be proud of one's nationality. A moment I watched the unwavering advance, thrilling at the splendid spectacle. Then my blood seethed and surged and my brain whirled like drunk.

"Grand! Glorious!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, and imprudently bursting from cover I ran toward the on-coming men in brown. I was between the lines. Brass-jacketed Remington missiles sang lyrics of death in my drumming ears and cavorted merrily about my racing feet, but I laughed in mad mockery at their futility and sped on. Alas for him who challenges fate! Something blazing-hot, heavy and penetrating, slipped queerly under my shoulder-blade and seemed pierce to my inmost vitals. Despite my determination to ignore the thing my speed slackened. Ah! at last I had guessed it. I

was shot. Simply shot, that was all. The knowledge did not much alarm me, yet somehow—

My swaying knees suddenly gave way; I fell forward upon my face and felt the soft, moist earth forcing its way into my half-open mouth. Then, even at daybreak, the blackness of midnight fell upon my senses.

On a rude cot in the shade of a clump of bamboos, I returned to a consciousness of things mundane. My body was stiff as a plaster cast in bandages, and any effort to move cost me a twinge. A rough "dough-boy" lounging near me was generously giving a comrade information about the fight.

"We're gittin' back at 'em for their deviltry now; caught the whole gugu army, I think; even down to the old 'dobe general and his kid daughter—and say!—she's a stunner as to looks, and whiter than you or me."

"Wonder what they will do with the gugu war boss, now they've got him?"—from the uninformed.

"Oh, ain't you heard? He's goin' to stretch hemp at Tarlac to-morrow; and it's a becoming industry for him, too. He's the one that had all them innocent marines shot down without so much as a hearin'. Outside of our own first sergeant, Micky O'Connor, I reckon he's the toughest guy on earth."

"*Senor! Senor!*"

There was a certain soft vibration in the new voice that caused me to turn toward it, grimly accepting the racking pain the movement inflicted. A dozen yards away, gazing at me through a little barred window, not unlike the one I had long known, was my good angel of liberty. But no smile played round the chubby, pink lips, nor did the luminous, dark eyes longer hold the mild suggestion of mischief which I had once remarked there. A cloud of deep anxiety upon her wontedly bright face forced her father's plight upon my senses, and I winced from a pain excruciating and hitherto unexperienced.

"Yes, *Senor*, it is I—I recognized you by the wee revolver which lies by your side;"—in answer to my questioning stare. "I would only beg the return of a sunbeam. I am in sore need of its influence now, and you are the only one having the power to bestow whom I may ask."

I found my voice—or was it mine?—with difficulty.

"How—how is it that you are here among

the blood-stained servants of Mars?" I wheezed.

"My father—I could not remain away from him when danger threatened. He lies wounded there"—pointing—"his last night—on earth. One of your people came and told me—one who wore these same dreadful emblems of authority and—death"

Faltering her thin voice trailed away into tense quiet as she held up before my eyes a pair of shoulder-straps—my own! Then in a sickening flash of comprehension the import of her words came home to me. She had given me liberty and life, daring the fury of a parent who lived but to avenge treason. She had violated a filial obligation that I, an enemy sentenced to death, might live. The chance to reciprocate was at hand, but a thought of what it involved fairly staggered my reason. I must set at large a fire-brand among tinder, release from custody a murderer, one whose edict had taken the lives of my own countrymen. "Never!" I resolved. But a pair of doleful, dark eyes beyond the grated window looked imploringly into my soul and something said, "Consider."

From her view-point it was impossible for my little Samaritan to appreciate my position. I endeavored to make clear to her that the honor which she had but lately revered, though to her changed of aspect, was honor still and would be sacrificed. But with the life of one's parent in jeopardy how can one see impartially? The small, flower-like prisoner only contracted her smooth brow in distress and held me with her dolorous, lamb-like eyes. It was aught but easy to turn my head away while those eyes were searching mine for the faintest sign of yielding. I could only *tear* my gaze from that of my little heroine; and long after the wine-red sun had extinguished its fires in the far-off crimson sea I lay sleepless and vainly strove to shut out of my vision the soulful, pleading look that held me still a prisoner. At last I slept and dreamed the most realistic dream of my life. I dreamed that I slept, and that a treasonable act committed by a somnambulist would not be punishable by law. And while yet I *dreamed* this, a strange sub-consciousness told me that opposing sides of my nature were struggling for mastery. Ultimately a great peace stole over me. I rose and deliberately set free the girl whose appealingly eyes had so

stirred my emotions. It was an ideal moonlit night. There, in my dream, I saw her as plainly as it is possible for human eyes to see an object. Never have I forgotten the look with which the little moon-sprite expressed her gratefulness; nor has the memory fled of how she reached up with her soft, delicately moulded arms and drew me down from my six feet that she might leave a velvet kiss clinging to my weather-beaten cheek. She slipped something into my hand. I held it up to my eyes and the white moonlight showed me my shoulder-straps.

"Always wear them," she admonished with seeming precocity; "if they work a minimum of evil they inspire a maximum of good."

I deposited them in a pocket of a woollen night-shirt I wore, and stood watching her retreating figure as it swerved to avoid detection by a passing sentry and then dissolved in the ocean of pale moonlight. Such was my strange dream.

I awoke at dawn, and sat bolt upright with a suddenness in no wise becoming an invalid. Some devilish dream was still rioting in my brain. I was strangely conscious of a sense of *guilt*. The mysterious realism of my dream made it difficult for me to believe that I had *not committed* the crime even as I had dreamed it. As I sat groping in conjecture and fear a sentry with dilated eyes and ashen face rushed past me. In a trice, the entire camp was a scene of commotion. Both the doomed insurgent general and his daughter the cry went, had been set free during the night by the enemy's spies masquerading as cart-drivers. Three of these native employees were missing from the corral, which was hypothetical evidence of the stratagem.

The surgeon on his morning rounds inquired if I had slept well, and informed the nurse aside (my profession induces long ears) that I was going into typhoid. Later, as the attendant removed my night-shirt to facilitate the adjustment of bandages, a pair of shoulder straps fell from one of the pockets, causing me to spring out of bed in delirious horror.

"Curse those things!" I cried. "How came they —"

I broke off and shuddered at thought of the awful truth. And when the surgeon came again the nurse told him that my fever was taking an alarming form.

# The MYSTERY of RAVENOKE RUINS

By Baruch Israeli

"YES, Mr. Sheriff, it is a bad cut," said Dr. Goodwin, "but he'll pull through, I think, if he is careful. He mustn't be moved until I see him again to-morrow. My directions must be followed to the letter. No light. Let him take this mixture if he is feverish. He can have milk, boiled; bouillon, broth. Some one must remain by his side, constantly.—Are you coming along with me, Mr. Sheriff? Oh, you are going to Houston, first, are you? Sorry. I must hurry back, you know. A physician isn't his own master.—Well," he turned to the patient and attendant, "good-by and good luck."

Frank Goodwin was a young physician, several and twenty years old. He had but recently settled in the county. He was building up a good practice, and was well liked. It was believed, in fact, that his ancestors originally belonged to this section.

"Well, Jim," Frank called to the stable-boy, when he emerged from the cottage, "well, Jim, is Peg all right?—Yes, Peg, here is your sugar," Goodwin addressed the horse, as the stable-boy brought him forward, all groomed and saddled. Pegasus took his lump of sugar and munched away at it with a relish. "We have thirty miles to cover, old fellow, and it is a bit cloudy," continued the young man, glancing at the skies above. "It looks as if we were going to have a squall or something. I think, Peg, old boy, we'll have to spread our wings a little to-night. Else we'll never get home, and get drowned, perhaps, into the bargain."

Frank attached his instrument case and medicine bag to the saddle, sprang lightly into it himself, and was off like a flash. In order to save time and cut the distance as short as possible, he abandoned the roads and chose the cross-fields. Pegasus took fence and ditch instinctively.

Mount and rider had covered nearly half the distance when an angry wind began to blow. Overhead the clouds lowered menacingly, lightning zigzagged weirdly, and thun-

der clashed against thunder ominously. Suddenly the whole world was ablaze, and the earth seemed to be torn in twain. The beast reared from fright, but the man controlled him. In another moment everything was plunged into inky blackness, and nothing, beyond one's nose could be distinguished. Frank, hoping to make cover somewhere, dug his spurs into the animal's flanks, and the horse, with an angry snort, leaped ahead. There were a few big water drops, then the rain came down in a torrent, while it blew great guns from the north. The young man bent his head over the horses' neck, and Pegasus plodded along through the soggy marsh.

"Hello, what is that?" cried the doctor suddenly. "A light, as I live! what luck! There is a chance for shelter over yonder, Peg, old boy. Wonder whose place it is?" Frank urged on his companion. The latter, scenting fodder and rest, willingly redoubled his pace. In ten minutes the young man knocked with whip-butt sharply against the gate. "Hey, there!" shouted he, as to loud and repeated knocking no response came. "Hey, there, are you all dead?" Convinced that further waiting would be vain, Goodwin jumped from the saddle and tried the gate. It opened easily. Leading Pegasus by the bridle, he passed into a small yard. A lighted lantern indicated a stable. In a few moments the tired horse was made fast to a post, the bit removed from his mouth, and he was made comfortable with hay and oats.

"And now we shall see where we are," said the curious young scientist. He felt instinctively for his gun.—Dr. Goodwin never ventured forth at night unless armed—and started on his investigation. A gravelled walk led from the stable through a garden to the manor-house. The house was massive, two-storied, with an abundance of gables and outbuildings. It was lighted up brilliantly, as if for some splendid *fete*. Frank knocked for admission, but elicited no response. He entered unbidden. There were servants moving quickly back and

forth, but no one paid the least attention to the newcomer. "Funniest place I ever struck in my life," was his silent comment, a remark he had occasion to repeat several times that evening.—He laid off his drenched coat and hat, felt again for his revolver, and advanced boldly.

Strains of lively music attracted the visitor to a large, high-ceilinged reception hall. The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all in festal array, in the costumes of a century ago. The furniture and hangings were rich and colonial. A rare Persian carpet lay on the floor. The ceiling was frescoed with angels and cupids, while from the centre hung a fine cut-glass chandelier, ablaze with light. On the mantle-piece was an embankment of roses, heliotropes, forget-me-nots, with ferns and smilax; while from the lintels of doors and windows were suspended festoons of evergreen and wreaths of laurel. In the middle of the room stood an altar, at one side of which a priest in full vestments and four choir boys were quietly waiting.

Frank stepped in after a momentary hesitation. No one interfered with him, no one welcomed him. "A curious people," thought he.

Presently a young officer in blue—handsome, tall, and broad-shouldered—entered the room, escorted by several brother officers. These were followed by six young ladies, all in diaphanous white and gold; in their midst was a girl with a bridal veil. The bride was tall, graceful, and exceedingly fair. The veiled lady and the officer stopped in front of the altar. The priest performed the marriage ceremony. The groom kissed the bride, the couple were congratulated on all sides, then led the procession out of the reception hall.

The wedding party entered a banquetting hall. The uninvited guest followed. Long tables, with immaculate linen, fine china, cut glass, and silver, extended nearly from wall to wall. Bride and groom occupied the head of the table, and the feast began. Course after course followed in rapid succession viands were served in abundance to all. There was a lively hubbub of conversation, but Frank made nothing tangible out of it. Finally glasses were filled with sparkling champagne, all guests stood up, and toasted bride and groom with a will and a cheer.

All this time Goodwin was completely ignored. He was not merely surprised, he

was nettled. "If my presence here is not wanted," thought he, "why don't they tell me to get out?" He was more than once tempted to shout his presence; it was his good breeding alone that prevented him from doing it. "I must have struck an idiot asylum," decided he.

Presently the bridal couple marched out of the room, and the party scattered through various doors. The doctor noticed a library to his right, and decided to take a look at the books there. "At all events," said he, "I seem to have the liberty of the house." Numerous volumes lined the walls, some bound in leather, some in parchment, some small, others folio-sized. On a table near a window the young man noticed a fine volume of Celsus. He drew up a chair, opened the book and was soon absorbed in that ancient medical treatise.

Suddenly the reader felt compelled to look up. To his great amazement he saw the door facing him open, and some one, with a burden in his arms, coming in. It was the groom, carrying the bride, whom he deposited upon a couch. "Does he bring her to me for professional advice?" wondered the physician. Evidently not. For the groom, with drawn sword, now hastened back to the door through which he had come, closed it, and was about to bolt it. It was thrown violently open, however, and a number of redcoats burst in. The newcomers made a fierce onslaught upon the groom. The latter defended himself valiantly, but was compelled to give ground and retire gradually towards the couch. "It must be a dispute about the lady," thought Goodwin. Because of the great disparity between the combatants, he determined to come into the affray. His repeated efforts, however, were unavailing; he could not stir a limb, he could not move a muscle, he seemed to be built of lead.

That extraordinary and unequal combat did not last long. The groom did, indeed, for a time, succeed in preventing his assailants from reaching his bride. He did more, he felled two of his persistent antagonists. It all ended, as was to have been expected, in his falling himself at the feet of the lady. There was a shriek—a shriek of terror and of anguish,—a shriek that made Goodwin's hair stand on end, a frost creep down his spine. He was ashamed and disgusted to sit idly by, while a tragedy was being enacted under his

very eyes; but a spell had been cast over him, and he was helpless and paralyzed. The leader of the reds had approached the woman, and attempted to seize her. The latter, contempt in her eyes, horror in her face, snatched a silver-handled dagger from the library-table, and plunged it into her heart. The next moment the lifeless form of what was but a while ago so full of loveliness and grace, lay prostrate upon the figure of the husband of a night.

Right on the heels of this tragedy, a band of swordsmen in blue rushed into the room. There was a fight, brief but fierce. The blues outnumbered and outfought the reds, disarmed, bound, and removed them. A middle-aged man now came in, knelt by the side of the bridal couple, felt their pulse and hearts, mournfully shook his head, and rose again. The two unfortunates were tenderly lifted by the blues and carried out of the room. The fallen redcoats were likewise dragged out.

"By Jove!" cried the young man as he jumped up—he now felt free to move as he would,—“by Jove! Did I fall asleep over this Celsus and dream a nightmare?” He walked back and forth and instinctively sought for traces of blood, but saw none. He lifted the heavy window-curtains, and perceived that it was still raining furiously. His watch showed him that it was past midnight. “What a horrible, horrible nightmare!” he kept saying to himself. “I can’t remain in this room any longer.”

Frank left the library, crossed the corridor, and entered the family dining-room. He sank into a chair, pulled out a cigar and lit it. He tried to smother his thoughts in smoke, but his mind rebelliously dwelt on the library scene.

While Goodwin was thus pre-occupied, the door opened and two servants in mourning livery came in. Each carried two large brass candle-sticks with big wax candles alight, which they placed each side the large dining-table. Other servants followed with two caskets, covered with black cloths, which they deposited upon the table. Four prisoners—Frank recognized in them the assailants upon the groom of a few minutes before—were now brought in by two soldiers in blue. Finally, three military officers, grave and dignified, marched in, and took seats at the head of the table.

From what followed the unbidden witness made out the proceedings of a drum-head court-martial. He wished to utter his testimony, he attempted to shout aloud and tell all he had seen. But the doctor could not utter a syllable, nor move a muscle. The trial ended, and the prisoners were removed. The recorder now made out the report of the case in triplicate, which was signed by the judges.

The covers had been removed and lids raised during the trial. The servants now filled the caskets with spices, put in a paper-roll with the report into each, nailed down the lids, and replaced the cloths. The caskets were then carried out in solemn procession. In a moment, officers, soldiers, servants, lights,—all vanished.

“Another nightmare?” wondered the traveler? He felt again free to move. “I believe this place is bewitched. I won’t remain here a moment longer,” he determined. He seized his hat and coat—they were almost dry, now—and rushed out of the house. “What a relief!” murmured he, as he stepped into the night. He stood still for a moment, inhaling the fresh, pure air. The rain had ceased. The vault overhead was rich and blue and diamond-studded. “It is a glorious night!” thought the young man, and a moment later the gravel rattled under his feet.

Frank did not proceed far. A few yards ahead he perceived a rustic seat. He felt sleepy and tired, and so, in spite of his resolution, he fell into the rustic bench and closed his eyes. He soon opened them again, however. The solemn dirge of a funeral march reached his ears, and his curiosity was aroused. And what did he see? There was a funeral procession from the manor-house towards a clump of trees a few yards away from where he was sitting. Here was an open grave, evidently newly dug. The coffins which he had seen in the dining-room, were brought to the grave. The priest who had performed the marriage ceremony, now solemnly chanted the burial service. The caskets were lowered into the grave, taps were sounded, and military honors rendered. Earth was now thrown in, the funeral party vanished, and Goodwin was once more alone.

Goodwin sprang to his feet. “By Heaven!” cried he, “if I tarry here any longer I shall certainly lose my reason altogether.” He started on a run towards the stable. “But



no," declared he before mounting his horse, "no; before I go, I'll mark the burial-place, at all events." He picked up an old board, and, by means of his jack-knife, fashioned a rude cross, and notched it with his own initials for identification. He now returned towards the final resting place of bride and groom, and drove his cross into the mound. Feeling that he had done his duty, he sought Pegasus, loosened and mounted him, and rode home without further incident.

At eleven o'clock the following morning the over sheriff called upon Dr. Goodwin to talk the fate of his patient of the preceding day.

"He'll do very well, Mr. Tompkins, I think," said the doctor. "I'll ride over to-day to see how he is doing. I'd like you to come along."

The sheriff had no objections. Frank proposed to ride across-fields, to which again the other agreed. The ride was uneventful until they came upon Ravenoke Ruins.

"I wouldn't pass through here after night-fall," said Mr. Tompkins gravely, "for either love or money."

"Why, Mr. Sheriff," inquired the doctor, indifferently.

"Because," answered the sheriff, "because this is the worst haunted spot on God's earth. That shed there is used by farm hands in the day-time, but none of them will venture here at night.—Hello, what is that?" exclaimed he. "See that cross yonder, among that clump of trees? I've never seen it before. Let's have a look at it. Why, it is a fresh mound, too."

"I'll tell you what let's do," suggested his companion. "Let us open the mound and see what lies buried here. It may be some treasure."

Mr. Tompkins hesitated for a few moments, but finally accepted the proposal. The riders tied their horses in the shed, secured spades there, and in a few minutes the mound was opened. Before long they struck something hard, and on digging further they discovered two coffins.

"I guess it must be some old grave," said the older man. "Let us cover it up again and be done with it."

"No, I think we had better open the coffins," urged Goodwin, a little excited. "I'll explain my motive later."

The coffins were taken out of the grave and the lids forced open. The caskets were

found filled with spices, and contained the bodies of a young man and a young woman in an excellent state of preservation. Seeking further they discovered scrolls of paper, which the sheriff opened and read:

"To Whomsoever it may concern:

"Be it known that on Michaelmas night, 1814, Captain Frank Pierson, U. S. Army, was married to Isabel Goodwin, daughter of Colonel Leslie Goodwin, at the Goodwin Manor-House. That after the marriage was celebrated and the guests had departed, the house was attacked by a British company under the leadership of one Captain Titmarsh, who had been a suitor for the lady's hand before the war. The bride and groom were killed, or caused to be killed, by the said Titmarsh. The Britishers were subsequently captured and court-martialed. It was found that they had gone beyond what the laws of civilized warfare will permit. The case was reported to headquarters. The bridal couple were then ordered buried in the garden of the Goodwin estate.

(Signed.)

George Curtis, Col. 1st Mass. Infantry.  
Philip L. Howard, Major U. S. Cavalry.  
Stephen P. Andrews, Captain, 7th N. Y. Infantry.

Recorder."

"Well!" exclaimed the sheriff, "this is a new one on me."

"Yes?" returned the other. "And now I'll tell you a story." And he related his experience of the preceding night. "I suppose I fell into that bale of hay in the shed yonder," he finished, "and dreamed a dream. However, these are my ancestors, people who had disappeared from view. I suppose, if I can prove relationship, and identify these bodies, I can establish my claim to the estate."

"Perhaps you can," said the officer of the law. "There has always been a dispute about these lands."

"Now we will restore the dead to their grave for the time being," Goodwin responded "and go our way."

Dr. Goodwin subsequently did prove his claim to the broad Goodwin acres, and took possession of them. But that is another story.



## IN DAYS OF YORE

By Agnes Haskell

I SEE you, dear—as erst—beside the cottage door;  
 That day dropped perfect from June's dreamful skies;  
 What time the mooring sun flushed crimson sea and shore,  
 And—unaware—love slept in your sweet eyes;  
 That to awake hope urged my coward tongue,  
 While my faint heart with tender pain was wrung.

Nor durst my hand yours—tempting near—to clasp and keep;  
 That—needle plying—fluttered like shy bird;  
 But when Night's silver shallop ploughed the upper deep,  
 And the paled roses o'er us light winds stirred,  
 Rare fragrance show'ring, I—grown hunger-bold—  
 Love's honeyed story valorously told.

Your ans'ring voice was music's own—clear, soft and true,  
 Like dulcet strains from some rare viol won,  
 By master great, who, passionate, his loved muse doth woo,  
 Or thrush's vesper-hymn, when day is done.—  
 O crowning bliss! O hour, with joy replete!  
 When heart meets heart, as rushing waters meet!

While all of silv'ry space seemed fanned with unseen wings  
 Of sprites; soft wafting dewy perfume down;  
 And ocean's monotone like bell that blithesome rings  
 In marriage morns; or peace to war-racked town;  
 All nature seemed to make grand jubilee—  
 So glad our hearts! So near to heaven were we!

And, dear, tho' frosted thick the burnished locks of youth,  
 And paled the roses that your round cheek wore;  
 Though Time has touched all things with change, save love and truth,  
 You're fair to me as in the days of yore;  
 And fond prophetic faith can ne'er divine  
 A parting, dear, betwixt your soul and mine!

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

### USE A BLOTTER

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson, Floridaville, N.Y.

Have several good clean blotters within easy reach of the kitchen and dining table. In case fruit juice is spilled on the tablecloth, or spattered on the clothing while preparing the meals, the edge or corner of a blotter instantly applied to the spot will entirely remove the juice and save an ugly stain.

### CREAMING BUTTER AND SUGAR

By Mrs. F. K. Page, Akron, Ohio

In creaming butter and sugar for cake and pudding sauce, pour over enough boiling water to moisten the butter and sugar, and it will cream almost instantly, and the cake will be just as good as if creamed in the old way.

### INQUIRY

Will some reader kindly tell us how to preserve mucilage from molding.

Answer. Mix in a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves, the latter for choice. [Ed.]

### WASHING DISHES EASILY

By Mrs. U. E. Traer, Evanston, Ill.

If you live in the city, and have to use hard water, add a little sweet milk to your dish-water, and you will be surprised to find how much easier the dishes wash.

### TO CLEAN WINDOWS

By H. T. Cook, Marlboro, Mass.

Rub windows over with alcohol and water. This removes dirt and they dry quickly. Polish with clean white cloth.

### OUT-OF-DATE SHIRTTWAISTS

By Mary L. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.

When shirrtwaists become out-of-date, rip off the cuffs, open the gathers at the hand and you have a kimona sleeve, to be faced up with a contrasting shade—another old waist, perhaps. Rip off the collar-band, take out neck gathers, if any, shape the front of the neck like kimona; rip off belt, take out fullness, trim the bottom square, lengthen if necessary with bias ruffle of the contrasting shade, put kimona facing on the neck and down front, and you have a morning jacket that will not always be parting company with your belt when you reach for something from the top shelf.

### HOW TO COOK PIES

By R. V. P., Drakes Branch, Va.

In the September, 1906, number of the National a lady tells her way of keeping syrup in juicy pies. Now I do not doubt that it is a good way, but the way I do it is so much easier that I want to tell how it is done, so that when one is in a hurry the pie may be prepared in a few seconds, and the syrup will not come out. When the pie is ready for the top crust, and that is ready to put on, just take a thimble and cut several holes in the crust; then the steam can escape easily, and the pie bubble and boil, but the juice will remain in it.

### OLIVED CHERRIES

By Miss Hattie Smith, Pasadena, California

Take nice ripe cherries, wash them and cut off about one-third of the stem. Place them in a quart jar, and when full add one tablespoonful of salt. Then mix together equal proportions of cold rain-water and vinegar, and fill up the jar. Seal and set aside for winter use. These taste very much like pickled olives.

### CLEANING KID GLOVES

By Mrs. A. P. Carman, Winfield, Kansas

Deodorized benzine, one quart; chloroform, one-half ounce; sulphuric ether, one-quarter ounce; carbonate ammonia, one-quarter ounce. Mix and bottle. Very satisfactory.

This mixture is very inflammable, and should be used only in a place where there is no stove or flames. [Ed.]

### A NEW POLISHER

By A. L. Martin, Winfield, Kan.

Have you ever used the old burned-out mantles used in gas lamps, when no more good for lamps, as a polishing powder for silverware, copper or steel? Try it once, and you will always be careful to see that not one is thrown away after declared useless for light. There is no finer polish to be had.

## A DOZEN GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Ann Buchanan, *Gordonville, Minn.*

1. As a glove darning, there is nothing quite as good as an ordinary cat-tail gathered from some pond. Try inserting it in the glove-finger, when darning.
2. If you fold a torn or mended towel or table napkin fold the worst side out, or you may forget it and find that you have given the damaged article to your most honored guest.
3. When sweeping, take a sour milk curd such as many farmers' wives make for chickens. Squeeze dry, and scatter over the carpet. This can be used in a fire-heated room without danger and is a good cleaner.
4. In making apple jelly, practice economy by using peelings and cores. A peculiar delicacy of flavor and coloring is obtained in this way. The greener the apples, the lighter colored the jelly.
5. If plums are preserved, pickled or canned before they are fully ripe, the skin will not harden and cling to the pit, and the fruit will be clearer and brighter in color.
6. If your hair is falling out, rub the scalp with a freshly-cut onion. Nothing is better.
7. A handful of weeds, or brush, folded to a convenient size and tied, then left to partly dry before being piled with others, as a stick of wood in a wood-pile, will, when dry, almost boil the kettle or bake the buscuit, and will with two or three other fagots.
8. Soft soap rubbed in before the fire is an Indian remedy for rheumatism. It is also excellent for a bruise or a sprain.
9. Olive oil rubbed on the fingers before paring or handling fruit will prevent the hands becoming stained, and is useful, as well in removing fruit stains.
10. Give plenty of room between the pansy plants; a foot or more, and have the soil very rich, very well cultivated, and remember sand keeps the soil porous.
11. The seed of the scarlet sage is easily gathered, if the flower stalk is cut just as soon as the calyx begins to turn brown.

## HINTS FOR PYROGRAPHY WORK

By Hilda Carey, *Howard, Wash.*

When you have had a pyrography point repaired several times, and it breaks on the end, do not throw it away, but use it for rough background work. You can do much faster work, and it burns much blacker than a good point would do. I use mine for rough chiseled articles—only on background.

How many of you know that the boards that broadcloth is wrapped on is excellent for pyrography artists. One can make of them such beautiful plaques and shelves burned in some pretty designs.

## CARE OF THE PIANO

By Mrs. M. E. Kingsley, *Carlton, Ill.*

Wash the woodwork of your piano with warm water and Ivory Soap, and the finger-marks and dirt will quickly disappear; the keys should be cleaned with alcohol.

## LAUNDRY HINT

When laundering sash curtains, put the rods in them before ironing, and you will save time and will not tear the curtains.

## FOR INSOMNIA

By K. S., *Chicago*

If one is troubled with insomnia, bathe the feet, ankles and wrists in hot water, as hot as can be borne, before getting into bed.

## MOIST BREAD

By Lina S. Merchant, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

Bread will remain moist for a week if this plan is pursued. Of the quantity of "wetting" (milk, milk and water, or just water) used for your bread, use one-half boiling hot, which must be stirred into the flour in the bread-pan; then use the other half cold, which will bring the proper temperature; then add yeast and salt, and a little sugar, mixing in the flour until a compact mass is formed; let it rise until very light, and knead down in pan and let stand for about three-quarters of an hour; work into loaves and bake.

## TO GET RID OF WATER-BUGS

Do you want a sure relief from water-bugs and roaches? If so, try this method which is in use in the post office in London, England: Take of plaster of Paris and confectioners' sugar in equal parts, and mix thoroughly by sifting through a flour sieve; place in dry spots on kitchen tables, shelves and around the sink; these pests are very fond of sugar, and will eat this mixture with avidity; it is sure death every time, literally turning them to stone. It is best to repeat the process the second time, to take off any stragglers that may be left after the first application.

## VIRTUES OF COFFEE

By Maud Hursey, *Buffalo, Wyo.*

Coffee is a good air purifier. A little burned on hot coals will purify a sick room and abolish odors. As a drink it has great bracing effects. Physicians drink freely of it before visiting infectious disease cases.

## TO SOOTHE THE NERVES

A small onion eaten at night will often induce sleep, it having a soothing effect upon the nerves.

## TO RELIEVE HEARTBURN

For instant relief to heartburn, take one-fourth of a tea-spoonful baking soda mixed with a little sour milk.

## TIME-SAVING FROSTING

By M. E. W., *Woodford, N. Y.*

Don't work boiling sugar and beating eggs for frosting, in the old fussy way. Life is too short and its demands on a woman's strength too great. Keep some confectioners' sugar on hand. If the cake is to be eaten soon, moisten about a cupful of sugar with sweet cream, flavor, and you have a frosting as toothsome as can be made. If the cake is to be kept for some time, use water to moisten. A little practice will show when of the right thickness to spread. It is so easy, always good, and saves time enough in a month to read the National.

## TOMATO JELLY

By Mrs. H. F., *Rockwood, Tenn.*

Tomato jelly can be quickly made by thickening the strained and well-seasoned juice with corn-starch. Let it cook slowly for five minutes at least; mold it in small cups, and serve very cold on crisp lettuce leaves with a spoonful of salad-dressing on top.

## REMOVES COFFEE STAINS

By Jessie F. Shipman

Rub salad oil or glycerine on coffee stains. Then when the articles are laundered, all stains will disappear.

## TO CUT NEW BREAD

When cutting warm bread, if the knife blade is heated, the new loaf can be cut as nicely as old bread.

## BRUISES

By I. S. R., Mountain City, Tenn.

Children are constantly falling and producing unsightly "black and blue" spots. A bruise usually ruptures small blood-vessels, and the change of color in the part is caused by changes in the coloring of the blood poured out under the skin. In North Germany, when a child strikes on its head the mother immediately presses the handle of a spoon on the part. This prevents the blood-vessels from pouring out more blood, and helps to scatter that already emitted, thus rendering absorption easier. Hot water or ice acts in a like manner upon the blood-vessels. A very sure remedy is the application, with a camel's hair brush, of fluid extract of witch hazel, which, if applied immediately, causes the vessels to contract, and no more blood escapes.

## TO BLEACH WHITE GOODS

White-goods that have become yellowed from lying, may be beautifully bleached by simply placing in a jar of butter-milk. If only slightly yellowed, a day or two will be sufficient, but garments that are very much yellowed with age may be left in for two or three weeks, changing the milk occasionally.

## TO WATERPROOF SHOE-SOLES

Dissolve beeswax and a little sweet oil. Before the shoes are worn, warm the soles and pour on the melted wax, a little at a time, holding them close until it soaks into the leather. Add more until the leather ceases to absorb it.

## TO KEEP LEMONS FRESH

It is said that lemons will keep fresh for weeks if placed in a bag of corn-meal; or keep in cold water, changing it once a week.

## KEEP UP YOUR LINEN SUPPLY

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

To keep up the supply of linen, one sheet and one pair of pillow cases should be purchased for each bed every year, and one good table cloth and one-half dozen towels. Napkins should be bought every alternate year.

## \* DRY-CLEANING PROCESS

The so-called dry-cleaning process is a solution made from a teaspoonful of soapsuds and sufficient gasoline to immerse the garment to be cleaned. Rub any very soiled places much in the same way as you would when washing in water, then rinse in clear gasoline and hang up to dry. No ironing is required.

## SURE CURE FOR INGROWING TOE-NAIL

By A. L. Blakey, Lincoln, Neb.

I have used tannin for many years in treating these troubles. One ounce of fresh tannic acid dissolved in six drams of pure water with gentle heat. Must be painted on the soft parts twice a day. It usually leaves no pain or lameness after the first application, but may need a second, when the flesh will be shrunken away from the nail, and it can be removed.

## MOCK LOBSTER SALAD

By Mrs. E. E. Snow, Bangor, Me.

Instead of lobster, use a good piece of halibut, with enough boiled beet, cut up fine to color and season it, and the result is very satisfactory.

## CLEANING BRASS

Wash articles of brass which are tarnished in the water in which potatoes have been boiled, and they will be as bright as if new.

## TO WASH WOOL BLANKETS

By Mrs. T. E. Stubblefield, McLean, Illinois

Dissolve a cake of pure soap that has no salt or rosin in it in a gallon of water, by boiling. Have ready three tubs two-thirds full of cold water from the cistern. Into tub No. 1 pour two-thirds of your dissolved soap. One-third of the remainder put into tub No. 2, and enough into No. 3 to slightly tinge the water; also stir into tubs Nos. 1 and 2 a tablespoonful of ammonia or powdered borax. Place a couple of blankets into tub No. 1, and let soak from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; then rub any dirty spots lightly with the hands, and wring with wringer into tub No. 2, putting other blankets to soak in tub No. 1, with a little more dissolved soap. Wring the blankets from tub No. 2 to No. 3, then into a basket, and hang upon line immediately by one edge, and when half dry turn and hang by opposite edge. Blankets washed in this way do not shrink at all, and are as fluffy and soft as when new. Have used the above method for thirteen years.

## CANNING RHUBARB

By Mrs. G. F. Hooper, Palmyra, Wis.

Put your cans and rhubarb in cold water, then peel and cut the rhubarb into short lengths. Now put in chopping bowl, and chop very fine. Pack in cans as firm as can be placed, running off any surplus juice. Screw on covers tight and set in the cold water for a while, after which set on the cellar bottom in the dark, and it will keep a year, and longer, and no one can tell it from the fresh rhubarb. One quart can will make three or four pies.

## COLORING OLD CURTAINS

By J. E. Meriness, Glidden, Ia.

To make old lace curtains ecru or cream-color, dissolve a little yellow ochre in the rinsing water—a tablespoon of ochre to a pail of water will give them the ecru shade.

## PRESSED CHICKEN

To make pressed chicken keep its shape, add a tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in teacup of water to the liquor which is to be put on the chicken, and then press it.

## A DAINTY DRESSER SCARF

By S. C. Morrison, Brunswick, Me.

A dainty dresser scarf may be made by joining handkerchiefs with valenciennes or Mechlin lace, edging the scarf with lace to match. One can use six children's handkerchiefs joined by very narrow insertion, or three ladies' handkerchiefs joined with a row of wide or two rows of narrow insertion; the number and size of handkerchiefs used depending on the size of the dresser.

## CINDER IN THE EYE

By Elizabeth M. Franks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Is easily removed by moistening a thin piece of slippery elm in the mouth until it resembles a small paint brush, and gently brushing the ball of the eye.

## ANTI-MOTH

By Mrs. J. Burlison, Medina, Ohio

One part of oil of cedar; two parts of alcohol. Ten or fifteen drops placed in a cup in any ordinary closet, and renewed occasionally during the summer, will insure the contents of the closet against moths.



## FRENCH POLISH FOR FURNITURE

By P. Oliphant, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many will be glad to know how the fine, original polish of furniture may be restored, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use. Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum sandarac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as gums are dissolved, it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do—put a little of the polish, and also a few drops of linseed oil, on it, and rub the surface to be polished, going round and round over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine, and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre equal to new.

## A DASH OF YELLOW

By Mrs. M. S., Dorchester, Mass.

Do you know that a room without a touch of yellow in it is drear no matter how many other gay colors may be there? No arrangement of colored flowers seems complete without a dash of yellow. But too much in either plan wrecks the entire affair. Yellow should be present but not predominate. If you miss something in room or bouquet or decorations, investigate and see if yellow is not missing.

## PAPERING PAINTED WALLS

Walls that have been white-washed or painted may be made to retain paper by first being washed in a solution of plain molasses and water. Mix one quart cheapest molasses in three gallons of water. Stir thoroughly and apply to wall with a brush. When dry, put the paper on. It will stick.

## SAVE YOUR CANDY BOXES

By Blanche Miller, Cedar Grove, Va.

Save your candy boxes until Christmas; then line them with dainty paper, and place within them gifts to go by mail.

## FOR THE HAIR

The scalp can be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing it with a small piece of cloth saturated with petroleum. This removes dandruff as well as dirt, and by leaving the hair loose for a few hours, all disagreeable odor will vanish.

Dusting a little talcum powder or corn starch through oily hair will make it light and fluffy.

## CHEAP AND HANDY BUCKETS

By Mrs. E. W. Landsberg, Humboldt, Iowa

Candy-buckets make cheap and durable water-buckets, or buckets for all household uses, if painted inside and out at once upon purchase, so as to be free from all substances. Remove also all paper that has been pasted on the outside of the bucket, so that paint will cover evenly. As to color, I prefer dark green, as this holds its color well and always looks clean. I pay from ten to fifteen cents for such a bucket (depending upon size) and have had some in use for several years.

## TO DRY PEACHES

By Della Smith, Grand Junction, Ind.

Pare, cut in halves, fill the cavity after the pit has been removed with sugar, and dry in a moderate oven. Very nice.

## TO CLEAN CLOTHES WRINGERS

By E. M. H., Mount Morris, N. Y.

A few months ago advice was given in the "Helps" to use kerosene to clean the rubber rollers of a clothes-wringer. This is bad; for while it truly cleans the rubber quickly and thoroughly, kerosene will rot the rubber. Ammonia (*aqua*) will do the work just as easily and well, and is good for the rubber, keeping it in better condition than it was not used at all. One-half a teaspoonful in one-half cup of water.

## OFFENSIVE PERSPIRATION

Some people are afflicted with an offensive perspiration of feet and arms not caused by uncleanness. In fact, all the bathing you may give does not help one iota.

One-quarter teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium to one pint warm water. Apply with a sponge after bathing.

## A SET OF POCKETS

By A. L. D., New York

A set of pockets tacked to the inside of a closet door in the kitchen will be found a great convenience. Take a piece of denim measuring about twenty by twenty-seven inches for the foundation. Make a row of three pockets nine inches deep at the bottom, and a second row near the top, using white tape to bind all edges. Place three loops of tape to hang it up by. Use the top row of pockets one for bits of clean white cloth, one for a ball of twine or pieces of string, and one for pieces of clean white paper such as lines cracker boxes, etc. The bottom row of pockets use for different sizes of paper bags, placing the large sizes in one pocket, the medium in the second pocket, and the small ones in the third.

## TO KEEP YOUR VIOLETS

By Laura E. King, Hanford, Cal.

Those who wear violets and desire them to last as long as possible, should keep them in glasses of water slightly tintured with salt, and the glasses enclosed in air-tight pails or jars.

## GLOSSY LINEN

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to the starch when making.

## TO TEST AN OVEN

By Mrs. M. E. Lemons, Cabool, Mo.

To test the heat of an oven, place a piece of white paper in it, and if the heat is too great it will turn the paper black; if it only turns a light yellow, it is fit for sponge cakes and the lighter kinds of biscuits; if it turns a dark brown, it is fit for pastry; if a dark yellow, it is right for baking heavier kinds of cake.

## TO CURE COLIC

By George R. Tubbs, La Fayette, Ind.

When baby has colic, give it three or four teaspoonfuls of water as hot as can be borne without scalding the mouth. To cure spasms in children, sponge or bathe in tepid water.

## DO NOT MIX MOLASSES AND EGGS

By Margie B. Kelley, Lewiston, Me.

In receipts calling for molasses, do not use eggs, unless it is for something which is to be fried. An old baker told me of this, and one cannot tell the difference in cakes and cookies.

## THE HAPPY TIDES OF LOVE

By the Editor

HAVE you ever thought of the ebb and flow of the tides of love? Have you ever sat at the bedside of an aged mother and watched the care and affection bestowed upon her—in return for that which she gave to her children in their helpless youth?

Since the days of Bethlehem, the young mother with her babe exemplifies the highest type of human love, for hers is the only absolutely unselfish affection. If she knew that she would never be repaid for the care that she lavishes on the babe, she would love it just the same—she would not stint one moment of all those hours and days of attention and thought—how that tide of love flows unceasingly toward the child and varies not as the girl or boy grows to maturity.

*"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to the springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;"*  
*"That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."*

When maturity is reached, how the tide flows back from the child to the parent, for few children realize until they have attained "years of discretion" what the parent's love has meant to them. Perhaps parents themselves do not always know of the deep, steady, strong tide that flows back again to them from the child.

While the expression of this ebb-tide from the child to the parent may not be as perceptible or pronounced as the flowing tide from the mother to the child it nevertheless exists, and when occasion arises it will be manifested. The necessity for demonstration does not exist while the mother is well and strong, but there is no more impressive sight to be seen than such as I recently witnessed—a strong-armed young man, laying aside the activities and duties of his business life to go back home and nurse his dying mother. The whirling maelstrom of business was forgotten when he entered that quiet chamber, and he seemed to have no thought in life but to use the utmost care in lifting that wasted form and bestowing upon his mother all the tenderness that she had long ago lavished upon him as an unconscious babe, when she stroked the little, fair head and kissed again and again the velvet cheek of her baby boy. There might not have been an equal expression of tenderness—for what mother can remember how many times in a day she caresses her child?—but the very tone of the voice, the tear-dimmed eyes in that sad moment, spoke more powerfully than any words could do of the tide of love that was flowing back to the heart of the mother. "Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden."

What a radiant serenity and beauty were reflected in the eyes of that mother, as she passed quietly to sleep, her hand clasped by one whom she had rocked to sleep as a baby, not so many years ago. They understood each other, but that is not

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always the case with parent and child. How often in our everyday life we repress those expressions of the "happy habit," and nip in the bud those little flowers of the plant of affection, that would sweeten and perfume the dusty path of life if permitted to bloom. How much better to let the plant of affection blossom as it will in the sunshine of love, rather than keep it hid away in the cellar of a cold, repressive nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

With all the luscious fragrance of May time, that beautiful month when

*"The sun is bright—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring,"*

why not maintain the May-time spirit and let no opportunity pass without some expression of appreciation to those who have done so much for you?

I don't think there is an individual alive who does not feel at some time the impulse to do a kindness to those around him, if he could feel sure that it would be appreciated and not regarded as an intrusion. It sometimes happens that the conceit of those receiving an expression of friendliness, sours the milk of human kindness, for it takes a gracious nature to receive a favor in the spirit in which it is conferred; even if the outward expression be clumsy and untactful, the true happy habiter will see the good intention behind the awkwardness, and will come more than half-way to meet that kindly effort to sweeten life for another. Often we are timid in our kindness and in our expression of happiness, because we are afraid of being considered frivolous and of meeting the taunt which confronted the great Abraham Lincoln. The incident occurred in a cabinet meeting, during the dark hours of the rebellion; he told a funny story and was met with the remark, "This is no time for levity."

"Levity," he cried; "cheerfulness is the only thing that makes it possible to see a rift in the clouds and dispel the deadening gloom of this hour. If I could not express the spirit of cheerfulness, I should die."

As I write with the windows open, and the soft breezes bringing to me the fragrance of growing flowers and newly-turned earth, a thousand thoughts come to me,—I think how, even in the rude revelries of the old-time May festivals there was a deeper meaning; and how dances and games were intended to express the happy spirit of the hopeful Springtime. How appropriately in this month of blossoms occurs Memorial Day, when a nation's gratitude and appreciation is offered in memory of all those who fought so heroically on the battle-fields of the nation. I am always loth to close this hour, in which I have the opportunity to talk with our happy habiters—cheery mortals whose hearts are attuned to the spirit of happiness, exemplified in the month that was named for Maia, the daughter of Atlas, and which stands for all that is bright and hopeful in nature.

# THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

By Agnes Deans Cameron

For dere's no place lak our own place, don't care  
de far your're goin',  
Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever dey  
come here,  
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges' reever  
flowin'  
An' le bon Dieu' sen' de sunshine nearly twelve  
mont' ev'ry year.

—Drummond's *Habitant*.

"The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if ever it is finished, through a country frost-bound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect Eastern Canada with a country about as forbidding as any on the face of the earth," so spoke a prophet a quarter of a century ago.

And he was a prophet not without honor in his own country. It was the voice of Labouchere in London "Truth."

These were the days when British School Geographies contained choice little tid-bits like these. "Canada is a country of 300,000,000 acres mostly frozen wastes and swamps." "Haymakers are frozen to death within their tents." "Indians are now quite tame," "Hay-making has usually to be done by night, for men dare not face the flies."

The little girls who shyly divided their luncheons with denim-clad sweethearts in the little red school houses of the United States, polished off their geographical next-door neighbor with, "North of our country is Canada, a cold land which belongs to England; here hardy men trade in furs."

To Canadians themselves, the Great Lakes were the western gates of an unesteemed fur preserve beyond which stretched British Columbia, "the sea of mountains." Canada was the ship that had not yet found herself, the potential wealth of an empire was there between those Great Lakes and the sea, but the young giantess had not yet guessed her strength.

It was really the Americans who discovered Western Canada, who pouring over the invisible parallel of '49 found there a land that spelled "Opportunity" and who wrought on that virgin soil an object lesson of forty bushels of hard wheat to the acre, saying to the people of Canada, in the words of Cassius,

"I your glass, will modestly discover to yourself that of yourself which you yet know not of."

Canada is awake. She has outlived Kipling's calumny of "Our lady of the Snows," and blossomed out into "The Granary of the Empire," "Our Lady of the Sunshine," another name we might claim for her. Minnesota is known as "The Bread-and-Butter State," then Canada is "The Sandwich Counter of England." The bread goes in bulk and the beef on hoof. It is the substantial sandwich of the schoolboy, and can be seasoned to taste. The mustard is merely hinted at when some ardent Canadian clamors for treaty-making powers. Canada is the last unstaked Empire under a white man's sky and we are witnessing within its borders the birth-throes of an entirely new Anglo-Saxon nation.

Labouchere's "forbidding country" basks in 300 full days of sunshine in a year, sunshine which coaxes phenomenal harvests out of the soil, and draws 50,000 Americans and three times 50,000 additional immigrants into its borders every year.

Canada is a country with a meagre past, a solid present and an illimitable future. The railways of Western Canada gridiron a prairie-land of 200,000,000 fertile acres only a fraction of which is cultivated, yet it produced last year 95,000,000 bushels of the best wheat grown, and has country elevators to store this wealth with a capacity of some 36,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1906 was garnered with the help of 25,000 imported harvest hands, and during the year 80,000 range-fed cattle were shipped to Europe.

The one Province of Manitoba, against which "Truth" belied its name, contains a population of half a million with a capital city Winnipeg, the "Buckle of the Wheat Belt" counting its 120,000 people.

The people of Manitoba cultivate a million acres of oats and three times that extent of wheat; their wonder-capital is growing at a greater rate than any city in America to-day.

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It spent \$10,000,000 on new buildings in 1905 and \$12,000,000 in 1906, and its bank clearings for the current year will reach the mark of one thousand million dollars. This turning of hard wheat into hard dollars is the most solid kind of commerce on the Continent, and partakes the least of elements of chance.

I hear the pessimist say, "But your terrible winter will give immigration a set-back for 1907."

What a bugbear bugaboo that "severe winter of Canada" is to the croaker, and the outsider with jaundiced eye and imagination! Many writers on things Canadian make the weather a thing tabooed. I may be old-fashioned, but I think most subjects are best attacked from the front. First of all, then, Western Canada is not the banana-belt. As a rule, old Mother Nature doesn't grow her bananas and hard wheat in the same backyard, though the grapes of Niagara and the peaches of British Columbia will continue to draw prizes in the International Expositions of two continents.

If Canadian newspapers and magazines would persistently tell the truth about the weather conditions in every quarter of the Larger Canada, much would be gained and little lost. In the past much has been avoided and not a little suppressed. If every feature of the picture were given as Cromwell insisted on having his face painted "Wart and all," I think we'd be able to exclaim with the old Scot, "Honesty is the best policy—I've tried *baith*."

It is true that Western Canada has had a very heavy precipitation of snow this year. It is equally true that this is a blessing, with a very thin disguise. The great quantity of snow that has fallen assures enormous crops this year. It means ample moisture for years to come, and in every way carries compensating benefits. No country that produces No. 1 hard wheat can do without some zero weather.

Winter frost and summer sunshine working on a soil pregnant with fatness are the factors which write on Canadian wheat the sterling mark. The long hours of fervent sunshine on the prairies are a revelation to newcomers. One may read in June until 9:30 in the open air in a most marvelous twilight, and by three o'clock the sun is again well on his rounds, the whole sky flooded with amber light.

And the sunsets! What do dwellers among

the sky scrapers of big cities know or dream of the prairie sunsets! No where in the world is clearer air than this; from the Canadian Experimental and Farm at Indian Head, one can plainly see wheat elevators 35 miles away. In Canada there is more sunshine, more air space, more land, more room than anywhere else that is left—it is the last and best frontier.

From the day the first prairie schooner tacked across the plains with its precious freight to this year of grace 1907, there has been ample room for the land-hungry homesteader.

Canada, like the widow's cruse of oil, seems to grow with the using. One supposes there is an ultimate frontier somewhere between wheat fields and eternal ice, but where shall we find it? The old geographers fixed it at the international boundary. Then it was supposed to be at Winnipeg. For years Edmonton was the "Last House," and Edmonton is 800 miles northwest of Winnipeg, and yet 400 miles north of Edmonton again good wheat is grown and milled. Fort Simpson is 818 miles north of Winnipeg, and Fort Simpson grows 62  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushels to the acre.

The fact is that no attempt has yet been made to fix the northern limit of the soil which invites agriculture and offers rich reward to the willing farmer, and it is no less an authority than Prof. Macoun of the Dominion Geological Service who puts himself on record as saying that wheat growing can be pursued as a profitable occupation even up to within three miles of the shores of Hudson Bay. And this is Canada, "the few arpents of snow" that the Bourbon monarch declared was not worth fighting over.

But it is the optimist that walks the land to-day. Every man you meet seems to have a mountain or a waterfall or a forest of his own; lads on the prairie own quarter sections before they are twenty, and in British Columbia, a boy of eighteen rode to South Africa with Strathcona's Horse, and returning bought up half of Bulkely Valley with Government soldier's scrip before he reached his majority.

But there is no room for the idler; the time has come to proclaim that the game here has to be played by men and not quitters. We are reminded of the man who squatted on a dry section in Southern Alberta, and his farm the first year did not blossom as the rose. Disgusted he pulled up stakes and vamoosed the



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ranch, with grim humor tacking up the sign, "Thirty miles to wood, a thousand feet to water, thirty feet to hell." Then came along an astute Yankee who turned the quid in his cheek and remarked, "I think it's just worth investigatin,' this here brimstone bizness." His claim to-day is worth \$25 an acre; irrigation turned the trick.

Yet you will find hundreds of men in the West crying down the very name of irrigation, for fear some one some where, will get the idea that Canada is an arid waste. These are the men who want to hermetically seal the weather reports and take the thermometers inside on cold nights.

They object to the Canadian Pacific Railway's advertisements of the irrigated lands. Yet to my mind this same irrigation scheme, gigantic in its scope, is in itself an object-lesson, of the great faith of a great company in a great land. A short description of the stupendous project should not be without interest.

The area included in the big company's irrigation undertaking comprises a block of three million acres situated east of Calgary, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Bounded on the west by the 115th meridian, and on the south by the Bow River, the block has an average length east and west of 150 miles, and a width north and south of 40 miles. The section involved is an open prairie plateau with an average elevation of 2800 feet above the ocean-level. The soil is unusually fertile.

It is expected that about 1,100,000 acres will ultimately be irrigated, at a total cost to the constructing Company of \$5,000,000, and this expenditure, taken in conjunction with the area which it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

The needed water is obtained from the Bow River which heads in the Rocky Mountains to the west and carries 3000 feet per second at extreme low water, with a high-water or flood discharge of 35,000 second feet.

The water is delivered to every quarter section of land at a cost to the farmer of 50 cents per acre per annum, probably the lowest maintenance charge ever made by any irrigation company.

The laws of Canada for the acquirements of water titles, are equalled by few countries in the world. This certainty regarding water titles will be most appreciated by people who

have had experience in irrigated agriculture, and it is to the irrigated sections of the United States that Alberta can look most confidently for colonists. The land and water values under the canal system will reach in time the prices now being paid in Wyoming, Montana, and Utah, that is, anywhere from \$25 to \$200 per acre. No one thing so inspires confidence on the part of an irrigator as seeing that nothing remains to be done but to raise the head-gate. Many of the irrigation-farmers in Colorado have seen their land rise from the government price of \$1.25 an acre to from \$50 to \$200 an acre, and under similar conditions history will repeat itself. These Americans who came to Canada to spy out the land, readily appreciate the opportunities of combining an irrigated farm with grazing stock on the open range.

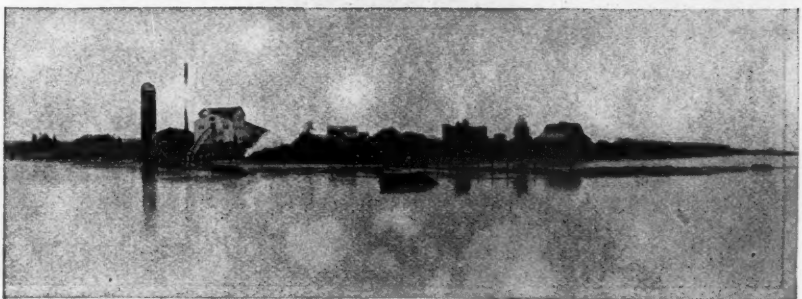
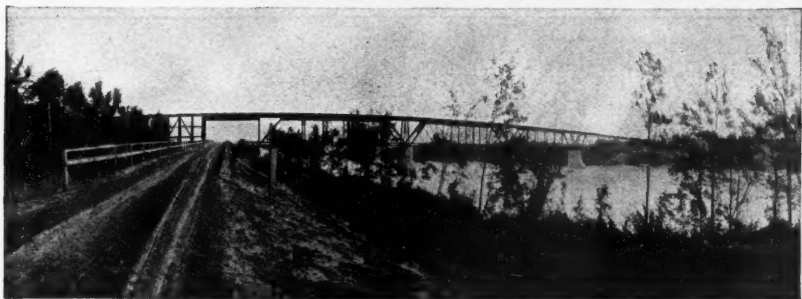
The introduction of an unfailing quantity of cheap water as a factor into the farming problem of Calgary is going to be revolutionary in its effect. It is impossible to state adequately the amount of commerce this added agricultural settlement will create, without seeming to exaggerate. The one hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land in the Poudre Valley, Colorado, furnished over thirty thousand car-loads of produce last year to the railway lines crossing it, and made this the best paying piece of railroad property, mileage considered, to be found in the state. While equal results cannot be anticipated under this Calgary canal system in the immediate future, that three-million acre garden is coming. It scarcely needs a prophet to stand on the edge of this mighty ditch and smell the sweetly-redolent blossoms of the future.

Southern Alberta is only semi-arid, at the most, but experience proves that the farmer who has water available to give his crops a drink when they most need it is going to have a bigger bank balance than the man whose prayers for rain are not backed by an irrigation ditch.

What can one grow in the Calgary district? Everything from a sugar-beet to forty-bushel wheat, from a strawberry to a grade Short-horn.

The irrigation farmer here is an enthusiast; he tells you that crop growing without irrigation is a crude system, and lauds "ditch farming" as the most ancient, highly-developed and scientific system of culture. He contends

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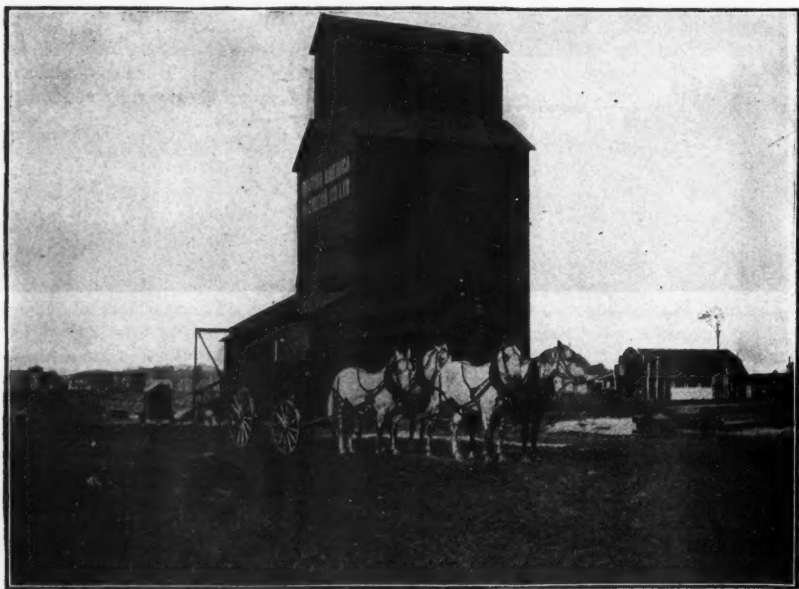
THRESHING THE ROYAL WHEAT OF WESTERN CANADA  
FORT SASKATCHEWAN BRIDGE IN WESTERN CANADA  
PRINCE ALBERT LUMBER CO. MILL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER  
A TYPICAL FARM SCENE IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

## THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

that, even in the most humid countries, seldom a season passes where the application of water at the critical moment would not add materially to the value of a crop. And truly, the tendency of the age is toward insurance. We insure against the death of live stock and crop-destruction by hail storms. In Western Canada, the farmer goes one step further, and insures against the absence of rainfall.

In trying to give a birdseye view of awakened Canada, one is handicapped by an embarrassment of riches; it is the double-ringed

are beginning to learn the taste of Canadian flour. And the wheat grows and ripens faster than Canadian railways can carry it, and all over the vast country new lines are being laid and these too will be laden to the last box-car, and with their completion will be the driving of the first spikes of other lines, spine-roads with long ribs and little ribs, for the wheat harvest will continue to roll out in a rich flood and the development of the West, this Ultimate Frontier, has just begun. The rush for the wheat-fields of 1907 will be greater



WHEAT ELEVATOR IN WESTERN CANADA ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

circus of our youth multiplied twenty times over. One thinks first of wheat and tries to follow it from the boundary of the Great Republic up to Professor Macoun's fringe of Hudson Bay, and from Lake Superior's Thunder Cape to Calgary's rolling foothills, a large rectangle 1,000 miles long and 500 wide, flat with potential harvests. Each year the golden stream flows wider and stronger, and deeper down to the Great Lakes, and so out to the Eastern Sea, and now another stream pours westward through Rocky Mountain interstices to that other sea where "the sun comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay," and where the hungry millions of the Orient

than that of 1906; in fact the newcomers are on the ground, and it has already begun.

New towns spring from villages into full blossomed cityhood within the space of two or three short years. As a conspicuous example, one thinks of the vigorous city of Saskatoon.

This new city is 435 miles from Winnipeg; 300 miles from Edmonton, the Gateway of the Mackenzie Basin; 216 miles from the United States, and about ninety miles southeast of Prince Albert. Those who know Saskatoon, the new city of the Saskatchewan, call it the "hub of the Hard Wheat Belt," since it occupies the central geographical

## THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

position in Western Canada and has railways now built or building, radiating to all parts of the compass and connecting it with almost

secondary transcontinental lines in operation through Saskatoon, between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The Grand Trunk Pacific trans-



ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY, NEAR GLACIER, B. C., THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

all places in the new province of Saskatchewan and the whole of Western Canada.

Before even the 1907 wheat crop is threshed, the Canadian Pacific railway will have two

continental, judging from the energy and dispatch of their contractors now at work on their main line through Saskatoon, will be hauling out grain from the Saskatchewan

## THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

wheat fields this fall. The Canadian Northern main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, traversing the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, crosses the south branch at the northern doorway of Saskatoon and connects with this rising city by means of the Q. L. L. & S. Railway.

Wheat in Saskatchewan brings the railways. Railway promoters don't lay rails into a No-Man's Land.

And wheat is but one factor of our wealth. Thirty-nine years ago, the value of Canada's

part of it, but it has meat in it, too,—good, red-blooded beef. Calgary, at the foothills of the Rockies, is the heart of the cattle country.

You are not three minutes off the train till you realize that Calgary is a cow-town; the ear-marks are unmistakable, and in this she is but working out her manifest destiny. Nature has long been perfecting Alberta for cattle raising. Long ago, the buffalo in uncounted hordes lived therein and foregathered among the foot-hills for their winter feeding. The analogy in plain, where buffalo



THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE ENGAGED IN FIELD SPORTS AT THE WINNIPEG HORSE SHOW

foreign trade was \$129,553,194, and last year it was \$546,957,437, which is four times more for 1906 than for 1868. Merchandise, the produce of Canada exclusive of coin and bullion was exported in 1868 to the value of \$48,504,899, and in 1906 our exports grew to \$234,483,956, being a five-fold increase. From 1868 to 1906, our exports of animals and their products grew from \$6,893,167 to \$66,145,960; of manufactures from \$2,100,411 to \$24,561,112, and of mineral products from \$1,276,129 to \$35,469,631.

Our sandwich is not the polite sandwich of the boudoir. We have emphasized the bread

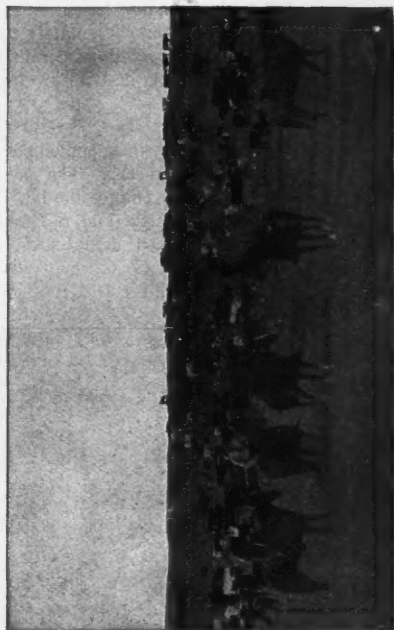
fed is good grazing for Shorthorn and Hereford.

The daily papers here are rife with records of the registered marks of all stock-owners, and Mr. Wilson, chief of the recording office, at Medicine Hat, reports that the total number of brands for the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan for the year 1906 would run over thirty thousand.

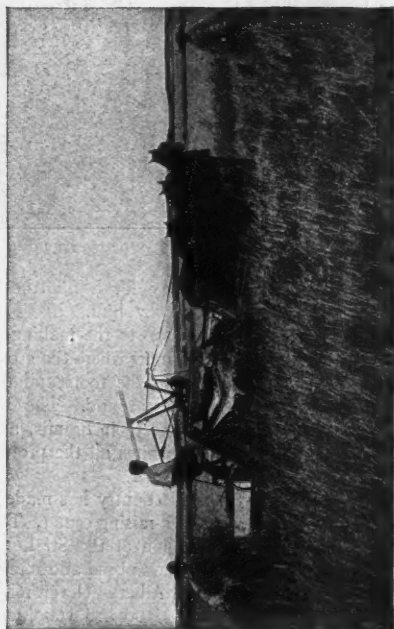
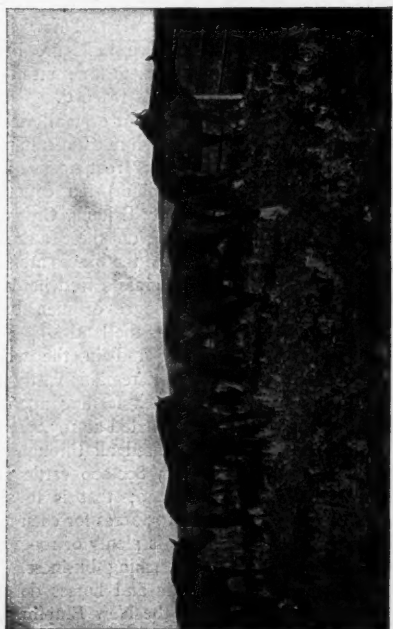
Around Calgary is a cattle range bigger than Texas, equal in size to six states as large as Pennsylvania, and from this one city alone 40,000 beeves were shipped on the hoof last year for England.



# THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST



AGRICULTURAL SCENE, VANCOUVER ISLAND  
RANCHING SAFE IN WESTERN CANADA



ALBERTA RANGE HORSES  
AN ALBERTA HARVEST

## THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

Most of the country is now let out on government leases. The annual rental is four cents an acre, and the law will not permit an average of more than one head to graze on every twenty acres.

Everything is under rigid government supervision, carried out by the mounted police and their veterinary surgeons. The police patrol the ranches; they enforce the law regarding contagious diseases, and dip every doubtful head from the United States, to prevent Texas fever and other plagues. Most of the stock is well-bred, \$1,200 being

draught horses. Teams that weigh 3,200 pounds and upward are worth \$400 or \$500, between 2,800 and 3,200 pounds, the average price would be \$375.

When we consider that it costs no more in Central Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, we realize that in heavy horse production there is a sure road to success for the skilled stockman.

And we have seen that there is an equally tempting field for the cattle-king. The market effect of the self-cured prairie grasses is to put a finish on beef almost equal to grain feeding. Around Calgary I saw on the range cattle and young horses fat as any grain-fed animals south of the line, and grain was to them yet an untried taste; their up-keep had cost their owner nothing.

In the town itself, I saw a train-load of 1,400 pound steers en tour for England, raised on grass and grass alone; they were shaky fat. Calgary is the scene every May of the largest individual, pure-bred cattle, auction-sale in the world, over five hundred head of all breeds being offered at last year's sale. The sales of 1904 and '05 realized a total of \$52,702.

Flockmasters also are on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Mutton and wool now command top prices. Woolen mills are being established, and the markets for mutton expand till far-off Yukon is reached.

History repeats itself, and ever all wealth is from the land. The rich nutritious bunch-grasses with their running root-stocks (Festuca scabrella and Canium) fed countless herds of buffalo. Sarcee, Salteux, Cree and Blood subsisted entirely on these animals. The buffalo are gone, and the braves are few, but still the sun-cured grasses feed herds of Herefords and another race of men build bigger tepees and possess the land.

The available range-land in the whole Canadian West, however, remains vastly out of proportion to the stock feeding upon it. The grazing land is estimated at 195,000,000 acres, and the stock raised all through the West is not more than 800,000 cattle and horses and 300,000 sheep; that is to say, there is an average of 195 acres for each animal. Obviously, there is plenty of room for development in the ranching business.

But wheat and cattle and horses do not exhaust the wealth of the New Empire. It would take a book to tell of the mines of



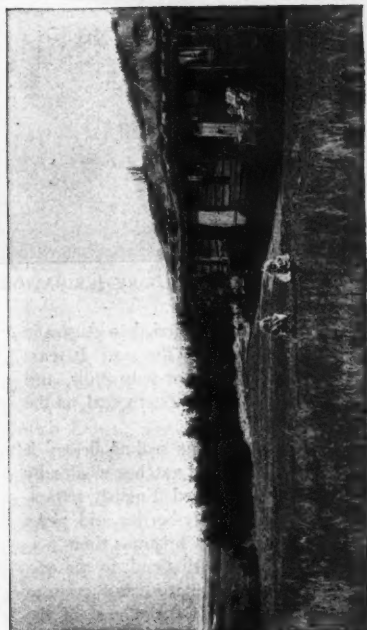
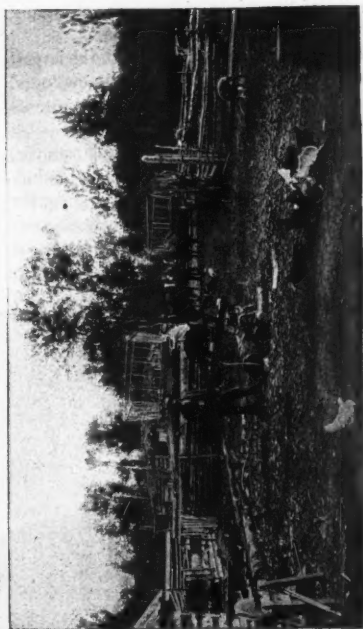
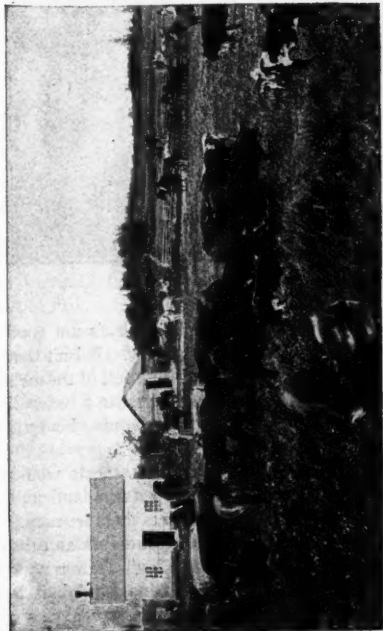
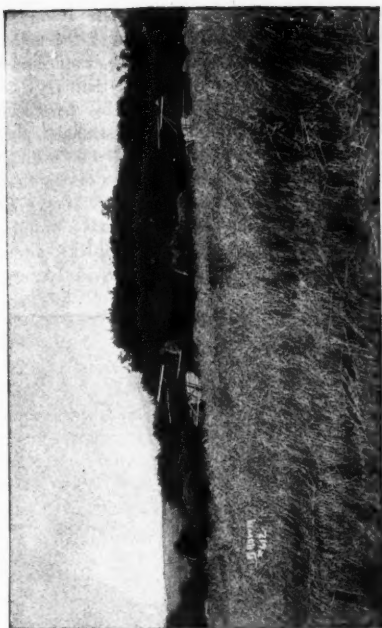
MRS. WOLF-CHILD, A BLOOD INDIAN OF WESTERN CANADA

no unusual price to pay for a Shorthorn, Polled Angus or Galloway bull.

Twenty acres a head go to the making of a cattle ranch in the country where the growing grass is sun-cured to the roots and the cattle feed out the year around. The Indians own cattle, register their brands, and share equally with the whites all the protection of the stockmen's laws.

This Alberta foot-hill country has made a name for itself as a horse-raising center. The champion hackney stallion at the St. Louis World's Fair, "Saxon," was bred and reared on the plains of Central Alberta, eleven miles from Calgary. Climate and soil conditions are almost perfect for the raising of heavy

# THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST



HARVESTING IN ALBERTA  
TYPICAL PIONEER'S HOME IN WESTERN CANADA

A PIONEER'S HOME IN WESTERN CANADA  
A RANCHMAN'S FIRST CANADIAN HOME

## THE ULTIMATE NORTHWEST

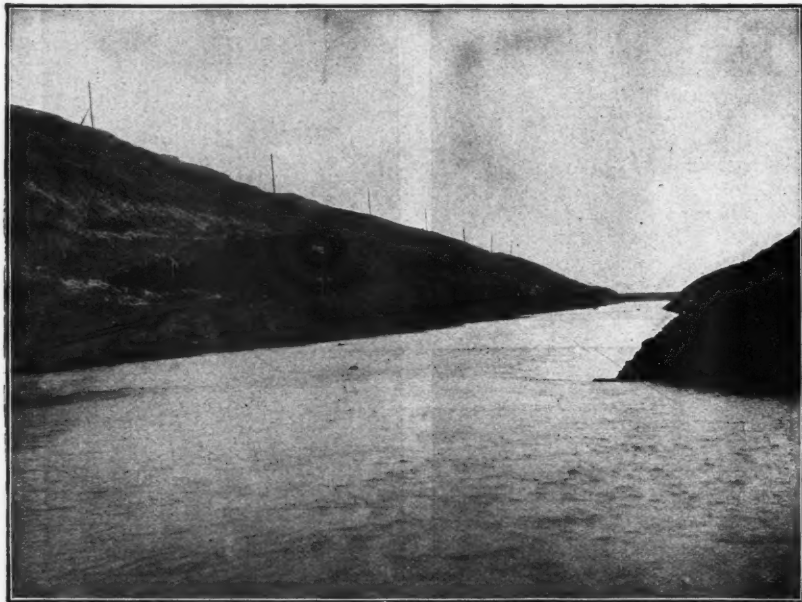
Canada, of the mines of its one westernmost province alone, British Columbia.

Then in the east is Sudbury, with the largest deposit of nickel in the world, and new-found Cobalt, which is shipping ore at the rate of a million dollars a month.

Far west is the little island of Vancouver, a kingdom in itself, with a range of production reading like a fairytale. Vancouver Island produces incomparable strawberries which it ships as far east as Winnipeg; it grows firs 300 feet high which topple into

very closely differentiated from Robinson Crusoe's Island with Friday and the goats.

For some unknown reason, Englishmen know much more of Australia than they do of Canada. One cause for this has been suggested in the fact that Australians play cricket and Canadians do not. The average Canadian boy would rather take a licking than play a game of cricket, and I don't know that I blame him. My idea of cricket is a broiling sun, a scrupulously-smooth cricket-pitch, several fat men in painfully vivid blazers,



C. P. R. CALGARY IRRIGATION CANAL, WESTERN CANADA

ice-free harbors and are carried to Australia and China and the isles of the sea. It rears prize stock, and runs paper-pulp mills, and sets the hall-mark on all Western coal, as the prairies do on the wheat.

Vancouver Island outfits sealing fleets; it cans sockeye salmon, and catches whales by steam; it breeds pedigreed English setters, and exports English holly-berries and picks roses in the open air at Christmas time.

And yet to people in England, to the 90,000,000 of the United States, and even to many of the people of Canada east of the Rockies, this same Vancouver Island is not

and a tent with lemonade. That's not good enough for a live Canadian boy. It isn't that he doesn't love sport; he's just full of the mellow juice of life, and will organize a baseball team if he has to press into the nine his little sister and the hired man.

Still, the close similarity in sports would seem to be the bond between England and Australia. The chief events of the racing world are the Derby, the Grand Prix and the Melbourne Cup, with the King's Plate a poor fourth, and sports after all, as I think it is Professor Lord who remarked, are a closer bond of union than politics.

## JOHNSTON, NEW YORK

There is one phase of community life in Canada that should appeal to the women of England. Canada is fast becoming a Bachelors' Land. Over 50,000 more men than women settle in the country every year. It is to be deprecated that British women today prefer remaining in the old land and agitating for what they consider their rights in it, rather than coming over to secure those which await them in Greater Britain across the Atlantic.

\* \* \*

In statistics, I have tried to give some slight idea of what the development of the Wheat Belt means and will mean to Canada.

But the really remarkable event here in 1907 is not told in figures, it is the recent quickening of our own faith in the greatness of our destiny, not a blind faith in some Providence or Power outside ourselves which is going to do great things for us while we sit with a receptive smile and cross our hands, but a compelling impulse to take things in hand ourselves, to say,

"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."

All over Canada we stand on tiptoe, on the eve of great things. No nation young, strong, vigorous and hopeful ever faced a brighter future. We have a new, clean slate to begin on.

The provinces that before confederation were weak and isolated, are being welded into a nation, the new, strong nation of Larger Canada. With this growth, comes responsibility as well as that self-insistent word "rights."

Every citizen of Canada has his own separate privilege, to help, as far as one man can help, to shape the policy of the nation; a privilege which he ought not to abandon to any government, to any leader, to any party caucus.

In forming a national conscience, as in forming individual character, it is a struggle between self-seeking and self-sacrifice; and in neither war is there any discharge.

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## JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

By Bethune Maher Grant

Local Editor of the Morning Herald

OF all the cities and towns that dot the valleys and crown the hillsides of New York State, none is prettier or more delightful for situation than Johnstown, the shire seat of Fulton County, and few are more prosperous. Lying about four miles north of the historic Mohawk river, the fir-clad peaks of the Adirondacks rising in successive ranges to the northward, and the gentle river winding quietly through the fertile valley at the south, give it a situation both attractive and desirable. Of easy access to the outer world by means of steam and electric railways, it is also so closely connected with the many beautiful lakes hidden in the mountain system on one of whose foothills it sits, that business men and pleasure-seekers alike find it a convenient place of residence. Famous for the learned and public men it has produced,

celebrated for the excellence of its manufactured products, and remarkable for its healthfulness, it is widely known throughout the whole country.

Johnstown was founded by Sir William Johnson, Baronet, an Irishman, who, as the story goes, was jilted in his youth, and came to this country to let his heart heal. His uncle, who held large grants of land from the British crown, sent him into the Mohawk Valley to look after his interests there. His blighted affections did not prevent him from exercising his business talents, and he soon became not only a landed proprietor in his own right, but one of the most powerful and influential men in the colony. He lived for a few years at Fort Johnson on the banks of the Mohawk, but in 1763 built Johnson Hall and took up his residence here. At that time



## JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

he owned 50,000 acres of land, and these holdings were later largely increased by royal allotments in recognition of his services as the superintendent of the Six Nations. He had already induced numbers of immigrants to settle on his property, so that when he removed to Johnson Hall the village, which before had been known by its Indian name, "Kolaneka," or "the place where one stops to fill up his bowl with food and drink," was re-christened Johnstown, after its knightly founder.

the United States is indebted for its great glove manufacturing interests.

Among his Scottish immigrants were some who had belonged to the Glove Makers Guild, of Perth, Scotland. They brought the few crude implements of their trade with them, and as soon as they had settled on their farms in the township which they named after their Highland home, began to make gloves from the native skins, selling them to the Johnstown merchants. The latter took them in barter for their goods and in turn carried the

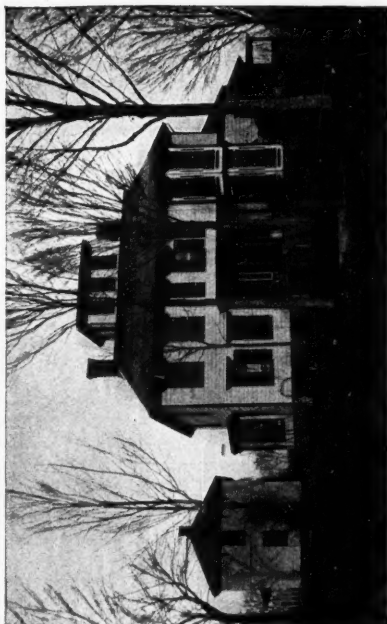


Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

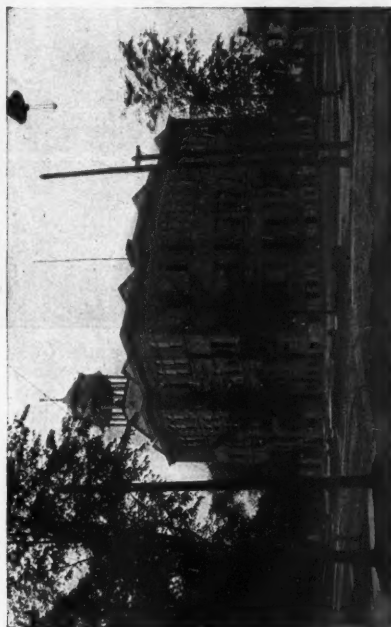
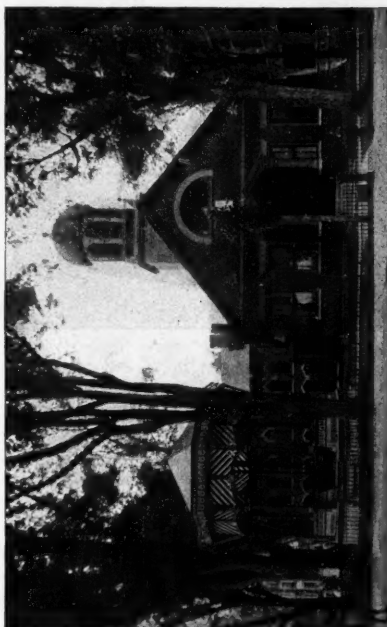
Sir William Johnson seems to have been possessed of the twentieth century spirit that dares great things, and had he lived in this day would have been one of the men to organize and promote some gigantic enterprise, for all that he did was of colossal proportions. He brought in immigrants by the shipload to people the farms and hamlets on his immense estate, and although he little dreamed at the time that he was thus establishing an industry that would make his name famous throughout the nation, it is to one of those shiploads that

gloves on horseback to Albany, where they sold them, being the first commercial travelers to offer the product of what is now a business in which millions of capital are invested and which practically supports 40,000 people. It was a very natural thing for it to gravitate to the principal village of the county, and about the year 1800, it had assumed proportions that established it as an industry. Since that time it has steadily grown, until a large part of the gloves made in this country are produced in the Johnstown factories. Not only that, but

# JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK



JOHNSTOWN HALL AND BLOCK HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.  
HOTEL TOURAINE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.



COURT HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.  
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

## JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

the facilities for the business are so complete that practically all of the skins used are dressed here, being received in the raw, and made into leather by the different processes in vogue in the various mills and tanneries. There are now \$3,695,819 invested in the glove and leather trades in Johnstown, and the fifty mills and factories give employment to 4,014 operatives, whose wages amount to \$1,368,283 each year.

But the manufacture of gloves and mittens

Most of the inhabitants of Johnstown and the surrounding country are engaged in the various departments of the glove and leather factories, but there are also three large knit-goods mills that employ 275 men and women, with a pay-roll of \$2,500 per week, and last year marketed 250,000 dozens of underwear; a skirt factory; and a large shoddy mill that will run night and day will soon be in operation. The city also contains the main office, packing department and shipping rooms of

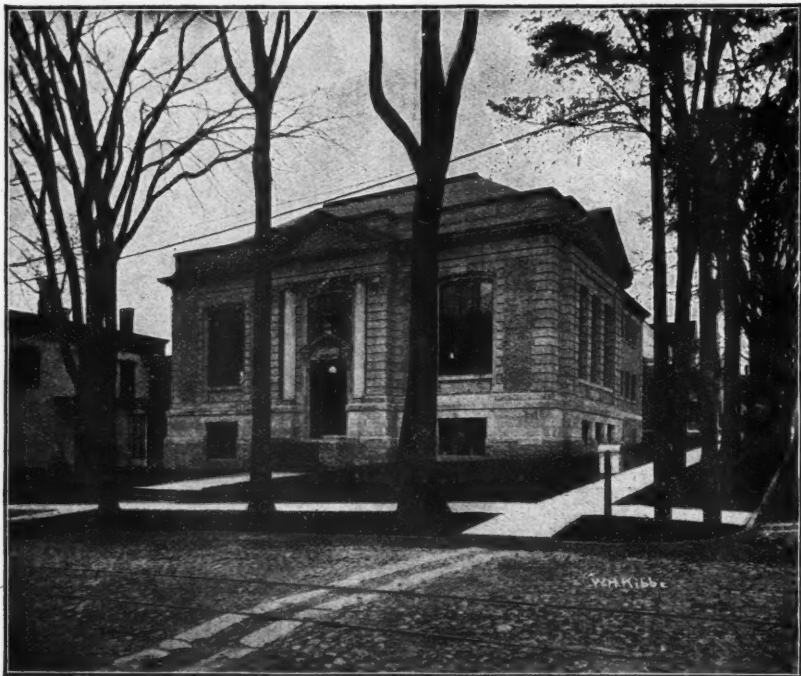


Photo by W. H. Kabbe

JOHNSTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY

is not the only use to which leather is put. There is a factory that produces sporting goods; choice pieces of skins that are too small to make into gloves are converted into all sorts of novelties, such as pocket-books, tobacco pouches, pocket knife cases, etc., while the clippings and scraps are made into baseballs, a million and a half having been last year's output; and even the refuse of the raw hides is utilized by a very large glue company.

the largest gelatine plant in the world, while its financial interests are taken care of by two banks whose combined capital is \$300,000; surplus \$350,000, and which have \$3,000,000 on deposit.

While the foregoing are the principal industries of Johnstown, its abundant resources could be profitably utilized by others. It has water power that far exceeds the demands now made upon it; an electric light and power plant of unlimited capacity, and mill and fac-

## JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

tory sites of inestimable value. It is connected with the New York Central at Fonda, only four miles away, by both the steam and electric divisions of the Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville railroad, while the limited cars of the interurban line of the same system take passengers to Amsterdam in thirty minutes, to Schenectady in an hour, and to Albany in two hours. These transportation facilities put the city so closely in touch with the greater commercial centers that it would be hard to find a municipality that equaled it in such advantages, and realizing these things, there are at present two very large concerns that are contemplating the establishment of plants here.

\* \* \*

As a residence place Johnstown is ideal. The vital statistics for January showed that its death rate for that month was the smallest of any city in the State. This was no doubt in large part due to its healthful location and surroundings, which have been supplemented by the most modern sanitary arrangements. It would seem as if nature had been more than generous to this old town that is so rapidly becoming a thriving city. Its altitude is 800 feet above the sea level, enough to ensure sufficient moisture in the atmosphere, with but little humidity and scarcely any fog. Its location at the foot of the Adirondacks gives it the pure air for which that region is famed, while its water supply, which is absolutely untainted, comes from the first range of hills to the north in such unlimited quantities that even the most lengthy drought fails to affect it. It is brought to the city by the gravity system, and its pressure, 130 pounds to the square inch, is sufficient to throw it over the highest building on the most elevated point within the corporate limits, so that in addition to its domestic uses it provides the most ample and inexpensive method of fighting fires, and in this connection it may also be said that the city is unusually free from destructive conflagrations.

\* \* \*

Johnstown is essentially a city of homes. It is not the wealthier class only who are taxpayers, but a large majority of the operatives in the factories and mills own their houses and consequently take a greater pride in the city's appearance. The streets are shaded

by rows of stately elms and thick-leaved maples, the grass in the door yards is kept at lawn length, while flower beds and gardens add to their beauty. There are residence streets that contain palatial structures, and others that are flanked on either side with modest dwellings, which are in such a state of repair that strangers are struck with the air of prosperity that characterizes the place. The streets are paved with brick, asphalt and macadam, and kept scrupulously clean, and contracts have already been let for extensions of such work during the coming summer.

\* \* \*

No city can be counted a true home city unless its educational advantages are of the best, and in this Johnstown excels.

Sir William Johnson established here the first real free school in the United States and declared himself the patron of education, and since his day that spirit has continued to actuate the people. The old Johnstown Academy was famous as an institution of learning, and many such men and women as Bishop Littlejohn of New York, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were enrolled among its students. At present there are four modern brick buildings, all except one erected within fifteen years. The total registry of scholars is 1,837, and they are under the care of forty-eight professors and teachers beside the superintendent. The high school is one of the best in the state, and its graduates are found in the leading colleges, both male and female, and technical schools. The only training class for teachers in this vicinity is maintained in connection with it, and it also has its own reference library.

\* \* \*

As an auxiliary to its other educational facilities, the city maintains a very fine free public library, for which an annual appropriation of \$2500.00 is made in addition to its income from other sources. There are, beside, a large number of study clubs which serve to keep alive a keen interest in literature, history and the sciences, and a morning and an evening daily paper are published.

\* \* \*

The religious element largely dominates the community. There are thirteen churches—the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman

## JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

Catholic, two Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, True Dutch Reformed, Free Methodist, Christian Science and A. M. E. Zion. There is also a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a prosperous Young Women's Christian Association, and a very active Young Men's Christian Association. The latter is housed in its own building, which was erected in 1902, at a cost of \$40,000, and is entirely free from debt. It has a general secretary and physical director, a finely equipped gymnasium, and is doing a most excellent work. Its senior department consists of two hundred and fourteen members, while its boys' department has ninety-one. The morality of the city is shown by the fact that during 1906 there were only sixty-two arrests, and for a community of 10,000 people that is indeed very small.

\* \* \*

The city's architecture delights both antiquarians and those who are more favorable to modern structures. Johnson Hall, the residence of the great baronet, is still standing; the only baronial mansion in the United States. It has never been allowed to deteriorate, and with its adjoining grounds was recently purchased by the State and the Johnstown Historical Society will now be its custodian. It will contain that body's museum and archives, among which are many interesting relics of colonial days. The court house and jail, also built by Sir William Johnson, are still used for the purposes for which they were erected, and the board of supervisors will put up a modern building for the use of the county officers at a cost of \$45,000, before the year ends. Congress has appropriated \$15,000 for a postoffice site, and it is expected that during the coming session another appropriation will be secured for the building itself. A few years since Main Street was swept by a destructive fire, which proved to be a great advantage to the city, for the old wooden

buildings that were consumed have been replaced with brick blocks, from three to six stories in height, and the principal business section is now up-to-date in every way.

\* \* \*

The social advantages of the place are what would be expected in such a city. The fraternities all have strong footholds, the life insurance and investment orders flourish, and there are clubs that occupy their own houses, which are fitted with every comfort and convenience.

\* \* \*

In the line of amusements it is well taken care of. The opera house presents a repertoire of plays second to none outside the metropolis, and has from ten to twenty of the best New York productions every winter, beside others of minor interest. A five cent car fare takes one to the A. J. & G. baseball grounds, where there are from one to five New York State league games each week during the season. A half hour's ride by train carries excursionists twenty miles to a park on the banks of the Sacandaga, where they can boat, bathe, or enjoy the mountain scenery, and where in the evening the best vaudeville performances are given in a pretty rustic theatre.

\* \* \*

Such is Johnstown, past and present. Its future looks very bright. Its leading industry the glove business, was never so crowded with orders, and as its interests are being looked after by a very capable and active Board of Trade, the prospects are that it will continue to make rapid strides. It is always glad to welcome strangers and entertain them at its fine hotels and the cordiality which it extends to all visitors is one of the chief characteristics of this progressive city whose birth antedates the Revolution.





# PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

## MILWAUKEE

IN many quarters in Wisconsin no word is sufficiently hard to apply to the public service corporations. They are corrupt and merit no man's respect. A class of people are asking for the municipalization of everything; railroads, street car lines, gas and electricity, and in fact every industry of a public service nature. Extreme partisanship has obscured the vision, and it seems useless to expect fair argument. The sober business man, however, realizes that nothing would be more harmful to the country's commercial prosperity, and more fatal to financial securities, than the general subversion of private enterprise and of individual effort and setting up in its place a heavy, cumbersome system of management from which individual responsibility, the competitive and creative activity of brains and personal financial interest are entirely absent.

The average reformer never realizes that legislative attacks upon corporations often result in financial loss to the people. As a result of continued agitation, it becomes more difficult for the corporations to float their stocks and securities, and any advance in the rates of interest as a consequence must necessarily be paid by the patrons of the corporations in the end.

The original franchise granted by the city of Milwaukee for gas lighting was given in June, 1851, to John Lockwood of Cincinnati, and was for a term of fifteen years and was absolutely exclusive, the city agreeing not to grant to any other persons or corporate body any similar privileges during that period. Notwithstanding the fact that the franchise was one of the early grants of this nature given by a municipality in the West, the document shows that it was prepared with much care, and displays considerable legal ability. In January, 1852, Mr. Lockwood sold his franchise and privileges to a corporation which had been formed under the name "Milwaukee Gas Light Company." The capital stock of the corporation was \$150,000, and its cor-

porate existence limited to thirty years. In granting the Milwaukee Gas Light Company its charter in 1852, the legislative act provided that "the company shall have the power and full and exclusive authority to manufacture and sell gas for the purpose of lighting the city of Milwaukee, and to erect all necessary works and apparatus, and to lay pipes for the purpose of conducting the gas in any of the public streets and avenues in the city."

In later years, a dispute arose between the city of Milwaukee and the corporation regarding the exclusive feature of the franchise, and the matter was brought into the courts. The supreme court decided that the legislature may confer upon a private corporation the exclusive right to manufacture and sell gas, and to erect works and lay pipes therefor within the limits of a municipal corporation, and that the act of 1852 confers the exclusive right therein described without any limit of time, the court virtually deciding that the company's franchise was exclusive and perpetual until withdrawn by the legislature of the state.

For over fifty years the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has been conducting its business without opposition. It is true that efforts have repeatedly been made to repeal this exclusive feature of the franchise, but the movement was never supported by the representative people of Milwaukee, and the agitation has been mainly the result of efforts of office seekers who sought to make political capital out of their attempt to create competition. At times during this period, the company has been somewhat indifferent to the demands of the people, but since the present owners gained control in 1893 a spirit of progress has been manifested that has satisfied the public and gained for the corporation a most friendly relationship with its patrons. I interviewed a large number of representative people in Milwaukee who cheerfully testified to this fact.

A number of people made the charge that

## PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

the Milwaukee Gas Light Company is over-capitalized. Upon investigating this matter, I found the outstanding bonds of the corporation are approximately \$7,500,000. The capital stock of the corporation is limited by law to \$1,500,000, of which \$1,380,150 have been issued, and this stock, with the exception of the qualifying shares owned by the directors, is all owned by the Western Gas Company of New York. The latter company is capitalized at \$4,000,000, ninety-five per cent. of which is owned by the American Light and Traction Company, a corporation organized under the laws of New Jersey, and of which Emerson McMillin is president. This company has gas and electric plants in Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Detroit, Michigan; St. Paul, Minnesota; Somerset, Wisconsin; Grand Rapids, Michigan; St. Joseph, Missouri; Quebec, Canada; San Antonio, Texas; Binghamton, New York; Long Branch, New Jersey; Madison, Wisconsin; and Muskegon, Michigan.

The market value of the Western Gas Company stock is about \$125 per share, which would give a total valuation to the stock of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company of about \$5,000,000, as the Western Gas Company has no property other than its holdings in the Milwaukee Gas Light Company's securities. The total interest and dividend payments by the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are reported to be about \$500,000 per year. The property of the company was given an assessed valuation in 1906 of \$5,250,000. As assessments are usually made in Milwaukee on a basis of sixty per cent. of the valuation, it is safe to assume that the property has a value of between eight and ten million dollars. If this is the case, the aggregate of the dividend and interest payments is not an excessive return upon the actual value of the property.

The officers of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are Emerson McMillin, president; S. J. Glass, vice president and general manager; and E. Haase, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Glass has been identified with the Milwaukee corporation since 1892. He was secretary and treasurer of the American Light and Traction Company for three years.

The system of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company comprises 348 miles of mains. The number of consumers at the present time is 55,000. The sales per capita per annum

are 6,000 cubic feet, forty-five per cent. of which is illuminating gas and fifty-five per cent fuel gas. Eighty-eight thousand meters are in use at the present time, but since the single meter system was established on January first, the number of meters is being gradually reduced to one for each consumer.

The rates for gas are as follows:

Eighty cents per thousand for the first 10,000 cubic feet of gas used during any one month, seventy cents per thousand for the next 10,000 cubic feet used during the same month, and sixty cents per thousand for all over 20,000 cubic feet of gas used during any one month.

It would be difficult to find a gas plant more complete and perfect than that of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company. Experts agree that the plant at Zurich, Switzerland, alone stands higher in point of excellence. A more striking example of modern enterprise, constant application of broad principles and scientific skill it would be difficult to find. No element of modern science adaptable to the construction of a perfect system, was overlooked in the installation of the new works of the company.

The Milwaukee Gas Light Company employs on an average about 750 people in all its departments. It has a large investment, and conducts a manufacturing enterprise of great magnitude. So carefully and skillfully does it operate that every detail of expense is investigated and watched. Its management has paid great attention to the health, welfare and comfort of the employees. In its new works care has been taken of the ventilation, and there are special accommodations for the workmen in the way of lounging rooms, baths and other comforts and conveniences.

Faithful employees of the company who have held their places a year or longer have, for several years, been paid an annual dividend upon the gross amount of their annual wage, equivalent to the dividend paid to stockholders.

During the past twenty years the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has voluntarily made reductions in its rates a dozen times, and it is claimed that not to exceed four cities in the United States enjoy as cheap gas rates as Milwaukee, and in such cases the reason may be traced to a more favorable location for coal supply. This company's standing in the

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financial world, on account of its exclusive franchise and the excellence of its management, has enabled its officers to float the securities at the low rate of four per cent., a rate enjoyed by but few institutions of this nature in the country, and this condition has resulted in the people of Milwaukee obtaining the uniform low rates for gas that now prevail.

The question of state regulation of the public service corporations was one of the important issues in the last political campaign in Wisconsin, and bills are before the legislature having this end in view.

The constitution of the state of Wisconsin and of the United States protects the stockholders of public utility corporations against confiscation; that is to say, the rates, when they are regulated by any public body, must be sufficiently high to permit the corporation to earn a fair return by way of interest or dividends upon the money devoted to public use; and it has been decided that any rate regulation is constitutional under the laws provided the corporation is permitted to realize enough from its service of the public to have a fair and reasonable return on the money invested.

That does not mean a fair and reasonable return upon any watered capital, but merely a fair return upon what has honestly and actually been invested in the enterprise, because the stockholders formed a public utility corporation, they devoted that money to a public use, and agreed that that money might be used for the public service.

The real question at issue seems to have resolved itself into the proposition of regulation. The manager of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company states that his corporation has no objection to proper regulation; in fact, he would welcome it. Proper regulation requires, however, that the state, not the municipality, should exercise this power and divorce it from local temptations and local influences as far as possible.

The most just and successful effort in this direction is to be found in the State of Massachusetts, which is in advance of most of the other states in the Union in its methods of dealing with public service corporations. The Massachusetts commission practically protects the companies of that state against raiders, but it does not encourage low prices by permitting increased dividends for reductions made to consumers of the companies' product.

Nearly forty years ago, the highest court of the land decided that the state legislatures could regulate the price of gas and could delegate such authority to city councils. Some years later this decision was modified by a requirement that reasonable prices, judicially determined, were essential to such regulation. This being the law of the land, it is incomprehensible why the public should so persistently clamor for competition. What would be a fair price if one company does all the gas business of a city would be far below a fair price when the business must be divided between two or more companies. Menaced with the constant possibility of fights with opposition companies, public utility corporations must be rated as hazardous for invested capital, instead of being a legal investment for savings banks and estates.

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The Milwaukee Gas Light Company is in the first rank of aggressively progressive enterprises, and in this respect it lines up with any city in the United States. The success of this corporation is decidedly due more to their systematic education of consumers than to actual reductions in the price of gas.

They maintain an efficient corps of instructors, who are constantly giving their best attention to the proper use of gas. Every complaint is immediately attended to, and not only that, but whenever they find indications of an increase in consumption by consumers, this is investigated. The instructors persist in carefully explaining to consumers the proper use of gas, the company exhibits and sells at a very nominal return the very best appliances, and demonstrates to the consumer how to use such and maintain maximum efficiency.

This has now become as important a feature in the management of a gas company as the question of manufacture itself. As a result, the business of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company is growing, the applications of gas are broadening as people are learning its economical use, and the policy has resulted in a vastly greater saving to the consumer than the actual reductions made from time to time in the price of gas.

When such men as Emerson McMillin invite the investigation and supervision of a public service commission, and say that corporations will receive only fair treatment

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through state regulation of their affairs, the arguments of the demagogues about the dark and devious methods pursued by corporations seem to be in poor logic. If the spirit manifested by Mr. McMillin prevails among those interested in public service corporations generally, it looks as though the public utility problem had been solved.

It is true that franchises similar to that granted to the Milwaukee Gas Light Company are no longer given to public service corporations, but whatever the general effects of such franchises have been, it can truthfully be stated that the people of Milwaukee have saved many hundred thousand dollars during the past fifty years as a result of this exclusive feature. There has been no necessity on the part of the corporation to pile up a large reserve fund, and realizing its industrial security, it has been enabled to apply at all times the most modern methods regardless of cost. According to reliable statistics, regarding the price of gas in all the cities of 100,000 and over, for the past quarter of a century, the Milwaukee Gas Light Company has always been at the head of the procession in low rates. To the large consumer of gas, there is no corporation in the United States giving as low rates for all purposes.

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A very important controversy affecting public service corporations was decided by the supreme court of Wisconsin two years ago, when the city of Madison endeavored to compel the Local Gas Light Company to reduce its rates. There had been complaints regarding the rates and the quality of gas furnished for some time, and a committee of the citizens joined with the city in an effort to get the courts to secure a reduction. The claim was made that the rates were unnecessarily burdensome, and that they enabled the company to pay dividends on the par value of the stock and bonds which the complainants asserted were unreasonably watered. The city was unable to determine to what extent the company had indulged in overcapitalization, nor its actual receipts and legitimate expenses. To determine these facts, a request was made that the gas company open its books for investigation. This request the company denied, claiming that to answer the questions would entail much clerical labor and expense, and there appeared

to be no object either in suggestion or conceivable prospect to warrant the outlay for mere purposes of academic controversy.

The information sought by the city when it requested access to the company's books and records was for the purpose of framing a complaint. It was desired to discover what amount of capital had been paid in and invested by the gas company to acquire and maintain its plant; the amount of bonds issued, and when and by whom purchased, and the amounts actually paid by the purchasers and the disposition of the moneys received for these bonds. The complainants also sought to discover the actual indebtedness of the company, and how contracted, also its annual operating expenses and gross receipts, and whether it is a member or partner of any combination or trust. In the lower court the case was decided in favor of the city, and the matter was carried to the supreme court, where the decision was reversed and an opinion given which is of much interest to public service corporations generally.

In effect, the court said that when rules have been enacted by law, then the judiciary is vested with authority to construe or apply them to the affairs they were intended to regulate and control. The courts are not authorized to revise or change the body of rates imposed by a legislature or commission, but it is their duty to inquire whether the rate prescribed by the legislature or commission is unjust and unreasonable, and if found to be, to restrain its operation. It is one thing to inquire whether the rates charged and collected are unreasonable, that is a judicial act, but an entirely different thing to prescribe rates which shall be charged for the future—that is a legislative act. If the court endeavored to enforce a prescribed future charge, it would, in an indirect way, usurp the legislative prerogative. Nothing had been done by the state, either directly or indirectly, or by the city of Madison, to prescribe rates at which the gas company must furnish the commodity, and no power exists in the court to prescribe a fixed charge for the future. A franchise with no provision as to rates is not an uncommon one, and if no such provision is included in the franchise, is presumed it was not intended to enforce any obligation upon the company with respect thereto.

The Madison Gas Light and Coke Company was incorporated by special act of the

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legislature in 1855, which granted the Company the exclusive privilege of supplying the village of Madison with gas for fifteen years from the completion of its works.

In 1870 the persons owning the corporation incorporated a new company, The Madison City Gas Light and Coke Company.

In 1896 the Madison Gas and Electric Company was formed, and purchased the gas plant; also the electric light plant owned by the Four Lakes Light and Power Company.

The latter company operated under an ordinance of the city council of Madison in 1982. As no time limit is mentioned in the ordinance, the conclusion is that the electric franchise is perpetual.

Unlike the gas franchise, however, it is not exclusive. When the new company was formed in 1896, The Emerson McMillin interests gained control, since which time several reductions and benefits have been granted to the people of Madison, among which may be mentioned the following: In 1898, gas meter rents were abolished; in 1899, electric meter rents except for power, were discontinued; in 1900 illuminating gas was reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.50 per cubic feet; reduction was made in rates for electric current in 1901; in 1903 the price for street arc lamps was reduced from \$80 to \$72 for all night street lights, and from \$60 to \$52 for midnight lamps; in 1904 the price for illuminating gas was reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet; March 1, 1907, the price of gas in excess of a monthly consumption of one thousand cubic feet was reduced as follows: For the first thousand cubic feet \$1.25, for the next four thousand cubic feet \$1.15, for all amounts over five thousand feet \$1.00.

The system consists of forty miles of mains and it has 3,850 customers. By indefatigable energy the management has worked up a larger number of customers for fuel gas than any gas company in the state, outside of Milwaukee. It is true there have been complaints regarding the quality of the product, but plans have been made for the expenditure of at least \$60,000 in the gas and electric light plants. The officers of the corporation are Henry L. Doherty, president; N. B. Van Slyke, vice president and E. C. Smith secretary and treasurer. John Cors-

cott has been general manager since 1892, and to his untiring energy may be attributed the rapid strides which the corporation has made.

### THE TELEPHONE

THE telephone companies of the United States are ordinarily divided into two classes, called Bell companies and Independent companies. By Bell companies, are meant companies that are controlled by or connected with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. This is a large, holding company, owning a controlling interest in many of the local telephone companies of the country that own and operate the Bell long distance toll lines, and also having traffic arrangements with other companies. It seeks to build up and to maintain a general, national system of telephony, and bring the telephone subscribers throughout the United States into one inter-connected system.

The phrase "Independent Telephone Company" is generally used as covering all companies not directly controlled by, or having traffic arrangements with, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. But this classification is inaccurate and misleading, in that it undertakes to classify all the companies of the country as Bell and anti-Bell or Independent, including in the latter category a large number of small, isolated exchanges and farmers' lines, which have been built mainly for local accommodation. These systems are gradually being connected with each other, and with larger companies, and will undoubtedly ultimately form part of a national system of telephony, but at the present time they are not competitors of the Bell or Independent companies. They were legitimately created to meet needs, which one system could not or did not, develop fast enough to fill.

In those cities and towns where a Bell company already existed, furnishing service to a substantial number of subscribers, new, competing companies have been organized, obtained subscribers, and are furnishing telephone service. They have floated and are now floating, large amounts of telephone bonds and stocks upon the markets. An interesting question to the general investor is, are the bonds and stocks of Independent competing lines safe and desirable investments for those who have savings to invest?



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It is perhaps unfortunate for the common understanding of telephony, that originally the telephone was regarded as a patented and leased instrument, fastened to the wall, which, when once installed, could be used without putting anyone to any substantial expense. But the moment the telephone is connected, not with one or two other telephones, but through a switchboard with a large number of subscribers, the real telephone apparatus is mainly concealed from the ordinary subscriber. The cost of installing a telephone for a subscriber therefore, constantly increases as it becomes necessary to arrange to connect that subscriber with an increasing number of other subscribers. The average number of calls over a single telephone increases as the number of subscribers increases, but not in the same proportion.

It is found by experience that one operator can answer the calls on from forty to one hundred different lines. It is necessary to arrange that each operator shall have, within physical reach of her hand, holes in the switchboard enabling her to connect her incoming calls with all the subscribers in that exchange. At present, an exchange is practically limited to about ten thousand, and the necessary trunk connections.

Having reached the limit of one exchange, the business of connecting subscribers with each other is then carried on by having the operator connect each exchange by a trunk line with another exchange. The increase of appliances never bears an arithmetical ratio to the increase and number of subscribers. The system grows constantly more complicated as the number of subscribers increases.

There is much reason to believe that the telephone companies have to their own embarrassment and injury, failed to do what they might have done to give the public a reasonably adequate comprehension of the business in which they are engaged. Obviously the increase in cost both in installation and operation makes the financial problem entirely different from that which obtains in any other business.

It is difficult, at first glance, to understand that it costs more per subscriber to do a large telephone business than it does to do a small telephone business. The more you sell the cheaper you sell, is supposed to be a universal axiom, but this does not obtain in the telephone business. A little reflection will make

it clear that the appliance and apparatus necessary to bring any one of a million people into almost instantaneous communication with any other one of that million must both in installation and operation have been created at a great deal of expense.

The general public is more interested in having an adequate system than in getting rates for a short time below the actual cost. Nothing is clearer, than that it is for the benefit of the people as a whole to have the telephone system extended as far and as fast as possible. This can only be accomplished by the investments of enormous capital, and capital can never be obtained unless it is safely invested and made reasonably remunerative. If the companies yield to pressure for rates that are too low, financial disaster will follow as a consequence, and the development of the telephone system will be checked for lack of capital. Few greater national disasters can be imagined, than that the development of the telephone business should be checked by inability to obtain the capital for extension. Telephony has within the last thirty years, revolutionized business methods.

From the annual report of President Frederick P. Fish, 1905, the following information regarding the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has been obtained. The corporation is the central company of a great organization which is giving telephone service throughout the country. Much of the operation is done through its associated companies, each of which controls a definite territory. The American Company, itself, owns and operates a comprehensive system of long distance lines, extending through, and interconnecting, the territories of the associated operating companies. The country is covered by these associated, operating companies, nearly forty in number, each having its own trained officials in every department, and its own board of directors, made up of men of standing in their respective communities. Substantially all of the company's assets consist of securities of the associated companies. These securities are carried on the company's books at a valuation that is distinctly conservative. The funds paid by this company into the treasury of the associated companies together with those derived from issues of stock to the other stockholders and from other purchases of the securities of those companies furnish the means to enable the associated

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companies to extend their properties, to construct and enlarge their exchanges, build toll lines and erect new exchanges. Through this process, the issues of securities by the associated companies to the extent of the purchase of these securities, reappear in the capitalization of the company; that is to say, each \$1,000 realized from the securities of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which is paid over by it into the treasury of its associated companies appears again in the form of \$1,000 of the securities of the company into whose treasury it is paid, and by which it is invested in the plant.

The aggregate capitalization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies in the United States was on January 1, 1906, as follows:

Entire capitalization of the A. T. & T. Co., that is, all stocks, bonds and other obligations ...	\$334,524,583
Less invested in toll lines .....	99,293,987
Balance invested in Exchanges	\$235,230,596
Number of Exchange Stations, excluding sub-licensee and private line stations .....	2,241,367
Average capitalization, per Exchange Station .....	\$105
Average capitalization, per station, including investment in all toll lines .....	149

Many of the independent companies were and are capitalized at a high rate, from \$200 to \$250 and some even are as high as \$350 per station.

The independent telephone movement originated shortly after the panic of 1893 to 1896. It was freely predicted by men who understood the telephone business that such an independent movement would in each individual case be nothing more than a temporary matter, and that eventually these independent organizations would either die a natural death or be absorbed by the older companies. Of course these predictions were ridiculed by the promoters and by a certain class of people who believe that competition is the life of trade in all vocations, but who forget that there are certain exceptions to the rule. Nevertheless, time in its gentle manner, has brought a sad truth to thousands of citizens of the United States who have been induced to invest their money in independent

telephone corporations with a desire to serve the public and incidentally to enrich themselves. Throughout the entire country, may be found a large number of monuments to departed wealth and poor judgment, and as a result of an effort on the part of a great many people to give their communities better telephone service and at lower rates than previously existed. There is no better way of judging the future than by the past, and if the capitalist will make a careful study of the financial results of telephone competition in the United States he will conclude that but few enterprises are less certain to return the original capital than investments in an independent telephone exchange.

It is both the presumption and the realization that there will be occasional dissatisfaction on the part of the public with the telephone service of the community. This may be caused by incompetency and indifference on the part of the existing company, but it is generally the result of conditions incidental to the plant which could not have been controlled, but which were being speedily remedied. When these conditions exist, the public cares nothing for excuses, and if at such time the professional promoter appears on the scene, he is given a hearty welcome, and his work is easy.

It must not be supposed that the promoters of independent telephone organizations are men of ordinary capacity, on the contrary, they are men of exceptional ability in manipulating affairs of this nature. They know when to appeal to prejudice and passion, and their knowledge of human nature is such that they are enabled to apply the correct appeal to each individual approached from the leading banker to the man who runs a saloon on the outskirts of the city, but who has been elected a member of the common council. The history of these organizations is almost uniform. A promoter representing some manufacturer of telephone apparatus goes into a town or city and starts an agitation in favor of another system. Those who have been approached by the visitor will remember that he characterized the conduct of the old company as one of arrogance and extortion, and his mission into the field was one of pure philanthropy to relieve the people from a condition of servitude to a grinding monopoly. The public mind is prone to accept and believe this modern Moses, and credulous and

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willing ears are plentiful. When the public prejudice against the old company has reached a certain degree of animosity, the promoter organizes the company. Local business men and bankers are drawn into the concern, and some term such as "Home Telephone Company," or "The People's Telephone Company," is given the new organization with a view of stimulating local pride and patriotism.

With the co-operation of these influential citizens the work of securing a franchise from the city council is an easy matter. Then a construction company is formed which is generally composed of the promoter and the equipment company which he represents. This move makes the source from which the telephone apparatus is purchased a certainty, and this is one of the main objects to be attained. The construction company accepts in payment the stocks and bonds of the promoting company. Operating begins and the service is usually good. The subscribers who have been secured by cheaper rates than those given by the old company are enthusiastic. The first years show good profit; interest on the bonds is paid and large dividends are declared. Then the real smooth work takes place. The promoter places his stock and bonds on the market, and, dazzled by the reports issued and dividends declared, investors buy the securities at high prices. Then the promoter, having made a profit on the equipment, another on the construction and a third on the sale of stocks and bonds, leaves for new fields of endeavor, the local investors being left to hold the bag.

What happens? The local company is re-organized among those who have purchased the stocks and bonds, and in a short time the items of wear and decay appear on the surface. The expected dividends do not materialize again; these amounts together with considerable additional capital, are needed to offset depreciation and obsolescence. Within five or six years the renewal period has arrived; it has become apparent that the rates are altogether too low and measures are taken to increase them. Sometimes this effort is successful, and thus additional capital can be secured upon the representation that the business, with its natural growth and increased rates will show handsome returns. The previous owners at this time endeavor to unload and perpetrate on others the tricks played upon them by the original promoters. When

it is impossible to raise the rates, efforts to bring about a merger begin at once; but when it has been possible to increase the rates, the date for this occurrence is delayed until the second crop of investors have "graduated" in the telephone business.

The absolute failure on the part of hundreds of independent telephone companies whose existence brings unpleasant memories to thousands may be traced to several causes, chiefly among which may be mentioned: overcapitalization, depreciation and obsolescence, ruinous rates and lack of long distance service.

Independent telephony in its broadest sense is largely the promoters' proposition. There comes a time in the development of every great industry when the general promoter of investment schemes sees the chance to utilize to his own advantage the public interest and demand in popular and necessary utilities. When the early Bell patents expired, some years ago, the telephone business reached that stage, and as a consequence a number of concerns sprang up for the manufacture of telephone apparatus and supplies. It became necessary to create a market for the product of these factories, and then began the organization of various independent telephone companies in every part of the country.

It is not the intention of this article to characterize the work of all the independent concerns as being illegitimately conceived and capriciously applied, because there are corporations of this nature which are reputable in every sense of the word; but where one has been successful, a score have been absolute failures, which has caused a long trail of losses to well meaning citizens who bought stocks and bonds, and to others who were compelled to assume the burdens of additional and unnecessary telephone bills.

There have, it is true, been instances where the lack of progress on the part of the older companies, the absolute indifference and arrogance on the part of the management demanded radical means of relief. In such cases, the organization of an independent company has supplied a want, but where the service given by the existing company was reasonably satisfactory and the majority of the patrons had no complaints to offer, and the minority had its grievances courteously and satisfactorily adjusted, the organization of another system has been of no benefit to

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a community, but on the other hand a positive detriment and an injury.

The writer has a peculiar interest in Wisconsin affairs, having been for many years a resident of that state, and personally familiar with the gentlemen who had to do with the up-building of its telephone business.

Mr. Charles K. Haskins, of Milwaukee was one of the first to see the possibilities of the business, and in 1880, or thereabouts, secured a license from the American Bell Telephone Company to operate in Wisconsin. A small exchange was constructed in Milwaukee, and by slow advances Mr. Haskins and his colleagues extended the business to Oshkosh, Sheboygan and the long distance connections began to take shape. The properties were organized in July, 1882, under the corporate name, Wisconsin Telephone Company, with Mr. Haskins at the helm. The company was organized under the telegraph laws of this state, and all legislative action of a regulative nature since that time has applied equally to the telephone and telegraph business.

During the proprietary days, or the term protected by the patents, the growth of the business was slow, and at the close of the year 1896 it had reached the following development:

In the city of Milwaukee, 3,000 subscribers; 6,000 at all other points in the state; these exchanges being connected by about 5,000 miles of toll wire. For the following three years the growth was slow, but from 1899 and thereafter the extraordinary impetus to the business is not peculiar to Wisconsin alone, but has been the experience of all companies throughout the country. After that date, the Wisconsin Telephone Company's increase of business, hitherto at the rate of from ten to twelve hundred subscribers per year, advanced in strides of three, six, nine to fifteen thousand subscribers increase per annum, and at the present time the company is operating over 27,000 miles of toll wire; 24,000 exchange subscribers in Milwaukee; 25,000 subscribers in their other eighty exchanges in the state, together with 25,000 sub-licensee subscribers of connecting independent companies, which are given complete facilities with the Wisconsin Company's system. At the close of 1900, the total development in the state was under 21,000, and at the present time it has reached a total

of 84,000; in other words, in six years they show a development four times greater than that of preceding the eighteen years. The claim is generally made that the increase during these years is due to the impulse of the independent movement, but it will be noticed in cities where competition has not occurred, San Francisco, the city of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and some others, the increase cannot be accounted for in this manner, but rather to a schedule of rates based on paying for what you get, with service as low as five cents per day, thus meeting every possible requirement of business, and doubtless the companies have learned how to press their commodity upon the public.

Among the trials of the company may be mentioned the difficulty of securing monies to embark in a new and doubtful field; the prejudices against a monopoly; belief that the company charges extortionate rates, and the utter inability to educate the people as to cost of producing the service, and regarding which, they are no better informed today than ten years ago. One of the most stunning blows to the business was the advent of the high power electric railway and light companies whose currents rendered the then method of operating by grounded circuits inoperative, inasmuch as the telephone companies depended upon the earth for their return circuit. These high power currents necessitated a complete reversal of methods, requiring new aerial plant, the use of copper wire to secure immunity from corrosion in metallic circuits, instead of grounded circuits, and so balanced as to neutralize these induction disturbances. In short, both the exchange and toll service of the whole country had to be re-constructed.

Some of the telephone companies went into the courts for relief, expecting to be sustained upon the theory that it was an unwarranted destruction of their business, but the trend of the decisions was that the telephone companies could not be permitted control of the earth currents upon which the business then depended, to the exclusion of these other industries.

The slogan of telephone companies appears to be, "The earth for development, and a reasonable margin of profit for their shareholders." The Wisconsin company have it as a standing ad that they will cut their rate as fast as consistent with this policy, and the

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fact that in the last decade the rates have been reduced fifty per cent seems to be evidence of the sincerity of their statements.

A complete development of the environs of Milwaukee has been made, so that ninety-five per cent. of the population within a radius of fifty miles of the city are in intimate touch with it.

Rates, development and broadening of methods in Wisconsin has kept pace with the progress in Milwaukee. The demand for service goes by leaps and bounds, and to meet it it is about as difficult today to find skilled labor as to finance the problem.

Farmers are demanding facilities in all directions, and they recognize the value of connections with the system of the state. I note from the records of the secretary of state, 310 incorporated companies, many organized in the cities and towns to compete with the Wisconsin Telephone Company, but largely they are small rural concerns building and maintaining their own lines as cheaply as they may, and by contract with the Wisconsin company become an integral part of the system.

The Wisconsin company furnishes these rural companies standard instruments at a nominal price, and aids them otherwise, especially in all engineering problems without charge, the motive obviously being,—to strengthen their exchanges, to benefit by the increased use of their toll system, and to effect as far as possible an uniform system of operation. Two hundred and fifty-six independent companies operating over 25,000 stations are sub-licensees of the Wisconsin company at this time.

The personnel of the management of the Wisconsin Telephone Company has been centered in a very few men. C. H. Haskins was president from 1882 to 1888. Henry C. Payne came into the company in 1886, and was at the head of affairs until 1899, when the Erie Telephone & Telegraph Company came into possession of the Wisconsin system by purchase of its stock. Two years later, the Erie company became involved financially, and in the process of liquidation, its affairs were in the hands of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston, who operated the property until the close of 1901, when all the Erie properties reverted to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

In 1882, Mr. John D. McLeod came into the management of the company, and remains

with them today as its vice president, Mr. E. B. Cottrill having been elected as general manager in 1905. Early in 1902, Mr. Alonzo Burt, for some years in charge of the affairs of the Missouri & Kansas Company of Kansas City, Missouri, came into the Wisconsin company as its president, and is now in charge. Up to the time of the sale to the Erie company, the property and policy of the company was governed by a local board, and today this same policy obtains, the board being made up of Mr. Alonzo Burt, H. F. Whitcomb, formerly president of the Wisconsin Central railway; Ira B. Smith, wholesale grocer; J. O. Frank, wholesale merchandise; O. C. Fuller, president of the Wisconsin Trust Company; and Mr. E. A. Uhrig, president of the Western Fuel Company, together with those gentlemen in Boston representing the eastern interests.

The efforts to build up an independent system in Wisconsin has been attended by many incidents that would make interesting reading. As a Wisconsin journalist I have seen many strange differences between anticipation and realization in these movements, and it is not a wild prediction to say that the time will soon arrive when history in itself will encircle the state with a wall that no promoter of an independent telephone organization can climb. If the Wisconsin legislature passes the Public Service Commission Bill, which is now before that body, this period will be reached during the present year. Organizations of independent telephone companies in some of the larger interior cities of Wisconsin have lived for a brief time.

During the four years of the independent telephone company at Oshkosh, a dividend, and the only one, was declared; but the resolution adopted by the board of directors at that time is a remarkable example of American humor. The resolution provided "That a dividend of four per cent. be declared, and the officers are hereby authorized to borrow the money and pay the same." Where dividends have been paid by other companies, it would be interesting to know how many provided the funds in a similar manner.

\* \* \*

The telephone history of Michigan dates back to the latter part of 1876, when a broker from Cleveland came to Detroit with a proposition to sell the state rights for Michigan



## PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

of the American Bell Telephone Company. After weeks of disheartening canvassing, the license was sold for \$25,000. The first sets installed were crude, both transmitter and receiver being of the magnetic type of the present receiving instrument, the Blake transmitter having not at that time been invented, although its principle of reproducing sounds by the use of undulatory electric currents of low intensity was being worked upon by several of the best electricians of that period. The idea was to combine it in some way with the American District Telegraph service, and use it in connection with the messenger and watchman's time signal department.

The first organization was known as the Telephone & Telegraph Construction Company. This original Detroit company did not realize the immense possibilities of the new invention; the demand for the innovation was largely under estimated, and the original equipment was in a short time consigned to the junk pile. A new structure was modeled to contain quarters for a new telephone service superior to any then provided by any similar-sized city in the country. Provision was made for room to accommodate twenty switchboards of a capacity of fifty lines each, so that if the unexpected number of 1,000 subscribers should ever be attained, the operating department might continue to be maintained in these new quarters. This was at that time considered a very daring financial investment, and very far in advance of the period, but the management soon discovered that they had a rapidly-growing infant on their hands. The apparatus in a short time proved inadequate, and was consigned to the junk pile, and much larger and better facilities installed. From Detroit the use of the telephone had spread to the cities and villages of the state, and inter-communication between the places established. The small corporation which undertook the development of an electrical novelty had been succeeded by a corporation of half a million capital and this in turn grew into one of two and a half millions.

The money was being provided by Messrs. Newberry and McMillen, two of Detroit's public-spirited citizens, and by other people who had confidence in their judgment and management. After many improvements had taken place, and thousands of dollars expended in perfecting the plant, important

changes occurred in the management of the company. Mr. Newberry died, and with his own mind occupied with multifarious enterprises, the late Senator McMillen concluded he had done his full share in the development of the telephone business of the state. There were telephones in every place of importance in Michigan, and a splendid long distance system had been built up. There had been for some time considerable Chicago capital in the enterprise, and the owners of this stock took over Mr. McMillen's interest in the plant. The new owners brought new lieutenants and new policies. William A. Jackson, the general manager of the company, identified himself with the Central Union Telephone Company of Chicago, and left the Michigan company. Meantime, the situation was changing. The earlier patents upon telephone apparatus were expiring, and the monopoly of the parent Bell Company upon the production of apparatus was passing away. There were not lacking in Michigan energetic people who were willing to put their money into a rival concern, and in this crisis the directors of the company were not equal to the situation.

Capital was secured from various sources, and a rival to the Michigan Telephone Company sprang into existence. The foreign management of the old company paid no attention to what they termed a remarkable combination of cheek, politics and knavery, and in no way sought to stem the tide of popular disapproval which was coming toward it to engulf it, and as a result, a full-fledged local opposition service was inaugurated, a new rival long-distance service built and put into operation.

Seeing the changed condition of affairs, the Chicago owners consented to sell their holdings to the dominant faction in the Erie Telephone Company, and the Glidden syndicate of telephone investors became managers and owners of the Michigan Telephone Company. The eastern men made their money out of consolidating and contracting, rather than out of operation of the properties. They began to buy up the new rival company at a time when, within a few months, it would have fallen by its own weight. So eager were they to gain the ownership of the rival, that all manner of agents were made the confidants of their anxiety.

As a consequence of this reckless method

## PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

of financiering, the property of the Michigan Telephone Company was made a football for every financial harlequin to take a kick at, with the inevitable issue that, burdened by over-capitalization, under-fed by reason of ruinous competitive rates, fevered by over-construction, nagged at by the Michigan press and cursed by its patrons for insufficient service, it went to the only goal that could be expected, into the bankruptcy court.

It was at this time that William C. McMillen saw that the institution that his father had built up was in a deplorable condition, but which he thought could be brought back to industrial health and vigor, and with his characteristic energy he undertook the work. He interested the Chicago banking firm of W. W. Harris & Company, got William A. Jackson back to guide the executive policy of the company, and when the new organization, known as the Michigan State Telephone Company, sprang into being it was with a capital commensurate with its ability to earn income upon itself, and with a technical and managing organization calculated to make that capital productive.

Since that time, the Michigan State Telephone Company has experienced great success. Its growth has been remarkable, and its service excellent. Its lines extend into every village and city of importance in its territory, and the people having tasted the bitter effects of a double system, are not craving for any additional telephone organizations in Detroit. When the consolidation of the two companies took place, the newspaper comments on the experience of the city with the double system are of more than passing interest. The Detroit Free Press said: "It furnished competition, and very little else in the way of public benefit. It was the means of lowering rates—also the moral tone of the community. You could have one of its in-

struments for the asking, but it sometimes took an axe to get it out again. It soured tempers, injured lungs and caused a falling off in church attendance. Detroit cannot stand the strain of too many dualities in public utilities. The Tribune said: "However beautiful it may be in theory, competition in the telephone business is not satisfactory, either to stockholders or the rival companies, or to their patrons."

The introduction of the competing system is in many cases not a desire to improve telephone conditions of a city, but to build up a business for the benefit of the promoters. That such has been the case in Detroit is evidenced by the fact that in nearly all the independent concerns they have established, they have secured franchises from the municipality when the necessities for conducting their systems did not require them to do so. In Michigan and Wisconsin no grant of franchise from the cities is needed in order to enable any company to inaugurate a telephone service, the rights under the state laws being comprehensive and definite. This fact was known to all of the financiers who secured a franchise in Detroit. They knew it not only as a matter of general information, as did the people and the council. The only possible utility of the document they were at such pains to acquire was the assistance it might give in adding prestige and standing to the securities they might issue. So far as facilitating the institution and operation of a telephone plant and system is concerned, they knew it could have no such effect. These circumstances cast an informing light on the esteem in which the most formal and perfunctory acts of legislatures and councils are held by astute financiers. To many there is a financial magic in the word "franchise," and no better bait for the general investor has ever been invented.





*Photo by T. Banister*

MAIN STREET, FRANKFORT, LOOKING WEST

## FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

*VILLAGE OF BUSINESS, BOATS, BEACH AND BEAUTY*

By G. Edwards Lewis

I HAVE lived over thirty years in Northern Michigan; I have visited and re-visited her hills, valleys, fountains, lakes and purling streams; I love her pinks and poppies, fern and fir trees, meadows and maples; and from her wave-kissed east to her wave-washed west I have walked and worshipped, and at this vesper hour, as my soul glides over her thousand wonders, my heart sings.

\* \* \*

Frankfort lies on the rim of a great unsalted sea, beautiful for situation, half-girdled with a chain of everlasting hills, adorned with tree and vine. Just at the heel of the hill are prim meadows studded with golden dandelions, covering an area of 200 acres, where roving boy, laughing maiden and stranger guest play

at golf, tennis, and ball; or romp and fly kites.

On the western border is a greater common. In September blue waves steal in and whisper to the yellow shore the greetings of a sister state, and in December billows swoop in upon the moaning sand, and lash the beaches like a giant's whip.

The travelers from the south and east come to us on the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad. We are three hundred miles northwest of Toledo, Ohio, and two hundred north and east of Chicago. This is the terminal of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad, and where this company cleverly planned and wisely built the celebrated "Royal Frontenac,"—the most beautiful and commodious summer hotel home in all our North. All that ease

## FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

demands or heart can hope for, is found within those hospitable halls.

Out from our harbor, in spring and fall, summer and winter, defying heavy seas, crushing through fields of ice, daily depart, daily



PARK HOTEL

return, four gigantic steel car-ferrys, thus continuing the Ann Arbor freight and passenger traffic to northern and western cities, throughout the year. In sailing seasons the largest and fleetest steamers such as the "Manitou," "Northland," "Illinois," "Kansas," "Manistee," and hundreds of steamers, schooners, barges and hookers come and go.

\* \* \*

We have four mills, and two factories, which produce shingles, lath, lumber, broom handles, butter-dishes, clothes-pins, fish-floats, etc. We have several well-established fisheries.



PERE MARQUETTE HOTEL

Frankfort is the county seat of Benzie County, and is the home of many of the county officers, lake captains and railroad men.

We have three splendid hotels, the Park Hotel, the Pere Marquette, and Hotel Pratt.

Frankfort has five churches, Methodist, Catholic, Congregational, Lutheran, Adventist, and an Unitarian Society; scores of spacious and beautiful homes, an up-to-date electric light plant, and a complete water works system, furnishing pure spring water. One of the two artesian wells is 2,300 feet deep, and furnishes a steady flow from a six-inch pipe. Two of the best county papers in Michigan furnish our news and keep us abreast of the times. A busy bank supplies us our cash; a roller process flour mill furnishes our flour; a splendid machine shop splices our metal, and behind it all are two-score congenial, public-spirited men with both capital and capability to push our village to the forefront.

Two miles northward is beautiful Crystal Lake, twenty-seven miles long, her banks



PRATT HOTEL

covered with giant trees. At the eastern shore are a few summer homes and Beulah Village; at the western shore is one of the most enchanting resorts in the whole country. Back of these banks, on a headland dividing Lake Crystal and Lake Michigan, platted and improved, is the Congregational Summer Assembly grounds, where the most eminent entertainers, college presidents, profound scholars, learned divines and inspiring evangelists gather to instruct, inspire and amuse the tourist, villager and rural guest. Although this attempleage is but in its infancy, it last year had representatives from nearly a dozen states. Many cottages will be completed there this season. The Assembly convenes the first three weeks of August each year.

We have sixty years of history. Cyclones, cloud-bursts, or earthquakes were never known here. Our alluvial soil produces the

## FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

best of crops, and yet no muddy roads. For fruits we are "world winners." A Chicago produce company has large warehouses here, and ship hundreds of car-loads of cabbage annually to all parts of the United States.

For health supreme, our country is unexcelled, the pure air acts as a balm to all asthmatics. There is no hay fever here, nor ague, but rosy health is our constant companion.

Above all we have a benevolent people, amiable sons, bewitching daughters, perennial fountains, primeval forests, and a profusion of wild flowers, all but amaranthine. Reader, I have led you but blindly through our northern paradise. Should you ever stray to our land, you will exclaim with the awe-stricken Queen of Sheba, "The half has never been told me."



Photo by Hensel

GENERAL VIEW OF FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN

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## MAY

DAUGHTER of April and of lusty March,  
Behold she comes in beauty and in light—  
Dancing with smiles 'neath her triumphal arch  
Of apple blossoms white!

She takes the rainbow for her diadem,  
And wears it lightly as befits a queen;  
The flaming bobolink like lovely gem  
She lifts on bough of green.

A moment does she stop to cheer the dust  
With laughter and with loveliness and truth:  
And then she fades like vision all august,  
Or like the dream of youth!

*Edward Wilbur Mason.*





THERE is something exhilarating in the manner in which our April issue has been received. A great many orders for additional copies have been sent in, with the encouraging assurance that nothing written on the Panama Cannal has been read with keener interest, or had been considered more up-to-date and complete. In fact, one noted writer says, "The account fairly gallops with graphic interest."

It is also gratifying to know that our subscribers approve of the advance in price. We will again urge you to see that your own subscription and all those of your friends are paid at the old rate, from the first of July as far ahead as you desire to the limit of five years. In this one fact,—so many people are subscribing far in advance, is shown the enduring confidence and appreciation of The National—it is a mark of friendship which could be furnished in no other way. With these renewals come warm-hearted and appreciative letters, such as must enthuse and inspire any editor. We realize that our subscribers are prepared to help us push The National toward the top notch in periodicaldom, a feat only to be accomplished by the co-operation of readers, subscribers and publishers.

\* \* \*

The vote on the increase in price was another cheering fact, showing that the American public is always ready to pay a fair price for good value. Therefore we feel that the obligation rests with us and that we must keep The National not only up to its present standard, but constantly pressing upward. Don't fail to continue that same, homelike, cheerful and

friendly interest in The National that means so much to us.

You have no idea what bright suggestions come to us through the Home Department, so don't be timid about writing us concerning anything you think would be of benefit to The National or its readers, for we want you to feel more and more that it is your magazine—the one that comes to you as a friendly visitor.

Once again permit me to rise and ask, "Are you keeping up that Happy Habit Diary?" How many days did you skip last month? Fill them in quickly and don't fail to find an expression of pleasure in every day you live, because this compendium of pleasure books for next year will be a wonderful collection, the first of its kind ever made, so far as I know.

Have you let us know yet about that favorite song of yours? The Heart Song Book will probably be issued in the early autumn, so it is necessary to have your selection in as early as possible after this date.

\* \* \*

I hope to meet a large number of subscribers at the Jamestown Exposition during the summer of this year. Find out the National Magazine booth and register; then your friends will know you are in town and where to find you. Be sure to sit down and have a friendly chat with us; the old friends of the Pan-American and St. Louis expositions now feel that they are pioneers, and those who sign the muster roll of the Jamestown Exposition may, in years to come, have pleasure in remembering that they began their subscription where the waves of the Atlantic blend with the waters of historic Hampton Roads.



FROM THE  
C. ALLAN GILBERT DESIGN  
PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1906 CALENDAR



FROM THE  
KARL ANDERSON DESIGN  
PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1907 CALENDAR



FROM THE  
HARRISON FISHER DESIGN  
PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1907 CALENDAR

# FREE

## AMERICAN GIRL POSTAL CARDS

consisting of reproductions from the popular Armour Calendar Girls—the Christy Girl, the Hutt Girl, the Gilbert Girl, the Peirce Girl, the Anderson Girl and the Fisher Girl—the complete set of six will be sent in exchange for 25 cents or metal cap (accompanied by 2 cents return postage), from jar of

# Armour's

## EXTRACT OF BEEF

the best extract of the best beef. Rich, meaty, wholesome, and palate-tempting soups—soups that nourish and delight, without overheating—are best made with Armour's Extract of Beef. It imparts a tempting aroma and flavor—gives zest and snap to *every* soup creation.

Armour's Extract supplies that flavory, savory quality, without which soups are weak, watery, tasteless and insipid, because it is the best extract of the best beef—a pure, wholesome concentrated stock packed in convenient jars for household use. It is invaluable to the housewife not only as a rich and appetizing addition to soups, sauces and gravies, but in restoring the original juices and flavor to recooked meats, and giving vegetables a snap and flavor obtained in no other way.

It makes a splendid cold weather drink too—a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, properly seasoned—a drink that warms, stimulates and nourishes. There's no substitute for *Armour's* Extract of Beef. It stands alone—"the best extract of the best beef." Every jar is sealed with the U. S. inspection stamp that *guarantees* it to be extract of *beef*.

"CULINARY WRINKLES," our little cook book written by Mrs. Ida M. Palmer, tells of scores of appetizing ways in which Armour's Extract may be used. It will be mailed free on request.

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**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**  
  
**CHICAGO**



FROM THE  
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY  
DESIGN, PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1902 CALENDAR



FROM THE  
THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE  
DESIGN, PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1903 CALENDAR



FROM THE  
HENRY HUTT DESIGN  
PUBLISHED IN  
ARMOUR'S 1906 CALENDAR

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

NO chief executive of the United States has been more prominently identified with great expositions than the late President McKinley. It was in his famous speech at Buffalo that he used the well-remembered words which have become a classic phrase:

"Expositions are the Timekeepers of Progress," a definition that will serve as a beacon light for expositions to come.

\* \* \*

Who can forget that fateful day at Buffalo, and the day and hours of suspense which followed? When we decided to have a reunion of National readers, at the Jamestown Exposition, the date was soon fixed for September 14, the anniversary of the death of William McKinley, who had so much to do with the christening of the National Magazine, and whose life was so closely identified with the triumphs of modern expositions and the advancement of prosperity. On that day, we hope to wear carnations as badges, and in the morning a reception will be held, at which thousands of National Magazine subscribers will become acquainted, or revive old memories of by-gone expositions at which they met—and improve the opportunity to meet and chat in a friendly, old-fashioned McKinley way. There will be no certificates or tickets required for entrance—simply the fact that you are a reader of the National, makes you "one of us" at this reunion.

In the afternoon, exercises will be held in the auditorium. Several prominent public men will speak who were closely identified with the man whose life was cut short by an assassin on the grounds of an exposition commemorating the triumphs of Peace and Modern Achievement. We hope to have a program in which all can participate—the singing of national hymns, talking together and becoming acquainted as befits the great, homogeneous family of National Magazine readers; for, while the occasion is one that will represent our readers, it is also designed to illustrate the strong ties of mutual interest and liking between people who read one magazine, despite the temperamental differences which must exist. All this will be manifest when you shake hands with readers from Missouri, Oregon or Maine, and find that after all each one is a friend, or knows a friend whom someone else knows, even in Texas or Massa-

chusetts. One can hardly go anywhere without this experience—to find someone related to an acquaintance or friend—in fact it will be surprising at the reunion if we do not find, before we get through, that we have met with acquaintances, "sisters, cousins or aunts," or other relatives whom we did not know were in the world and certainly never thought of seeing at the Jamestown Exposition.

\* \* \*

ALL that concerns the ties between the members of the human family is of interest, for this reason the reunion of National readers promises to be an eventful occurrence of the Jamestown Exposition. It is the first time that anything of this nature has been attempted by a periodical, and we are naturally most desirous of making it a success in every way, and for this we must depend on the co-operation of our readers. Plan your itinerary so as to include Norfolk for September 14, 1907. According to the almanac, we are assured of beautiful weather, and the fourteenth falls on a Saturday during the time of the famous international yacht races. No time could be more favorable for visiting the exposition, so make your plans ahead and let us have the turnstiles of the exposition clicking all day on September 14, as they yield entrance to thousands of National readers. Don't fail to write us at once if you think you can be there on that day, so we can send details and particulars.

\* \* \*

For many months past I have anticipated meeting and looking into the faces of thousands of people who have been so kind in writing us words of inspiration and encouragement, for the friendship of subscribers has aided more than all else—more than money, hard work or brains—in making the National what it is today.

\* \* \*

Yes, you can bring along anyone you like—preferably your home folks—but bring someone—no matter how many times removed in relationship—your third and fourth cousins—and if possible your father and mother—anyone who reads the National will be welcome, for we feel that all who read it are our friends, and together we will partake of the rare old hospitality of Virginia.

<b>ATLANTIC DeFOREST WIRELESS COMPANY</b> <small>(INCORPORATED)</small>		
<small>DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH SHIPS AT SEA. QUICK SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,</small>	<span style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; letter-spacing: 0.5em;">AEROGRAM</span>	<small>ATLANTIC CITY, NEW HAVEN, BRIDGEPORT, and all points from ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS to LONG BRANCH.</small>
<small>GENERAL OFFICES, 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U. S. A. Telephone 4340 Broad</small>		
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## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

**W**ITHIN the past few years, wireless telegraphy has passed the transition stage, from a novel experiment to a positive necessity in the traffic of the seas. The Ter-Centennial at Jamestown recalled those charming days at the Louisiana Exposition, when, peeling from the tower, was heard the steady, blue flame click! click! of the wireless, mingling with the voice of the man in the tower, who called through a megaphone: "Get off the earth," "Come up higher," and other classic phrases which will still call up memories of pleasant hours at the exposition grounds. Those people who "rose in the world"—on that elevator in the wireless tower in St. Louis—and saw the blue-green flash from the keys of the instrument, will be interested in knowing of the progress which has been made in the DeForest system since that time.

On an ocean voyage, about a year ago, I was impressed with the number of the messages filed by the passengers, and transmitted by relays, while the ship was in mid-ocean, to all points of the compass. The man who purposed sending an aerogram took a blank with the same nonchalance with which he might use a Western Union yellow slip on land, and wrote what he wished to transmit on the "wings of the wind" to the shore; he was thereafter regarded as a person of some distinction by the rest of us in the smoking room.

On the return voyage from Panama, I had a business purpose to serve in making a quick connection. At 12:35 p. m., I sent a wireless message from the good steamer Eitel Fried-

rich, of the Hamburg-American Line, which has just been fitted with DeForest equipment. It was Sunday, and the message was sent to the residence of a brother in Mount Vernon, who received it precisely at one o'clock, as he was about to dine. On the arrival of the ship that day at four o'clock, he was waiting for us on the wharf. This wireless message, sent at an expense of \$1.25—\$1 for the wireless, and 25c. for the telephone message at the New York end—saved, by my exact reckoning, \$10 in expenses, to say nothing of expediting matters whose cost otherwise might have amounted to many times that sum.

On that same ship, many other passengers utilized the wireless as a business proposition. There were coffee planters from Costa Rica; traveling men from New York, who sent a sheaf of messages to save them time on shore; and, altogether, the service added much to the comfort of the passengers, for we arrived on Sunday, when many people could not readily be located.

There were many important business transactions attended to by wireless—one man was enabled to take an out-going steamer, because he communicated with his party hours before landing—and news which came to us off Hatteras helped to shape the future movements of persons on board. The messages came in crisp bulletins, transmitted during the night, where the operator continued work in mid-ocean, on the upper deck, 800 miles from land.

The wireless is certainly the greatest wonder of the age—we know not how or why it operates, but we do realize at least that

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

there is no limit to what it can accomplish; and are assured that it is destined to become not only a luxury and novelty on board ocean-going craft of all kinds, but a positive necessity that in the future will be included in the equipment of all ships, on which the passengers of the future will feel quite at home in transmitting messages via "the wireless operator." The recent catastrophes have accelerated the use of the wireless on all kinds of craft; for it is understood that had the crew of the Waldemar known of the earthquake at Kingston—news which at that time was skimming over the waters of the world by wireless—she would not now be lying a dreary wreck off Plum Light; for her captain would certainly have taken precautions had he known of the facts.

Some idea of what may be accomplished by wireless is gained by a glance over the service performed in connection with the Clyde Line steamship "Arapahoe," disabled at sea, with broken shaft and propeller gone.

April 9, 10:50 P. M.

Arapahoe lost her propeller. (Position 180 miles from New York.)

April 10, 11:01 A. M.

Message sent to General Manager Eger, via U. S. Navy Station, Cape Henlopen. (Eleven minutes.)

April 10, 6:30 A. M.

Arapahoe in communication with U. S. Battleship Connecticut, 65 miles distant. In communication all day, ready to come to the assistance of the Arapahoe if necessary.

April 7:55 A. M.

Arapahoe in wireless communication with S. S. Apache—latter ship came to assistance immediately.

April 10, 10:50 A. M.

Arapahoe in communication with New York office Clyde Line, via Atlantic City station.

Wireless communication was maintained continuously day and night, April 10, 11, and until the Arapahoe was safely docked in New York, at 11 a. m., on the twelfth, sixty-three messages having been transmitted between the ship and Clyde Line offices.

The Atlantic DeForest Wireless stations along the coast have become a valuable auxiliary of life-saving stations, more useful than anything required by law in their equipment, and it will not be long before it will be possible for all ships to communicate with these stations. What would such aid have meant to the Ponce, drifting about for eleven days on a wild waste of ocean? Could she have "telegraphed" information of her broken shaft to land, what hours and hours of heart-breaking suspense the friends of the passengers would have been saved. Her experi-

ence was an object lesson, and not long after every coastwise steamer had the DeForest equipment; now all the Hamburg-American (Atlas Line) boats have the forked, tiny arrangement of wires between the masts, that keep the rolling ships, even in the farthest wastes of the ocean, in direct touch with the world at large. While scientific research has for centuries past been concentrated on inventions for the benefit of humanity, real appreciation of new discoveries comes only when some great catastrophe occurs which arouses the public to the fact that the new invention is essential to the saving of human lives. This has especially been demonstrated with the wireless during the past few months.

In early days, the good old ship's log had briefly entered upon it, in cramped handwriting, the happenings of each day at sea; now the log will be supplemented on every boat by wireless messages transmitted to the port left, begun on starting from the dock, and jotted down every half-hour. What is passing on each ship will be known on land almost instantaneously, and in addition to this, a record of messages received from the land will keep the crew informed of what is going on ashore.

The wireless log of the S. S. Carolina, kept during her search for the Ponce, is most interesting, showing the messages for every hour, from the time of passing Sandy Hook until eight o'clock p. m., January 1, 930 miles from Sandy Hook, off Mayaguez, where she lay awaiting orders, and then sailed to search for the missing steamer. On the return voyage via Hatteras, via Atlantic City, via Savannah, came her homing messages, swift and sure, and a message from a Red D Line steamer, the Caracas, was picked up by her operators, 360 miles south of Sandy Hook, and report made to her agents.

\* \* \*

The Atlantic DeForest system is distinctively an American institution, and, under the management of C. C. Galbraith, has made great progress during the year, and it is evident there is "a live wire" in connection with the company. Mr. C. C. Galbraith became identified with the Atlantic DeForest system about four years ago, and for sixteen years previous was actively engaged with the Armour interests in Kansas



## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

City and Chicago, establishing branch houses between Pittsburgh and Boston. Under the guidance of a man of such strong projective genius, it is no wonder that the American wireless has succeeded, and it owes much to the efforts of Mr. Galbraith, who has put this invention on a practical, commercial basis.

The calls are alphabetically arranged:—There is the Mallory Line, whose call is in A; the Quebec S. S. Line in B; N. Y. & Porto Rico S. S. Co., C; the Red D Line in D; the Savannah Line in F; the Standard Oil Line in G; the B. & O. Line in H; the Maine S. S. Line in J; Southern Pacific in K; J. G. Bennetts S. Y. in L; Panama R. R. Co. in M; Royal Mail Steam Packet Company in N; Old Dominion in O; Guffy, Q; Munson, P; United Fruit Co., U; Clyde, V; Ward, W; and the Hamburg - American Line, S.

The Royal Mail Packet Company was one of the latest to equip all steamers with the wireless, and reports come in now every few hours, from the time of leaving Kingston.

The report furnished concerning the whale-back steamer City of Everett, which left Sabine Bar, Texas, and when out at sea in rough weather found a compartment flooded, is full of meaning for the thoughtful. The ship being unmanageable, the wireless was used to reach steamers 150 miles distant, asking for assistance. The steamer Captain A. F. Lucas came to the rescue. This is not a picturesque story of shipwreck, or a swash-buckler tale of buccaneer days, but a simple statement of facts in regard to the preservation of a boat and human lives, due entirely to the adaptation of the wireless for service on the briny deep. The number of lives saved and casualties prevented by this system will never be exactly known; for 'tis

only disasters that startle and gloom the record of human events."

How subtly all these great innovations suddenly assume and hold impregnable positions in the every-day routine of life!

Certainly one of the novelties of a coastwise trip to the Exposition this year will be the sending of a wireless message to friends going or returning, enjoying the exhilaration of the actual experience of wafting a wave of thought over the wings of the wind, without the interposition of wires or any other medium than the free air of Heaven.

Out on deck that night, I tried to realize that flashing through the clouds were messages going hither and thither through the air, penetrated hitherto only by the uncertain wings of a messenger dove or equally uncertain balloon—but now thought waves connect ships of the ocean with each other, and with the whole world, even at immense distances. Travelers on the wild wastes of "the vasty deep" are welded into one mighty nationhood of the seas by the flash of the signal lights of the wireless, that annihilate distance by the penetrating energy of electricity. Even the dire effects of the tem-

pests are counteracted by the wireless, and the magnificent lines,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;  
Ten thousand fleets sail over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control  
Stops with the shore. Upon the glittering main  
The wrecks are all thy work."

are no longer true, for even the death-dealing stroke of the storm is mitigated by the aerogram, as it makes its mysterious way through otherwise impenetrable fogs and gloom, excelling the signal lights on reefs, the clanging bell-buoy and all other agencies designed to indicate when and where lie the paths of safety and the harbors of sure refuge.



C. C. GALBRAITH, OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPH FAME

# BEEKMAN'S TICKETS AND TOURS

By Mitchell Mannering

EVERYONE who contemplates visiting Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition should not fail to take advantage of the personally conducted eight-day tours which they have provided, including all expenses, for \$45.50. Parties leave April 28th, May 11th, 25th, June 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d and 29th. The itinerary provides leaving on Saturday from the South Station, Boston, at 5:30, P. M. The tourists will gather at 4:30 P. M. in the South Station at the seat marked Suffolk (every county in all the States through which the railroads run is provided with a separate pew); will reach Providence at 6 P. M., and embark on the Merchants & Miners' steamer, making one of the most delightful 34 hour sails that can be secured on the Atlantic coast. The delights of an evening sailing down the Providence River can well be imagined. Sunday at sea will bring rest and refreshment. On Monday morning, at 6 A. M. the party will arrive at Newport News and proceed by steamer to the Exposition Grounds, where accommodation on the American plan for the entire stay will be provided at the Inside Inn. Mr. G. E. Beekman is the exclusive New England agent for this famous hostelry, inside the grounds, which overlooks Hampton Roads and is directly opposite Old Point Comfort. The first tourist party to visit the Exposition Grounds, was there on April 15 in charge of our conductor.

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will be spent at the exposition grounds, to which free admission is given in and out, and a visit to Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads will be included, in charge of a special conductor.

On Thursday the party leaves on the palatial steamer of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Company for a day's sail up the Potomac River, viewing all the famous historic points, en route.

One day will be spent in Washington, visiting points of interest, and on Saturday the party will be in Philadelphia, where they will look upon famed Independence Hall and other historic places, leaving the city at 2:00 P. M. and arriving in New York at 4:25 P. M. and leaving there by the Fall River Line for Boston, where they will arrive on Sunday morning at the starting point, the South Terminal Station—after an ideal pleasure trip of eight days, which has covered nearly every important historical point of Revolutionary times—exclusive of New England, then over home.

Trips of one week are also provided for those who wish to visit the exposition, the cost being \$29.90, which does not include the trip to Washington.

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A seven day tour is also arranged at \$34.60 including all traveling expenses and going via Cape Charles route by rail to Norfolk. A ten day tour is provided for \$49.25, and in fact, there is no mode of reaching the Exposition that has not been considered in making up these tours. A week's tour for \$31.25 is provided going from Boston to New York, by the Fall River Line, and after remaining four days at the Exposition, returning on Old Dominion Line to New York.

If you are going to Jamestown Exposition, don't fail to write at once to "Beekman, Tickets and Tours, 293 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts."

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This company will soon issue an elaborate edition of their publication, "Big and Little Journeys." Write for it. Special holiday tours are also provided from Boston to Niagara Falls, \$22.75, covering Memorial day, May 30. Also a tour to Philadelphia on Independence day, July 4—one week, at \$22.75, with all expenses including Pullman berths. If two people occupy same berth the rate is \$20.25 for each person.